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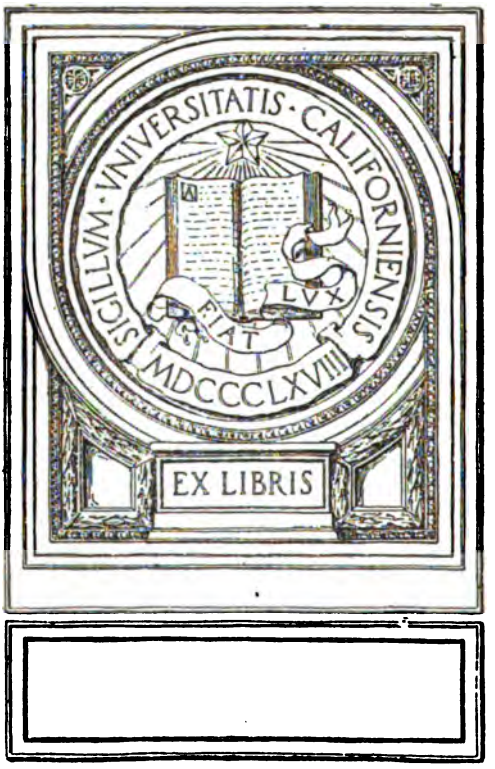
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PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

SHELLEY'S WORKS IN VERSE AND PROSE

VOLUME III

Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.

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Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.

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THE WORKS

OF

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

IN VERSE AND PROSE

NOW FIRST BROUGHT TOGETHER

WITH MANY PIECES NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED

EDITED

With Prefaces Notes and Appendices

BY

HARRY BUXTON FORMAN

IN EIGHT VOLUMES

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PREFACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE two former volumes of this edition consist of mature works published by Shelley during his life-time; and the series of such works is completed in the present volume by the reproduction of his editions of *Adonais* and *Hellas* with the Poem *Written on Hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon.* The rest of the volume, or nearly all of it, consists of work published after the poet's death.

In dealing with Shelley's posthumous poems, change of method has naturally followed change of materials and circumstances. The text of many of these grew gradually under the disentangling hand of the poet's ever devoted widow; but I have not always thought it needful to indicate what additions and changes were made subsequently to 1824, in poems imperfectly issued in the volume of that year, called *Posthumous Poems.* It has seemed sufficient to adopt the most complete version and the best readings, though where there are minute variations of any interest I have recorded them also. Verbal variations in the text, I have aimed at recording invariably; and to that end all the poems, from whatever source they are printed in the main,

have been collated, as in the other two volumes, with both Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839. Indeed, in every case (and many such have presented themselves) where further collation seemed desirable, several later editions also have been consulted; and wherever a manuscript has been available to me, I have collated the text with it word by word and point by point. In regard to whatever slight variation from the current texts may be found in my edition, whether in orthography, punctuation, capitalling, or other minute particulars, it is to be understood that I have adopted the reading, either of the manuscript, or of one of Mrs. Shelley's editions. Every change introduced on the authority of my own senses is specified, however obvious the necessity, or however minute the change,—and unless, as I said in the Preface to the first volume, the printer has stolen a march on me in any case. This rule refers, absolutely, only to such poems as were published by Mrs. Shelley; and, though it has had considerable observance in the case of poems first given by Mr. Garnett and Mr. Rossetti, it has not been applied with quite the same rigour.

There is a good reason for this slight relaxation: Mr. Garnett assures me that the manuscripts from which he has made transcripts have been very deficient in punctuation,—an assurance amply confirmed by my own experience; and as both Mr. Garnett and Mr. Rossetti, who have given these transcripts to the public, disagree with me as to the utility of preserving Shelley's punctuation, I have not felt called upon to follow the pointing of the *Relics*, or of Mr. Rossetti's

edition, as the case may be, but have punctuated the pieces as I should imagine Shelley punctuating them in a more advanced stage than that in which he left them. This has been to treat them as I must have done had the manuscripts been deciphered by myself instead of Mr. Garnett.

The erroneous variations shewn by manuscripts, whether in Shelley's writing or that of his wife, have a value in teaching us to apprehend the process of corruption undergone by his poems; and for this reason I have recorded a great number of no individual importance or interest, but valuable to such students as may please to take them collectively. But besides erroneous *minutiæ* of merely constructive value, the manuscripts often shew apparently unimportant details that should, according to my theory, be followed implicitly, as being intentional. Thus, in the two careful manuscripts from which *Julian and Maddalo* and *The Mask of Anarchy* are given, it would be, if accidental, a very curious coincidence that the system of inverted commas is precisely the same. In each poem, in the earlier part, where the speeches are short, the marks of quotation are repeated at the beginning of every line; but when in *Julian and Maddalo* we are carried into the monologue of the maniac, a single inverted comma before each paragraph is made to suffice: similarly, when we come in *The Mask of Anarchy* to the invocation forming stanzas XXXVII to XCI, the inverted commas are at the beginning of each stanza only, and not of each line.

The more we have the opportunity of studying the

growth of Shelley's poems, the more, I am convinced, will it become apparent that the word *careless* will not do to apply to the peculiarities and laxities of his punctuation &c. I have been very strongly impressed with this fact in re-editing from the manuscripts the two poems just mentioned. It seems to me,—and I think my notes will shew conclusively to all thoughtful readers,—that Shelley took somewhat elaborate pains to redact and punctuate his poetry; and I have no doubt whatever that, having sat down determinedly to go through the punctuation and minor detail of a fairly written poem, about to go to press, he was only prevented from consistently revising it throughout, by getting once more implicated in the ardour of realization,—an ardour only differing in degree from that of composition and recomposition. A curious instance of minute care has presented itself to me in the manuscript of *The Mask of Anarchy* since the sheets of that poem were printed off: in stanza XXIX (page 163), the second line seems on close examination to have been originally written by Mrs. Shelley thus:

A planet like the morning lay;

which laxity (very likely to have been Shelley's in the ardour of composition) is carefully altered to the line in the text,—

A planet, like the morning's, lay;

and that this minute change was actually made with Shelley's hand it needs no expert to decide. Mrs. Shelley's commas are very different from Shelley's; and curiously

mimetic as her hand is of his, *s* is a letter in the formation of which she never completely assimilated his style. I may say, none the less, that to make quite certain, I have submitted this line to an expert,—who decides with me that there is no doubt whatever as to the hand that made the revision. Traces of moments when minute care gave out (displaced according to my view by renewed ardour) will be found recorded in the foot-notes to the two poems specially mentioned above, and, for that matter, in numerous other instances throughout the posthumous works of which I have consulted manuscripts.

Another small matter of detail may be recorded here once for all, before passing to other subjects. Finding good reason to think that words ending in *ize* were duly spelt by Shelley with a *z*, I have, whenever I have observed an *s* in that termination, in the posthumous poems, substituted a *z*. Mrs. Shelley seems either not to have followed any rule in this respect, or to have omitted to exercise any great watchfulness over the printers, who in this particular require special supervision, on account of the much greater ease with which, when "at case," the compositor can pick up an *s* than a *z*.

It remains to speak of certain details of arrangement followed in the series of Shelley's works after that which closes with *Hellas* and the Poem *Written on Hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon*. It has seemed to me that the best plan is to follow up the chronological series of mature works published in his life-time, with the principal

posthumous poems produced contemporaneously with the series from *Alastor* to *Hellas*;—this second chronology to be followed by a third, of smaller posthumous poems still occupying the same period, and grouped under separate years, as Mrs. Shelley grouped them;—and the translations to be kept apart, and placed at the end of the mature works, before the appendix of *Juvenilia*.

In carrying out this arrangement I have innovated somewhat in the matter of fragments. The fact that a poem was unfinished did not with Shelley form *per se* an obstacle to its publication; for we have *A Vision of the Sea*, ending abruptly in the middle of a sentence, put forth by him in his lifetime, as were also a part of *The Dæmon of the World* and *Superstition*; and the fragment of *Prince Athanase* was also sent for publication. Thus I have been obliged to introduce fragments into the chronological series of reprinted volumes; and it certainly seems to me better to follow the same principle in regard to the posthumous fragments, and group them with the poems of each year. I think they have a stronger interest so grouped than when separated and arranged in an independent chronology. They thus shew more readily what Shelley was doing, as far as we can ascertain, in the way of original poetry, in each year. For these reasons I have imported the *Fragments of an Unfinished Drama, Charles the First*, and *The Triumph of Life* into the series of principal posthumous poems; and for similar reasons I have placed cancelled passages, belonging obviously to given poems, immediately after such, instead of in a separate section.

The *Letter to Maria Gisborne* has been brought into the series of principal or more important posthumous poems, because, though comparatively short, it is among the most perfect and to my mind important of Shelley's smaller compositions, and is in some respects unlike all else. The text is now given completely for the first time, I believe,—though I may admit that nothing but the actual letter which went through the post will satisfy me concerning one or two not altogether unimportant details. That letter I have as yet failed to discover.

It may be well to repeat that the references to Mr. Rossetti's text and notes are (as stated in my former preface) to the edition in two volumes published in 1870, and that I have not collated that edition with the unannotated single volume belonging to "Moxon's Popular Poets." I could find no statement to lead me to suppose that the one text varied from the other; and the single volume is wholly undated. This absence of date has led me into what Mr. Garnett has written to point out as something of an injustice. He tells me that the volume was really issued after the publication of the article in *The Westminster Review* containing Mr. Garnett's emendations, and that Mr. Rossetti's popular edition thus had the advantage of such emendations. Whenever, therefore, in my notes, one of these is in question, it should, Mr. Garnett points out, have appeared that Mr. Rossetti had already made use of it, though not in the only edition which I saw any reason for consulting. Thus when the old readings are

referred to in these cases as the readings of *all previous editions known to me*, and when, particularly, they are recorded as adopted by Mr. Rossetti, the statement is not strictly correct; and I must disclaim, with every apology to Mr. Rossetti, any intention to defraud him of the credit of first introducing the new readings in question into the text of Shelley's poems. It may also be added that the expression *all editions known to me* must not be taken to mean *all editions with the existence of which I am acquainted*; because there are numbers of editions which I know and possess, without having the least familiarity with the details of them.

Some explanation is due to the public in regard to the long delay in issuing the present volume. It arose in part from the fortunate discovery of the missing copy of *Queen Mab* mentioned in Medwin's and Middleton's Lives of Shelley,—a discovery which carried with it some extra editorial work and some additional printing. The last conservator of this book was the poet Thomas Wade, whose devotion to Shelley was productive of other results beside the preservation of this volume,—namely much admirable poetry with a strong colouring of his master's mind therein. I have the pleasant duty of recording here my hearty thanks to his widow for placing the book in my hands in order that the manuscript revisions and interpolations in it might be made public.

I have also again to thank Mr. Kirby,—this time for providing me with a copy of the third edition of John

Hamilton Reynolds's *Peter Bell, a Lyrical Ballad,* from which the poem has been printed in the appendix, and for the continued loan of books, including the second edition of the same *Peter Bell.* Having collated these two editions, I am enabled to assure the curious that the text of the third is identical with that of the second.

In view of certain questions that have been asked as to the completeness or otherwise of the present edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, it can be stated that the edition will be absolutely complete,—will contain, that is to say, all poetical work of Shelley's published up to the present day, beside some small poems now published for the first time. By arrangements made between the present proprietors of the copyright portions of Shelley's works, the projectors of this edition are enabled to promise that no single line of Shelley's poetry at present known to the public will be omitted. These arrangements have been another cause of delay.

I have to qualify in a very sad sense the bearing of one or two passages in the notes to this volume,—those wherein the name of Charles Cowden Clarke is coupled with the present tense. That veteran author and critic died at Genoa on the 13th of March, in his ninetieth year. He was one of the very few men remaining who moved in the same circle as Shelley moved in: the friend of Leigh Hunt and the guide of Keats naturally formed a link between the present generation and Shelley. It does not behove me to speak here of Mr. Clarke's well-known

doings in literature for the last fifty or sixty years; but it will not be out of place to say that, in the correspondence I have had with him in connexion with my labours on the text of Shelley's works, I have found him, —as I believe all who knew him personally have ever found him,—most courteous and amiable; and it is with very sincere regret that I make this record of his departure from among us.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

38, Marlborough Hill, St. John's Wood,
March, 1877.

ADONAIS.

[According to a letter from Shelley to Mr. Gisborne, dated the 5th of June 1821, he had been "engaged these last days in composing" *Adonais*; and on the 16th of the same month he wrote to Mr. Gisborne that it was then finished, and was sent to "the press at Pisa" on that day: in writing again on the 13th of July, he advised Mr. Gisborne of the despatch of the only copy the printer had delivered. This was a considerable time for the printing of a thin pamphlet, and would seem to indicate some trouble given to the printer in corrections while at press. The Pisa edition of *Adonais*, of which the title-page is reproduced opposite, is a small quarto, stitched, in a blue ornamented wrapper. It consists of title-page, preface pp. 3 to 5, and text pp. 7 to 25,—in all three sheets and a single leaf. It has no imprint beyond that shewn in the title-page. There are hardly any printer's errors in it, in my opinion; and the appearance of the work as well as the passages in Shelley's letters relating to it justify the belief that here at all events Shelley took great care in writing and revising, and was not frustrated by the printer. I think, however, he must have made a few MS. changes after publication, as will be seen in the foot-notes. I am not aware of any extant MS. of *Adonais* approaching completeness, or of any MS. at all except the passages in the note-books in Sir Percy Shelley's possession, which were examined by Mr. Garnett, and which he tells me are "the merest fragments." But even if there were a finished MS. extant, it would not affect the question of those particular changes made by Mrs. Shelley, for which I suspect she had the authority of a copy revised by Shelley after publication. There is one curious detail in the Pisa *Adonais* which I must note, trivial as it is, because I have not reproduced it. The frequent dashes, which seem to have exactly the value usual with Shelley, are all double the usual length, except in two instances. The fact is that, in Shelley's bold writing, these dashes *were* very long: the English printers would understand this; but Didot's people seem to have followed them literally; and, the book being boldly printed, this peculiarity would not be likely to strike Shelley in revising. The two instances in which the ordinary dash occurs in the Pisa edition are line 5 of stanza IX, and line 9 of stanza XXXIV. In all other cases it is to be understood that I have substituted an ordinary dash for a long one. The name *Adonais* appears to be open to some discussion and exception. Professor J. W. Hales, who paid much attention to the poem when printing it in his *Longer English Poems*, points out to me that, as a mere variant of *Adonis*, the name is not punctiliously scholarly, because, as a word parallel in formation with *Thebais*, it should be feminine, and should mean *a poem about Adonai*. A correspondent of Mr. Hales's suggests the derivation of the name from the Doric ἀδών (*a nightingale*) used by Moschus; but Mr. Hales holds by the simple variation from *Adonis*—a name full of associations appropriate to the subject of the poem. I confess that I think Shelley capable not only of the irregular variation of the name, but of using it in a double sense,—or at least with a clear recognition of the double value of the root. He might well find a twofold fitness in a name which associated Keats at once with the archetypal embodiment of youth and beauty slain by brute force, and with the bird which the dead poet had so divinely sung, and which is as typical of Keats as the skylark is of Shelley himself.—H. B. F.]

ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS, AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION ETC.

BY

PERCY. B. SHELLEY

Αστήρ πρὶν μὲν ἔλαμπες ἐνι ζῶοισιν ἑῶος.
Νυν δε θανὼν, λαμπεις ἕσπερος ἐν φθίμενοις.
PLATO.

PISA

WITH THE TYPES OF DIDOT

MDCCCXXI.

PREFACE.

[BY SHELLEY.]

Φάρμακον ἦλθε, Βίων, ποτι σον στομα, φάρμακον εἶδες·
Πῶς τευ τοῖς χείλεσσι ποτεδραμε, κοὐκ ἐγλυκάνθη;
Τις δὲ βροτος τοσσοῦτον ἀνάμερος, ἢ κερασαι τοι,
Ἢ δοῦναι λαλέοντι τὸ φάρμακον; ἐκφυγεν ὠδαν.

MOSCHUS,[1] EPITAPH. BION.

IT is my intention to subjoin to the London edition[2] of this poem, a criticism upon the claims of its lamented object to be classed among the writers of the highest genius who have adorned our age. My known repugnance to the narrow principles of taste on which several of his earlier compositions were modelled, prove,[3] at least that I am an

[1] Shelley's indebtedness to Moschus for thoughts in *Adonais* is well known; but it is interesting to trace his familiarity with the Sicilian poet back some years. If Mr. Rossetti is right in assigning the *Essay on Christianity* to the year 1815 (and he is probably not far wrong), I think it is pretty clear that Shelley was then already in love with Moschus; for, written on the same paper with the missing fragment of that essay which was found among Hunt's papers by Mr. Mayer, there is the beginning of a translation of the third idyll,—the elegy on Bion,—a most beautiful fragment which will appear in Vol. IV. In caligraphy, it corresponds precisely with the prose fragment.

[2] I am not aware that there ever was any separate London edition. What may by courtesy be termed the first English impression occurs in *The Literary Chronicle* for the 1st of December 1821, where, in a review of the poem that promises to quote the whole, the editor really did insert all but stanzas XIX to XXIV. The earliest separate reprint known to me is an octavo pamphlet published in 1829 with the imprint, "Cambridge: Printed by W. Metcalfe, and sold by Messrs. Gee & Bridges, Market-Hill." It contains the following notice: "The present edition is an exact reprint (a few typographical errors only being corrected,) of the first edition of the 'Adonais,'—dated, 'Pisa, with the types of Didot, MDCCCXXI.'" The minute variations from the original are far more considerable than the projectors seem to have been aware; but, in essential matters, it is a very accurate edition. Lord Houghton tells me that, when at Cambridge, he and Arthur Hallam (who brought a copy of the Pisa edition from Italy), and one or two others, resolved to get it reprinted; and, after some difficulty in finding a publisher, this was done. Lord Houghton cannot recollect whether he or Hallam edited the text: but he remembers that Deighton, a proposed publisher, objected to the words "which was like Cain's or Christ's" (stanza XXXIV), and wanted to put asterisks for those names!

[3] *Sic* in Shelley's and Mrs. Shelley's editions: grammar was so much a

impartial judge. I consider the fragment of Hyperion, as second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.

John Keats[1] died at Rome of a consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the —— of —— 1821;[2] and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place.[3]

The genius of the lamented person to whose memory I have dedicated these unworthy verses, was not less delicate and fragile than it was beautiful; and where cankerworms abound, what wonder, if it's young flower was blighted in the bud? The savage criticism on his Endymion, which appeared in the Quarterly Review, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgments from more candid critics, of the true greatness of his powers, were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted.

It may be well said, that these wretched men know not what they do. They scatter their insults and their slanders without heed as to whether the poisoned shaft lights on a heart made callous by many blows, or one, like Keats's composed of more penetrable stuff. One of their associates, is, to my knowledge, a most base and unprincipled

matter of euphony with Shelley that the propriety of changing such false concords is very doubtful, even in an edition professing to "reform" and "harmonize."

[1] There is a comma here in Shelley's edition.

[2] The real date was the 23rd of February 1821.

[3] Perhaps a reference to the lovely passage in Keats's *Ode to a Nightingale*—

many a time
Have I been half in love with easeful Death, &c.

calumniator. As to "Endymion"; was it a poem, whatever might be it's defects, to be treated contemptuously by those who had celebrated with various degrees of complacency and panegyric, "Paris," and "Woman," and a "Syrian Tale," and Mrs. Lefanu, and Mr. Barrett,[1] and Mr. Howard Payne, and a long list of the illustrious obscure? Are these the men, who in their venal good nature, presumed to draw a parallel between the Rev. Mr. Milman and Lord Byron? What gnat did they strain at here, after having swallowed all those camels? Against what woman taken in adultery, dares the foremost of these literary prostitutes to cast his opprobrious stone? Miserable man! you, one of the meanest, have wantonly defaced one of the noblest specimens of the workmanship of God. Nor shall it be your excuse, that, murderer as you are, you have spoken daggers, but used none.

The circumstances of the closing scene of poor Keats's life were not made known to me until the Elegy was ready for the press. I am given to understand that the wound which his sensitive spirit had received from the criticism of Endymion, was exasperated by the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; the poor fellow seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed "almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every "prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend." Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem, I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompense which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives.

[1] The author of *Woman* (a book of twaddlesome verse).

Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from "such stuff as dreams are made of." His conduct is a golden augury of the success of his future career—may the unextinguished Spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead against Oblivion for his name![1]

[1] In a letter to Severn, dated the 29th of November, 1821, accompanying a copy of *Adonais*, Shelley says:

"You will see, by the preface, that it was written before I could obtain any particular account of his last moments; all that I still know was communicated to me by a friend, who had derived his information from Colonel Finch. I have ventured to express, as I felt, the respect and admiration which your conduct towards him demands.

"In spite of his transcendent genius, Keats never was, nor ever will be, a popular poet; and the total neglect and obscurity in which the astonishing remnants of his mind still lie, was hardly to be dissipated by a writer who, however he may differ from Keats in more important qualities, at least resembles him in that accidental one, a want of popularity.

"I have little hope, therefore, that the poem I send you will excite any attention, nor do I feel assured that a critical notice of his writings would find a single reader. But for these considerations, it had been my intention to have collected the remnants of his compositions, and to have published them with a life and criticism."—*Life, Letters, &c., of John Keats*, Vol. II, p. 101.

ADONAIS.

I.

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
O, weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head!
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow, say: with me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!

II.

Where wert thou mighty Mother, when he lay,
When thy Son lay, pierced by the shaft which flies
In darkness? where was lorn Urania
When Adonais died? With veilèd eyes,
'Mid listening Echoes, in her Paradise
She sate, while one, with soft enamoured breath,
Rekindled all the fading melodies,
With which, like flowers that mock the corse beneath,
He had adorned and hid the coming bulk of death.

III.

O, weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone, where all things wise and fair
Descend;—oh, dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air;
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

IV.

Most musical of mourners, weep again!
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain,
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf[1] of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.[2]

[1] *Sic* in Shelley's edition, although he scarcely ever spells the word elsewhere otherwise than *gulph*.

[2] Milton being called "the third among the sons of light," whom does Shelley rank as the first and second? Critics have generally sought to solve this difficulty by reference to the *Defence of Poetry* (*Essays and Letters from Abroad*, Vol. I), wherein Milton is named as the third epic poet,—Homer and Dante being the first and second, and even Virgil being excluded from participation in the full title of epic poet, or "poet the series of whose creations bore a defined and intelligible relation to the knowledge and sentiment and religion of the age in which he lived, and of the ages which followed it: developing itself in correspondence with their development." Of Homer and his contemporaries Shelley says that their poems were "the elements of that social system which is the column upon which all succeeding civilization has reposed." These references to Homer certainly seem to point to him as being in Shelley's view a "son of light," though the mere fact that he mentions three "sons of light" in one place and three epic poets in another by no means implies that "epic poet" and "son of light" are with him convertible terms. Mr. Swinburne asks pertinently, Where, if these three epic poets be Shelley's three sons of light, comes Shakespeare with more light than either Dante or Milton, who, says the author of *Atalanta*, might rather be called sons of fire? But I think Dante's place as

V.

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene abode.

the second son of light in the trinity of Shelley is as clearly implied as the place of Milton is expressed: for not only does Shelley name Dante, Milton and Shakespeare as "philosophers of the very loftiest power"; but he specifies Dante's poetry as "the bridge thrown over the stream of time which unites the modern and ancient world": he says Dante was the "first religious reformer", the "first awakener of entranced Europe," that he was "the congregator of those great spirits who presided over the resurrection of learning; the Lucifer of that starry flock which in the thirteenth century shone forth from republican Italy, as from a heaven, into the darkness of the benighted world." If that is not sufficient to shew that he at all events is one of the sons of light, let me add this one extract: "His very words are instinct with spirit; each is as a spark, a burning atom of inextinguishable thought; and many yet lie covered in the ashes of their birth, and pregnant with a *lightning* which has yet found no conductor." Nowhere in this essay does he speak of Shakespeare with so much strong conviction of his being a Lucifer: the highest praise awarded, beside that already quoted, is the bestowal on *King Lear* of a doubtful preference over the *Œdipus Tyrannus* or the *Agamemnon*; and he does not dwell upon the Athenian Dramatists as light-givers but rather as consummate pleasure-givers and delineators of idealized power and passion. The only Greek (of that civilization towards which the bridge of Dante's verse is regarded as conducting), who occupies the attention of Shelley at all comparably with Homer, is Plato: him, Shelley distinctly regards as a poet,—as the only ancient poet who celebrated love worthily; love, he regards as the essence of poetry; and poetry certainly is "light" with him. Also, throughout his prose writings and the records of him, may be found constant evidence of the lofty place he assigned to Plato as an influence in the world. Therefore, on the whole, although I think it more likely that his trinity of Lucifers was Homer, Dante, Milton, I do not see how it is possible to prove that it was not, Plato, Dante, Milton, in the absence of some explicit and authentic document on the subject. I do not forget those verses of the interpolated passage in the *Lines written among the Euganean Hills*,—

> As the ghost of Homer clings
> Round Scamander's wasting springs;
> As divinest Shakespeare's might
> Fills Avon and the world with light
> Like omniscient power which he
> Imaged 'mid mortality;

but I still think the deliberate prose passages about Dante have a greater weight in his favour than this and all other references to Shakespeare have in his. Mr. Swinburne says he should be "slow to doubt" that Dante was not referred to; but probably he would have been equally slow to believe that Milton *was*, if there had

VI.

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,[1]
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

VII.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!
Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!—
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace,

been any room for doubt upon that point. Shelley saw clearly, and stated explicitly, what Mr. Swinburne will not admit,—that the creeds of Dante and Milton were a mere outer garb, and did not really even obscure the dazzling light of those two great minds. Why the still greater mind of Shakespeare should seem less effluent of light to Shelley, is a point on which an essay might be written profitably enough, by a competent hand; but the whole series of his works bears far more evidence of the influence of Dante and Milton than of the influence of Shakespeare. To his ætherial and ideal mind the gigantic and remote characteristics of their imagination would commend themselves more warmly than the not less gigantic but far more intimate and realistic features of the mind and art of Shakespeare; and the glories of their polemical achievements have no parallel in Shakespeare for the ardent republican and reformer,—the soul-devoted worshipper of Liberty in its widest form.

[1] In the Pisa edition the comma follows *one* instead of *perished*,—probably though error of the printer in making a final correction.

The shadow of white Death, and at the door
Invisible Corruption waits to trace
His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface
So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
Of change, shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.[1]

IX.

O, weep for Adonais!—The quick Dreams,
The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,
Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
The love which was its music, wander not,—
Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn their lot
Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
They ne'er will gather strength, or[2] find a home again.

X.

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries;
"Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
"See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
"Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
"A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."
Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain.

[1] In Shelley's edition this alexandrine reads thus:

Of mortal change, shall fill the grave which is her maw.

The reading adopted in the text is from Mrs. Shelley's editions; and I cannot doubt that she had MS. authority for the change. It is not conceivable that so radical a change was made without authority; and the new line is finer, more harmonious, and more characteristic of Shelley than the old. "The grave which is her maw" almost amounts to a solecism.

[2] Mrs. Shelley reads *nor*.

XI.

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another clipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and wingèd reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbèd fire against his frozen cheek.

XII.

Another Splendour on his mouth alit,
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and past to its eclipse.

XIII.

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Wingèd Persuasions and veiled Destinies,
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

XIV.

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
Her eastern watchtower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round,[1] sobbing in their dismay.

XV.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she[2] pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

XVI.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown
For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais: wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions[3] of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.

[1] *Around*, in Mrs. Shelley's editions.
[2] Instead of *she* we read *they* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.
[3] In Shelley's edition we read *drooping comrades*, in Mrs. Shelley's *faint companions*,—another change for which

XVII.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

XVIII.

Ah woe is me! Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brere;
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX.

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos; in its stream immersed
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves; and spend in love's delight,
The beauty and the joy of their renewèd might.

I have not the slightest doubt that she had MS. authority. This revision could not, I think, have occurred to any mind but Shelley's.

XX.

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning?—th' intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose.

XXI.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

XXII.

He will awake no more, oh, never more!
"Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
"Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
"A wound more fierce than his with[1] tears and sighs."
And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

[1] Mrs. Shelley omits *with*.

XXIII.

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
Out of the East, and follows wild and drear
The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
So saddened round her like an atmosphere
Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

XXIV.

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
And human hearts, which to her aery tread
Yielding not, wounded the invisible
Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than they
Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

XXV.

In the death chamber for a moment Death
Shamed by the presence of that living Might
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
"Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
"As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
"Leave me not!" cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death: Death rose and smiled, and met her vain caress.

XXVI.

"Stay yet awhile! speak to me once again;
"Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live;
"And in my heartless breast and burning brain
"That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
"With food of saddest memory kept alive,
"Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
"Of thee, my Adonais! I would give
"All that I am to be as thou now art!
"But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

XXVII.

"Oh gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
"Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
"Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
"Dare the unpastured dragon in his den?
"Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then
"Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear?
"Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
"Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
"The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII.

"The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
"The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er[1] the dead;
"The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
"Who feed where Desolation first has fed,
"And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
"When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
"The Pythian[2] of the age one arrow sped
"And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
"They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying low.[3]

[1] In Shelley's edition, *oer*.
[2] Byron.
[3] Mrs. Shelley substitutes *lying low* for *as they go*, which is the reading of the Pisa edition. I have no doubt that here, as in the revisions she made

XXIX.

"The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
"He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
"Is gathered into death without a dawn,
"And the immortal stars awake again;
"So is it in the world of living men:
"A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
"Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
"It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light
"Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

XXX.

Thus ceased she: and the mountain shepherds came,[1]
Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
The Pilgrim of Eternity,[2] whose fame
Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
An early but enduring monument,
Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
The sweetest lyrist[3] of her saddest wrong,
And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI.

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,[4]
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm
Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray

in stanzas VIII and XVI, she was authorized by Shelley. The original reading is stronger in sound; but if Shelley came to consider, in reading the printed passage, the important question of sense, he would infallibly have noted that the dog-like action of fawning on a man's feet is not done "as they go": it *is* done "*lying low.*"

[1] No comma here in Shelley's edition.

[2] Byron. [3] Moore. [4] Shelley.

With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

XXXII.

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift—
A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may break.

XXXIII.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue;
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the hunter's dart.

XXXIV.

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle band
Who in another's fate now wept his own;
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung[1] new sorrow; sad Urania scanned

[1] So in the Pisa edition, but *sang* in Mrs. Shelley's.

The Stranger's mien, and murmured: "who art thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—Oh! that it should be so!

XXXV.

What softer voice is hushed over the dead?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white death-bed,
In mockery of monumental stone,
The heavy heart heaving without a moan?
If it be He,[1] who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

[1] It has been held that this reference is to Severn; but in the last paragraph of the preface Shelley says the circumstances of the close of Keats's life were not made known to him till the poem was ready for press, and he apologizes for not paying a tribute to Severn's devotion. The allusion in the letter to Severn (see note 1, p. 8) is of course to this passage in the preface. He must have known much about the man described as "gentlest of the wise," as having a "softer voice" than his own, and as having "taught, soothed, loved, honoured" Keats. Current tradition applies the reference to Leigh Hunt; and it is to be noted that the person referred to was evidently one of the "mountain shepherds," all the rest of whom are poets. I have sought to settle the point by a consensus of opinion. Lord Houghton writes to me, "I have never doubted that the person alluded to was Leigh Hunt. He had the *voice*, and he had the intimacy of the time." Mr. Severn writes to me, "Leigh Hunt told me that he considered the stanza referred to himself; but this I do not think, as Shelley means some one present": this is a mistake of Mr. Severn's, none of the "mountain shepherds" having been "present." Mr. Swinburne, whose opinion I asked *vivâ voce*, said, "there is not the slightest doubt it was Leigh Hunt." Mr. C. C. Clarke, the one person who might contest Hunt's claim, had Hunt's name marked in the margin of his copy; but Mrs. Clarke thinks the reference is to her husband, and cites (1) the line

"That you first taught me all the sweets of song,"

in Keats's *Epistle to Charles Cowden Clarke*, (2) the well-known influence which he had over the developement of Keats's gifts, (3) the line in Hunt's sonnet to Keats,

And such a heart as Charles's, wise and warm,

with its explanatory note, "Charles C. C., a mutual friend." Mr. Browning writes to me—"Certainly... Leigh Hunt is alluded to . . . I heard so from John Forster, an earlier friend of his. The 'dark mantle thrown athwart the brow' is a characteristic touch: Hunt is seen cloaked, somewhat theatrically, in the portrait by Hayter engraved for the Byron book." Mrs. Shelley, in her notes, is silent on the subject.

XXXVI.

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and[1] viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

XXXVII.

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live! fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name!
But be thyself, and know thyself to be!
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow:
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

XXXVIII.

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—
Dust to the dust! but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

[1] In Shelley's edition there is a clearly accidental comma after *and*.

XXXIX.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—*We* decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on it's despair!

XLII.

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there,
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks it's flight
To it's own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in it's beauty and it's might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's[1] light.

XLIV.

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

[1] Mrs. Shelley reads *Heavens'*,—wrongly, I think.

XLV.

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their[1] thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not
Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
And as he fell and as he lived and loved
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI.

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark
But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
"Thou art become as one of us," they cry,
"It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
"Swung blind in unascended majesty,
"Silent alone amid an[2] Heaven of Song.
"Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng!"

XLVII.

Who mourns for Adonais? oh come forth
Fond wretch! and know thyself and him aright.
Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
Satiate the void circumference: then shrink
Even to a point within our day and night;
And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the brink.

[1] In the Pisa edition *their* is spelt *thier*: this was a habitual writer's weakness of Shelley's.

[2] Mrs. Shelley reads *a* for *an*, in her second edition of 1839, but not in the first.

XLVIII.

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
O, not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
That ages, empires, and religions there
Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
Glory from those who made the world their prey;
And he is gathered to the kings of thought
Who waged contention with their time's[1] decay,
And of the past are all that cannot pass away.

XLIX.

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant copses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

L.

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

[1] Mrs. Shelley, in her second edition of 1839, substitutes *times'*; but I do not think Shelley would have made such a change.

LI.

Here pause: these graves are all too young as yet
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become?

LII.

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

LIII.

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart?
Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
They have departed; thou shouldst now depart!
A light is past from the revolving year,
And man, and woman; and what still is dear
Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near;
'Tis Adonais calls! oh, hasten thither,
No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV.

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
That Beauty in which all things work and move,
That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
Which through the web of being blindly wove
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

LV.

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
The soul of Adonais, like a star,
Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

CANCELLED PASSAGES OF ADONAIS.[1]

Passages of the Preface.

... The expression of my indignation and sympathy. I will allow myself a first and last word on the subject of calumny as it relates to me. As an author I have dared and invited censure. If I understand myself, I have written neither for profit nor for fame. I have employed my poetical compositions and publications simply as the instruments of that sympathy between myself and others which the ardent and unbounded love I cherished for my kind incited me to acquire. I expected all sorts of stupidity and insolent contempt from those ...

... These compositions (excepting the tragedy of the "Cenci," which was written rather to try my powers, than to unburthen my full heart) are insufficiently ... commendation than perhaps they deserve, even from their bitterest enemies; but they have not attained any corresponding popularity. As a man, I shrink from notice and regard; the ebb and flow of the world vexes me; I desire to be left in peace. Persecution, contumely, and calumny, have been heaped upon me in profuse measure; and

[1] These are from Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*, wherein, at page 48, we find the following interesting note: — "Among Shelley's MSS. is a fair copy of the *Defence of Poetry*, apparently damaged by sea-water, and illegible in many places. Being prepared for the printer, it is written on one side of the paper only; on the blank pages, but frequently undecipherable for the reason just indicated, are many passages intended for, but eventually omitted from, the preface to *Adonais*. Their autobiographical value requires no comment."

domestic conspiracy and legal oppression have violated in my person the most sacred rights of nature and humanity. The bigot will say it was the recompence of my errors; the man of the world will call it the result of my imprudence; but never upon one head...

... Reviewers, with some rare exceptions, are a most stupid and malignant race. As a bankrupt thief turns thieftaker in despair, so an unsuccessful author turns critic. But a young spirit panting for fame, doubtful of its powers, and certain only of its aspirations, is ill-qualified to assign its true value to the sneer of this world. He knows not that such stuff as this is of the abortive and monstrous births which time consumes as fast as it produces. He sees the truth and falsehood, the merits and demerits, of his case inextricably entangled... No personal offence should have drawn from me this public comment upon such stuff...

... The offence of this poor victim,[1] seems to have consisted solely in his intimacy with Leigh Hunt, Mr. Hazlitt, and some other enemies of despotism and superstition. My friend Hunt has a very hard skull to crack, and will take a deal of killing. I do not know much of Mr. Hazlitt, but...

...I knew personally but little of Keats; but on the news of his situation I wrote to him, suggesting the propriety of trying the Italian climate, and inviting him to join me. Unfortunately he did not allow me...

[1] Mr. Garnett says (*Relics of Shelley*, p. 20), "It is hardly necessary to repeat what Mr. Milnes [Lord Houghton] has so clearly established, that Shelley very greatly overrated the effect which the Quarterly's attack produced upon Keats. The error, however, was almost universal at the time."

Passages of the Poem.[1]

And ever as he went he swept a lyre
Of unaccustomed shape, and strings
Now like the of impetuous fire,
Which shakes the forest with its murmurings,
Now like the rush of the aërial wings
Of the enamoured wind among the treen,
Whispering unimaginable things,
And dying on the streams of dew serene,
Which feed the unmown meads with ever-during green.

* * * * *

And[2] the green Paradise which western waves
Embosom in their ever-wailing sweep,
Talking of freedom to their tongueless caves,
Or to the spirits which within them keep
A record of the wrongs which, though they sleep,
Die not, but dream of retribution, heard
His hymns, and echoing them from steep to steep,
Kept——

* * * * *

[1] The following note is at p. 50 of *Relics of Shelley*: "Several cancelled passages of the 'Adonais' have been met with in Shelley's note-books. He appears to have originally framed his conception on a larger scale than he eventually found practicable. The passage in which the contemporary minstrels are introduced as mourning for Adonais, would have been considerably extended, and the characteristics of each delineated at some length. It must, however, have occurred to him that the parenthesis would be too long, and would tend to distract the reader's attention from the main subject. Nothing, therefore, of the original draft was allowed to subsist, but the four incomparable stanzas descriptive of himself ('Mid others of less note,' &c.). A fifth was cancelled." The fifth stanza referred to by Mr. Garnett is that which stands first among the fragments printed above,—"And ever as he went," &c.

[2] Mr. Garnett says this passage refers to Moore.

And then came one[1] of sweet and earnest looks,
Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes
Were as the clear and ever-living brooks
Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise,
Showing how pure they are: a Paradise
Of happy truth upon his forehead low
Lay, making wisdom lovely, in the guise
Of earth-awakening morn upon the brow
Of star-deserted heaven, while ocean gleams below.

His song, though very sweet, was low and faint,
A simple strain——

* * * * *

A mighty Phantasm,[2] half concealed
In darkness of his own exceeding light,
Which clothed his awful presence unrevealed,
Charioted on the night
Of thunder-smoke, whose skirts were chrysolite.

And like a sudden meteor, which outstrips
The splendour-wingèd chariot of the sun,
eclipse
The armies of the golden stars, each one
Pavilioned in its tent of light—all strewn
Over the chasms of blue night——

[1] Leigh Hunt, Mr. Garnett says.

[2] Of this final fragment Mr. Garnett offers no explanation; but surely we may, without hesitation, connect the name of Samuel Taylor Coleridge with it. Considering the wholly ideal manner in which other poets are dealt with in *Adonais*, the expressions here used are not disproportionate when applied to Coleridge; and the passage corresponds closely with the lines in the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*:

You will see Coleridge—he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre, and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which with its own internal lightning blind
Flags wearily through darkness and despair
—A cloud-encircled meteor of the air—
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.—

HELLAS.

[In a letter to Mr. Gisborne, dated "Pisa, October 22, 1821," printed in the second volume of Shelley's *Essays &c.* (1840), pp. 332-5, we read, "I am just finishing a dramatic poem, called Hellas, upon the contest now raging in Greece—a sort of imitation of the Persæ of Æschylus, full of lyrical poetry." In a letter to Mr. Ollier dated "Pisa, Nov. 11th, 1821," printed in the *Shelley Memorials*, p. 160, he says, "I send you the drama of *Hellas*;" and he urges that it be sent instantly to a printer, adding in a P.S., "The *Ode to Napoleon* to print at the end." And another letter to Mr. Gisborne, dated "Pisa, April 10, 1822," standing next in the Essays &c. to the former one, opens thus: "I have received Hellas, which is prettily printed, and with fewer mistakes than any poem I ever published. Am I to thank you for the revision of the press? or who acted as midwife to this last of my orphans, introducing it to oblivion, and me to my accustomed failure? . . . It was written without much care, and in one of those few moments of enthusiasm which now seldom visit me, and which make me pay dear for their visits." In a letter to "C. T. Esq." (Horace Smith), he calls *Hellas* "a sort of lyrical, dramatic, nondescript piece of business." The book characterized by Shelley as comparatively free from mistakes, and of which the title-page is here reproduced, is an octavo pamphlet, consisting of fly-title *Hellas* with imprint at back ("PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET, LONDON."), title-page, dedication, preface pp. VII to XI, fly-title *Hellas* with *dramatis personæ* at back, and text pp. 3 to 60. The poem itself ends at p. 53 of the pamphlet, where the imprint is repeated; and the notes form pp. 55 to 58: these, again, are followed by the poem *Written on hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon*, forming pp. 59 and 60. Shelley's remark as to the comparative freedom from mistakes of course refers to essential mistakes only, and must be taken as a protection against any freedom of emendation, though the expression used implies that there were *some* mistakes; but from a technical point of view mistakes abound, as the utmost irregularity of production prevails. For instance, the names of speakers for the first 113 lines are printed in uniform small capitals, while throughout the remainder of the drama they are in large and small capitals: then we have sometimes "SEMICHORUS 2d,"—at others "SEMICHORUS 2nd." I have followed Mrs. Shelley's uniform "SEMICHORUS I" and "SEMICHORUS II." Various other small inconsistencies, probably attributable to the printer, or to Shelley's amanuensis or substitute in revision, will be found referred to in the foot-notes; but one, the most annoying of all, may with advantage be got rid of here. There are a great number of past tenses and participles in *ed* contracted by the substitution of an apostrophe for the *e*, contrary to Shelley's practice. In these cases I have restored the *e*, namely in lines 36, 39, 47, 68, 73, 99, 113, 158, 188, 206, 220, 223, 260, 263, 266, 284, 314, 337, 338, 348, 384, 409, 411, 419, 426, 432, 439, 456, 494, 506, 514, 515, 518 (in the word *perched*: the word *stooped* in the same line is not contracted), 530, 552, 571, 574, 582, 583, 602, 603, 604, 606, 624, 629, 634, 642, 688, 690, 772, 846, 864, 948, 1018, 1023, and 1043. It seems unlikely that Shelley is responsible for this annoying variation of practice: I am not however aware that any autograph MS. of *Hellas*, beyond the fragments of the draft, in Sir Percy Shelley's note-books, is now in existence. In regard to the "printer's copy," see Addenda to Vol. IV.—H. B. F.]

HELLAS

A LYRICAL DRAMA

BY

PERCY B. SHELLEY

ΜΑΝΤΙΣ ΕΙΜ' ΕΞΘΑΩΝ 'ΑΓΩΝΩΝ

ŒDIP. COLON.

LONDON

CHARLES AND JAMES OLLIER VERE STREET

BOND STREET

MDCCCXXII

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

PRINCE ALEXANDER MAVROCORDATO

LATE SECRETARY FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS

TO THE HOSPODAR OF WALLACHIA

THE DRAMA OF HELLAS

IS INSCRIBED

AS AN IMPERFECT TOKEN

OF THE ADMIRATION, SYMPATHY, AND FRIENDSHIP

OF

THE AUTHOR.

PISA,
November 1st, 1821.

PREFACE.

[BY SHELLEY.]

THE poem of Hellas, written at the suggestion of the events of the moment, is a mere improvise, and derives its interest (should it be found to possess any) solely from the intense sympathy which the Author feels with the cause he would celebrate.

The subject, in its present state, is insusceptible of being treated otherwise than lyrically, and if I have called this poem a drama from the circumstance of its being composed in dialogue, the licence is not greater than that which has been assumed by other poets who have called their productions epics, only because they have been divided into twelve or twenty-four books.

The Persæ of Æschylus afforded me the first model of my conception, although the decision of the glorious contest now waging in Greece being yet suspended forbids a catastrophe parallel to the return of Xerxes and the desolation of the Persians. I have, therefore, contented myself with exhibiting a series of lyric pictures, and with having wrought upon the curtain of futurity, which falls upon the unfinished scene, such figures of indistinct and visionary delineation as suggest the final triumph of the Greek cause as a portion of the cause of civilization and social improvement.

The drama (if drama it must be called) is, however, so inartificial that I doubt whether, if recited on the Thespian waggon to an Athenian village at the Dionysiaca, it would have obtained the prize of the goat. I shall bear with

equanimity any punishment, greater than the loss of such a reward which the Aristarchi of the hour may think fit to inflict.

The only *goat-song*[1] which I have yet attempted has, I confess, in spite of the unfavourable nature of the subject, received a greater and a more valuable portion of applause than I expected or than it deserved.

Common fame is the only authority which I can allege for the details which form the basis of the poem, and I must trespass upon the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced. Undoubtedly, until the conclusion of the war, it will be impossible to obtain an account of it sufficiently authentic for historical materials; but poets have their privilege, and it is unquestionable that actions of the most exalted courage have been performed by the Greeks—that they have gained more than one naval victory, and that their defeat in Wallachia was signalized by circumstances of heroism more glorious even than victory.

The apathy of the rulers of the civilized world to the astonishing circumstance of the descendants of that nation to which they owe their civilization—rising as it were from the ashes of their ruin, is something perfectly inexplicable to a mere spectator of the shews of this mortal scene. We are all Greeks. Our laws, our literature, our religion, our arts, have their root in Greece. But for Greece—Rome, the instructor, the conqueror, or the metropolis of our ancestors, would have spread no illumination with her arms, and we might still have been savages and idolaters; or, what is worse, might have arrived at such a stagnant and miserable state of social institution[2] as China and Japan possess.

[1] This refers, of course, to *The Cenci*.

[2] So in the first edition: Mrs. Shelley reads *institutions*, but does not make the same change in the next paragraph but one. No doubt Shelley meant the noun to be singular.

The human form and the human mind attained to a perfection in Greece which has impressed its image on those faultless productions, whose very fragments are the despair of modern art, and has propagated impulses which cannot cease, through a thousand channels of manifest or imperceptible operation, to ennoble and delight mankind until the extinction of the race.

The modern Greek is the descendant of those glorious beings whom the imagination almost refuses to figure to itself as belonging to our kind, and he inherits much of their sensibility, their rapidity of conception, their enthusiasm, and their courage. If in many instances he is degraded, by moral and political slavery to the practice of the basest vices it engenders, and that below the level of ordinary degradation; let us reflect that the corruption of the best produces the worst, and that habits which subsist only in relation to a peculiar state of social institution may be expected to cease as soon as that relation is dissolved. In fact, the Greeks, since the admirable novel of "Anastasius[1]" could have been a faithful picture of their manners, have undergone most important changes; the flower of their youth returning to their country from the universities of Italy, Germany, and France, have communicated to their fellow-citizens the latest results of that social perfection of which their ancestors were the original source. The university of Chios contained before the breaking out of the revolution eight hundred students, and among them several Germans and Americans. The munificence and energy of many of the Greek princes and merchants, directed to the renovation of their country with a spirit and a wisdom which has few examples, is above all praise.

The English permit their own oppressors to act according

[1] In Shelley's edition, *Anastatius*. The reference is to Thomas Hope's *Anastasius; or, Memoirs of a Greek, Written at the Close of the Eighteenth Century* (3 vols. London, Murray, 1819).

to their natural sympathy with the Turkish tyrant, and to brand upon their name the indelible blot of an alliance with the enemies of domestic happiness, of Christianity and civilization.

Russia desires to possess, not to liberate Greece; and is contented to see the Turks, its natural enemies, and the Greeks, its intended slaves, enfeeble each other until one or both fall into its net. The wise and generous policy of England would have consisted in establishing the independence of Greece, and in maintaining it both against Russia and the Turk[1];—but when was the oppressor generous or just?

The Spanish Peninsula is already free. France is tranquil in the enjoyment of a partial exemption from the abuses which its unnatural and feeble government are vainly attempting to revive. The seed of blood and misery has been sown in Italy, and a more vigorous race is arising to go forth to the harvest. The world waits only the news of a revolution of Germany to see the tyrants who have pinnacled themselves on its supineness precipitated into the ruin from which they shall never arise. Well do these destroyers of mankind know their enemy, when they impute the insurrection in Greece to the same spirit before which they tremble throughout the rest of Europe, and that enemy well knows the power and the[2] cunning of its opponents, and watches the moment of their approaching weakness and inevitable division to wrest the bloody sceptres from their grasp.

[1] Mrs. Shelley substitutes *Turks*.

[2] Mrs. Shelley omits *the*.

HELLAS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAHMUD.

HASSAN.

DAOOD.

AHASUERUS, *a Jew.*

Chorus of Greek Captive Women.

Messengers, Slaves, and Attendants.

SCENE, Constantinople.

TIME, *Sunset.*

HELLAS

A LYRICAL DRAMA.

Scene, a Terrace on the Seraglio.

MAHMUD (*sleeping*), *an Indian Slave sitting beside his Couch.*

CHORUS OF GREEK CAPTIVE WOMEN.

WE strew these opiate flowers
On thy restless pillow,—
They were stript from Orient bowers,
By the Indian billow.
Be thy sleep
Calm and deep,
Like their's who fell—not our's who weep!

INDIAN.

Away, unlovely dreams!
Away, false shapes of sleep!
Be his, as Heaven seems,
Clear, and bright, and deep!
Soft as love, and calm as death,
Sweet as a summer night without a breath.

CHORUS.

Sleep, sleep! our song is laden
With the soul of slumber;
It was sung by a Samian maiden,
Whose lover was of the number
Who now keep
That calm sleep
Whence none may wake, where none shall weep.

INDIAN.

I touch thy temples pale!
I breathe my soul on thee!
And could my prayers avail,
All my joy should be
Dead, and I would live to weep,
So thou might'st win one hour of quiet sleep.

CHORUS.

Breathe low, low
The spell of the mighty mistress now!
When Conscience lulls her sated snake,
And Tyrants sleep, let Freedom wake.
Breathe low—low
The words which, like secret fire, shall flow
Through the veins of the frozen earth—low, low!

SEMICHORUS I.

Life may change, but it may fly not;
Hope may vanish, but can die not;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth;
Love repulsed,—but it returneth!

SEMICHORUS II.

Yet were life a charnel where
Hope lay coffined with Despair;
Yet were truth a sacred lie,
Love were lust—

SEMICHORUS I.

If Liberty
Lent not life its soul of light,
Hope its iris of delight,
Truth its prophet's robe to wear,
Love its power to give and bear.

CHORUS.

In the great morning of the world,
The spirit of God with might unfurled
The flag of Freedom over Chaos,
And all its banded anarchs fled,
Like vultures frighted from Imaus,
Before an earthquake's tread.—
So from Time's tempestuous dawn
Freedom's splendour burst and shone:—
Thermopylæ and Marathon
Caught, like mountains beacon-lighted,
The springing Fire.—The wingèd glory
On Philippi half-alighted,
Like an eagle on a promontory.
Its unwearied wings could fan
The quenchless ashes of Milan.[1]
From age to age, from man to man,
It lived; and lit from land to land,
Florence, Albion, Switzerland.

[1] See Shelley's note (1) at the end of the poem.

Then night fell; and, as from night,
Re-assuming fiery flight,
From the West swift Freedom came,
  Against the course of Heaven and doom,
A second sun arrayed in flame,
  To burn, to kindle, to illume.
From far Atlantis its young beams
Chased the shadows and the dreams.[1]
France, with all her sanguine steams,
  Hid, but quenched it not; again
  Through clouds its shafts of glory rain
  From utmost Germany to Spain.

As an eagle fed with morning
Scorns the embattled tempests'[2] warning,
When she seeks her aërie[3] hanging
  In the mountain-cedar's hair,
And her brood expect the clanging
  Of her wings through the wild air,
Sick with famine:—Freedom, so
To what of Greece remaineth now
Returns; her hoary ruins glow
Like Orient mountains lost in day;
  Beneath the safety of her wings
Her renovated nurslings[4] prey,
  And in the naked lightnings
Of truth they purge their dazzled eyes.
Let Freedom leave—where'er she flies,
A Desart, or a Paradise:
  Let the beautiful and the brave
  Share her glory, or a grave.

[1] In Shelley's edition there is no stop at *dreams*.
[2] In Shelley's edition, *tempests*.
[3] In Shelley's edition, *aiëry*.
[4] In Shelley's edition, *nurselings*,—not his usual orthography.

SEMICHORUS I.

With the gifts of gladness
Greece did thy cradle strew;

SEMICHORUS II.

With the tears of sadness
Greece did thy shroud bedew!

SEMICHORUS I.

With an orphan's affection
She followed thy bier through Time;

SEMICHORUS II.

And at thy resurrection
Re-appeareth, like thou, sublime!

SEMICHORUS I.

If Heaven should resume thee,
To Heaven shall her spirit ascend;

SEMICHORUS II.

If Hell should entomb thee,
To Hell shall her high hearts bend.

SEMICHORUS I.

If Annihilation——

SEMICHORUS II.

Dust let her glories be!
And a name and a nation
Be forgotten, Freedom, with thee!

INDIAN.

His brow grows darker—breathe not—move not!
He starts—he shudders—ye that love not,
With your panting loud and fast,
Have awakened him at last.

MAHMUD (*starting from his sleep*).

Man the Seraglio-guard! make fast the gate.
What! from a cannonade of three short hours?
'Tis false! that breach towards the Bosphorus
Cannot be practicable yet—who stirs?
Stand to the match; that when the foe prevails
One spark may mix in reconciling ruin
The conqueror and the conquered! Heave the tower
Into the gap—wrench off the roof.

(*Enter* HASSAN.)

Ha! what!
The truth of day lightens upon my dream
And I am Mahmud still.

HASSAN.

Your Sublime Highness
Is strangely moved.

MAHMUD.

The times do cast strange shadows
On those who watch and who must rule their course,[1]
Lest they, being first in peril as in glory,
Be whelmed in the fierce ebb:—and these are of them.
Thrice has a gloomy vision hunted me
As thus from sleep into the troubled day;

[1] In Shelley's edition there is a full-stop after *course*,—doubtless a misprint for a comma, as the next clause will not stand alone.

It shakes me as the tempest shakes the sea,
Leaving no figure upon memory's glass.
Would that—no matter. Thou didst say thou knewest
A Jew, whose spirit is a chronicle
Of strange and secret and forgotten things.
I bade thee summon him:—'tis said his tribe
Dream, and are wise interpreters of dreams.

HASSAN.

The Jew of whom I spake is old,—so old
He seems to have outlived a world's decay;
The hoary mountains and the wrinkled ocean
Seem younger still than he;—his hair and beard
Are whiter than the tempest-sifted snow;
His cold pale limbs and pulseless arteries
Are like the fibres of a cloud instinct
With light, and to the soul that quickens them
Are as the atoms of the mountain-drift
To the winter-wind:—but from his eye looks forth
A life of unconsumèd thought which pierces
The present, and the past, and the to-come.
Some say that this is he whom the great prophet
Jesus, the son of Joseph, for his mockery
Mocked with the curse of immortality.
Some feign that he is Enoch: others dream
He was pre-adamite and has survived
Cycles of generation and of ruin.
The sage, in truth, by dreadful abstinence
And conquering penance of the mutinous flesh,
Deep contemplation, and unwearied study,
In years outstretched beyond the date of man,
May have attained to sovereignty and science
Over those strong and secret things and thoughts
Which others fear and know not.

MAHMUD.

I would talk
With this old Jew.

HASSAN.

Thy will is even now
Made known to him, where he dwells in a sea-cavern
'Mid the Demonesi, less accessible
Than thou or God! He who would question him
Must sail alone at sunset, where the stream
Of Ocean sleeps around those foamless isles,
When the young moon is westering as now,
And evening airs wander upon the wave;
And when the pines of that bee-pasturing isle,
Green Erebinthus, quench the fiery shadow
Of his gilt prow within the sapphire water,
Then must the lonely helmsman cry aloud
Ahasuerus! and the caverns round
Will answer Ahasuerus! If his prayer
Be granted, a faint meteor will arise
Lighting him over Marmora, and a wind
Will rush out of the sighing pine-forest,
And with the wind a storm of harmony
Unutterably sweet, and pilot him
Through the soft twilight to the Bosphorus:
Thence at the hour and place and circumstance
Fit for the matter of their conference
The Jew appears. Few dare, and few who dare
Win the desired communion—but that shout
Bodes—— (*a shout within.*)

MAHMUD.

Evil, doubtless; like all human sounds.
Let me converse with spirits.

HASSAN.

That shout again.

MAHMUD.

This Jew whom thou hast summoned—

HASSAN.

Will be here—

MAHMUD.

When the omnipotent hour to which are yoked
He, I, and all things shall compel—enough.
Silence those mutineers—that drunken crew,
That crowd about the pilot in the storm.
Aye![1] strike the foremost shorter by a head!
They weary me, and I have need of rest.
Kings are like stars—they rise and set, they have
The worship of the world, but no repose.

(*Exeunt severally.*

CHORUS.[2]

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.
But they are still immortal
Who, through birth's orient portal
And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,

[1] In Shelley's edition this exclamation is spelt *Ay*; but as his practice was to spell it *Aye*, and as that spelling occurs in the last poem printed for him during his life, namely the lines on the death of Napoleon, published with *Hellas*, I have restored the *e* here, and in line 366.

[2] See Shelley's note (2) at the end of the poem.

Clothe their unceasing flight
In the brief dust and light
Gathered around their chariots as they go;
New shapes they still may weave,
New gods, new laws receive,
Bright or dim are they as the robes they last
On Death's bare ribs had cast.

A power from the unknown God,
A Promethean conqueror came;
Like a triumphal path he trod
The thorns of death and shame.
A mortal shape to him
Was like the vapour dim
Which the orient planet animates with light;
Hell, Sin, and Slavery came,
Like blood-hounds mild and tame,
Nor preyed, until their Lord had taken flight;
The moon of Mahomet
Arose, and it shall set:
While blazoned as on heaven's immortal noon
The cross leads generations on.

Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep
From one whose dreams are Paradise
Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,
And day peers forth with her blank eyes;
So fleet, so faint, so fair,
The Powers of earth and air
Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem:
Apollo, Pan, and Love,
And even Olympian Jove
Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them;
Our hills and seas and streams
Dispeopled of their dreams,

Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,
Wailed for the golden years.

Enter MAHMUD, HASSAN, DAOOD, *and others.*

MAHMUD.

More gold? our ancestors bought gold with victory,
And shall I sell it for defeat?

DAOOD.

The Janizars
Clamour for pay.

MAHMUD.

Go! bid them pay themselves
With Christian blood! Are there no Grecian virgins
Whose shrieks and spasms and tears they may enjoy?
No infidel children to impale on spears?
No hoary priests after that Patriarch[1]
Who bent the curse against his country's heart,
Which clove his own at last? Go! bid them kill,
Blood is the seed of gold.

DAOOD.

It has been sown,
And yet the harvest to the sicklemen
Is as a grain to each.

MAHMUD.

Then, take this signet,
Unlock the seventh chamber in which lie
The treasures of victorious Solyman.

[1] See Shelley's note (3) at the end of the poem.

An empire's spoil stored for a day of ruin.
O spirit of my sires! is it not come?
The prey-birds and the wolves are gorged and sleep;
But these, who spread their feast on the red earth,
Hunger for gold, which fills not.—See them fed;
Then, lead them to the rivers of fresh death.

(*Exit* DAOOD.

O! miserable dawn, after a night
More glorious than the day which it usurped!
O, faith in God! O, power on earth! O, word
Of the great prophet, whose o'ershadowing[1] wings
Darkened the thrones and idols of the West,
Now bright!—For thy sake cursèd be the hour,
Even as a father by an evil child,
When the Orient moon of Islam rolled in triumph
From Caucasus to White Ceraunia!
Ruin above, and anarchy below;
Terror without, and treachery within;
The Chalice of destruction full, and all
Thirsting to drink; and who among us dares
To dash it from his lips? and where is Hope?

HASSAN.

The lamp of our dominion still rides high;
One God is God—Mahomet is his prophet.
Four hundred thousand Moslems from the limits
Of utmost Asia, irresistibly
Throng, like full clouds at the Scirocco's[2] cry;
But not like them to weep their strength in tears:

[1] Mr. Rossetti gave this word *o'ershadowing* as an emendation of his own, remarking that "'*Overshadowing*,' as in previous editions, seems a clear case of misprint." In Shelley's own edition, however, the word is *o'ershadowing*,—*overshadowing* having been substituted in Mrs. Shelley's first edition of 1839.

[2] In Shelley's edition we read *Sairocco's* in this case; but I think *Scirocco's* would be the form most likely adopted; and *a* is probably a misprint for *c*.

They bear[1] destroying lightning, and their step
Wakes earthquake to consume and overwhelm,
And reign in ruin. Phrygian Olympus,
Tmolus, and Latmos, and Mycale, roughen
With horrent arms; and lofty ships even now,
Like vapours anchored to a mountain's edge,
Freighted with fire and whirlwind, wait at Scala
The convoy of the ever-veering wind.
Samos is drunk with blood;—the Greek has paid
Brief victory with swift loss and long despair.
The false Moldavian serfs fled fast and far,
When the fierce shout of Allah-illa-Allah!
Rose like the war-cry of the northern wind
Which kills the sluggish clouds, and leaves a flock
Of wild swans struggling with the naked storm.
So were the lost Greeks on the Danube's day!
If night is mute, yet the returning sun
Kindles the voices of the morning birds;
Nor at thy bidding less exultingly
Than birds rejoicing in the golden day,
The Anarchies of Africa unleash
Their tempest-wingèd cities of the sea,
To speak in thunder to the rebel world.
Like sulphurous clouds, half-shattered by the storm,
They sweep the pale Ægean, while the Queen
Of Ocean, bound upon her island-throne,
Far in the West sits mourning that her sons
Who frown on Freedom spare a smile for thee:
Russia still hovers, as an eagle might
Within a cloud, near which a kite and crane
Hang tangled in inextricable fight,
To stoop upon the victor;—for she fears

[1] So in Shelley's edition: in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onwards, we read *have* instead of *bear*,—an obvious deterioration.

The name of Freedom, even as she hates thine.
But recreant Austria loves thee as the Grave
Loves Pestilence, and her slow dogs of war,
Fleshed with the chase, come up from Italy,
And howl upon their limits; for they see
The panther, Freedom, fled to her old cover,
Amid[1] seas and mountains, and a mightier brood
Crouch round. What Anarch wears a crown or mitre,
Or bears the sword, or grasps the key of gold,
Whose friends are not thy friends, whose foes thy foes?
Our arsenals and our armories are full;
Our forts defy assault;[2] ten thousand cannon
Lie ranged upon the beach, and hour by hour
Their earth-convulsing wheels affright the city;
The galloping of fiery steeds makes pale
The Christian merchant; and the yellow Jew
Hides his hoard deeper in the faithless earth.
Like clouds, and like the shadows of the clouds,
Over the hills of Anatolia,
Swift in wide troops the Tartar chivalry
Sweep;—the far flashing of their starry lances
Reverberates the dying light of day.
We have one God, one King, one Hope, one Law;
But many-headed Insurrection stands
Divided in itself, and soon must fall.

MAHMUD.

Proud words, when deeds come short, are seasonable:
Look, Hassan, on yon crescent moon, emblazoned
Upon that shattered flag of fiery cloud

[1] So in Shelley's and Mrs. Shelley's editions; and the irregularity of metre is likely enough to be intentional, or to have been deliberately disregarded. As, however, Shelley frequently used the word *mid* or *'mid*, it is quite possible that he did so here.

[2] In Shelley's edition, *assault*, of course rightly: Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onwards give *assaults*.

Which leads the rear of the departing day;
Wan emblem[1] of an empire fading now!
See how it trembles in the blood-red air,
And like a mighty lamp whose oil is spent
Shrinks on the horizon's edge, while, from above,
One star with insolent and victorious light
Hovers above its fall, and with keen beams,
Like arrows through a fainting antelope,
Strikes its weak form to death.

HASSAN.

Even as that moon[2]
Renews itself——

MAHMUD.

Shall we be not renewed!
Far other bark than our's were needed now
To stem the torrent of descending time:
The spirit that lifts the slave before his[3] lord
Stalks through the capitals of armèd kings,
And spreads his ensign in the wilderness:
Exults in chains; and, when the rebel falls,
Cries like the blood of Abel from the dust;
And the inheritors of the[4] earth, like beasts
When earthquake is unleashed, with ideot fear
Cower in their kingly dens—as I do now.
What were Defeat when Victory must appal?
Or Danger, when Security looks pale?—

[1] In Shelley's edition, *wan-emblem*, as a compound word. I do not find this in any of Mrs. Shelley's editions, and cannot but think it an accidental misuse of the hyphen.

[2] In Shelley's edition there is a comma after *moon*.

[3] So in Shelley's edition, but *its lord* in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onward.

[4] This word *the* is omitted in Mrs. Shelley's editions, I think wrongly. It is in Shelley's edition, and the rhythm seems to me enriched by it, the sense slightly improved.

How said the messenger—who, from the fort
Islanded in the Danube, saw the battle
Of Bucharest?—that—

HASSAN.

Ibrahim's scymitar
Drew with its gleam swift victory from heaven,
To burn before him in the night of battle—
A light and a destruction.

MAHMUD.

Aye! the day
Was our's: but how?——

HASSAN.

The light Wallachians,
The Arnaut, Servian, and Albanian allies
Fled from the glance of our artillery
Almost before the thunderstone alit.[1]
One half the Grecian army made a bridge
Of safe and slow retreat, with Moslem dead;
The other—

MAHMUD.

Speak—tremble not.—

HASSAN.

Islanded
By victor myriads, formed in hollow square
With rough and steadfast front, and thrice flung back
The deluge of our foaming cavalry;
Thrice their keen wedge of battle pierced our lines.

[1] Mrs. Shelley substitutes a semicolon for a full-stop here. The full-stop occurs, however, in Shelley's own edition.

Our baffled army trembled like one man
Before a host, and gave them space; but soon,
From the surrounding hills, the batteries blazed,
Kneading them down with fire and iron rain:
Yet none approached; till, like a field of corn
Under the hook of the swart sickleman,
The band,[1] intrenched in mounds of Turkish dead,
Grew weak and few.—Then said the Pacha, "Slaves,
Render yourselves—they have abandoned you—
What hope of refuge, or retreat, or aid?
We grant your lives." "Grant that which is thine own!"
Cried one, and fell upon his sword and died!
Another—"God, and man, and hope abandon me;[2]
But I to them, and to myself, remain
Constant:"—he bowed his head, and his heart burst.
A third exclaimed, "There is a refuge, tyrant,
Where thou darest not pursue, and canst not harm,
Should'st thou pursue; there we shall meet again."
Then held his breath, and, after a brief spasm,
The indignant spirit cast its mortal garment
Among the slain—dead earth upon the earth!
So these survivors, each by different ways,
Some strange, all sudden, none dishonourable,
Met in triumphant death; and when our army
Closed in, while yet wonder, and awe, and shame,
Held back the base hyenas of the battle

[1] So in Shelley's edition, but *bands* in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and later.

[2] Mr. Rossetti "ventured to condense" this line thus:
Another—"God, man, hope, abandon me;
stating that he regarded the genuine line of Shelley's edition, given in the text, as "a clear and indisputable case of oversight." I for one dispute it, because the line scans with perfect fluency as an iambic line of five feet with a triple ending, such as Fletcher affected so much and as most Elizabethan writers employed more or less. I can see no possible justification for "condensing" even were the line indisputably an alexandrine. Other such lines in *Hellas*, are lines 239, 240, and 528. I should also think lines 488 and 532 were meant to be scanned in this way rather than by carrying the elisions further back.

That feed upon the dead and fly the living,
One rose out of the chaos of the slain:
And if it were a corpse which some dread spirit
Of the old saviours of the land we rule
Had lifted in its anger wandering by;—
Or if there burned within the dying man
Unquenchable disdain of death, and faith
Creating what it feigned;—I cannot tell—
But he cried, "Phantoms of the free, we come!
Armies of the Eternal, ye who strike
To dust the citadels of sanguine kings,
And shake the souls throned on their stony hearts,
And thaw their frostwork diadems like dew;—
O ye who float around this clime, and weave
The garment of the glory which it wears,
Whose fame, though earth betray the dust it clasped,
Lies sepulchred in monumental thought;—
Progenitors of all that yet is great,
Ascribe to your bright senate, O accept
In your high ministrations, us, your sons—
Us first, and the more glorious yet to come!
And ye, weak conquerors! giants who look pale
When the crushed worm rebels beneath your tread,
The vultures and the dogs, your pensioners tame,
Are overgorged; but, like oppressors, still
They crave the relic of Destruction's feast.
The exhalations and the thirsty winds
Are sick with blood; the dew is foul with death;
Heaven's light is quenched in slaughter: thus, where'er
Upon your camps, cities, or towers, or fleets,
The obscene birds the reeking remnants cast
Of these dead limbs,—upon your streams and mountains,
Upon your fields, your gardens, and your house-tops,
Where'er the winds shall creep, or the clouds fly,

Or the dews fall, or the angry sun look down
With poisoned light—Famine and Pestilence,
And Panic, shall wage war upon our side!
Nature from all her boundaries is moved
Against ye: Time has found ye light as foam.
The Earth rebels; and Good and Evil stake
Their empire o'er the unborn world of men
On this one cast;—but ere the die be thrown,
The renovated genius of our race,
Proud umpire of the impious game, descends
A seraph-wingèd Victory, bestriding
The tempest of the Omnipotence of God,
Which sweeps all things to their appointed doom,
And you to oblivion!"——More he would have said,
But—

MAHMUD.

Died—as thou shouldst ere thy lips had painted
Their ruin in the hues of our success.
A rebel's crime gilt with a rebel's tongue!
Your[1] heart is Greek, Hassan.

HASSAN.

It may be so:
A spirit not my own wrenched me within,
And I have spoken words I fear and hate;
Yet would I die for—

MAHMUD.

Live! O live! outlive
Me and this sinking empire. But the fleet—

[1] So in Shelley's and all other editions which I have consulted, except that of Mr. Rossetti, who substitutes *Thy*, "for the sake of uniformity of diction."

HASSAN.

Alas!——

MAHMUD.

The fleet which, like a flock of clouds[1]
Chased by the wind, flies the insurgent banner.
Our wingèd-castles from their merchant ships!
Our myriads before their weak pirate bands!
Our arms before their chains! our years of empire
Before their centuries of servile fear!
Death is awake! Repulse is on the waters![2]
They own no more the thunder-bearing banner
Of Mahmud; but, like hounds of a base breed,
Gorge from a stranger's hand, and rend their master.

HASSAN.

Latmos, and Ampelos, and Phanæ, saw
The wreck—

[1] Although the opening of this speech of Mahmud, which is here pointed according to the first edition, might seem at first sight to be an accidentally unfinished sentence, I do not think there is really any imperfection; nor should I take it to be what Mr. Rossetti makes it (the first of the series of exclamatory sentences), by substituting a note of admiration for a full-stop after *banner*. It seems to me that Mahmud begins to draw Hassan to speak of the fleet,—that when he says "But the fleet" he means "But what do you say about the fleet?"—and that, on Hassan's exclaiming "Alas!"—he finishes his own question with an amplifying affirmation in lines 460 and 461, and then, knowing something about the matter, bursts out in angry exclamations, to come back at last in line 476 to his demand on Hassan as narrator.

[2] In Shelley's edition, *Repulsed on the waters*, but, in his list of errata, as above. Before the list came to light Mr. Rossetti substituted a note of exclamation for a comma after *waters*, —thus, as he says, "making the phrase follow on along with the exclamatory sentences which precede it." He added that, with the original punctuation, "the only sense which can be attached to the clause is—'We being repulsed on the waters, they [the waters] own no more the thunder-bearing banner of Mahmud.' But this sense, if intended, is expressed with a total defiance of syntax: and it seems to me a good deal safer to understand the meaning as I have given it." This is another case of making out Shelley's grammar laxer than it is; and it is also incorrect to say that the "*only* sense which can be attached" to Shelley's version is that expounded by Mr. Rossetti. Another and more obvious sense would be "They [the waters] own no more the thunder-bearing banner of Mahmud, [that banner being] repulsed on the waters."

MAHMUD.

The caves of the Icarian isles
Told[1] each to the other in loud mockery,
And with the tongue as of a thousand echoes,
First of the sea-convulsing fight—and, then,—
Thou darest to speak—senseless are the mountains:[2]
Interpret thou their voice!

HASSAN.

My presence bore
A part in that day's shame. The Grecian fleet
Bore down at day-break from the North, and hung
As multitudinous on the ocean line,
As cranes upon the cloudless Thracian wind.
Our squadron, convoying ten thousand men,
Was stretching towards Nauplia when the battle
Was kindled.—
First through the hail of our artillery
The agile Hydriote barks with press of sail
Dashed:—ship to ship, cannon to cannon, man
To man were grappled in the embrace of war,
Inextricable but by death or victory.
The tempest of the raging fight convulsed
To its crystàlline[3] depths that stainless sea,
And shook Heaven's roof of golden morning clouds,
Poised on an hundred azure mountain-isles.
In the brief trances of the artillery

[1] In Shelley's and Mrs. Shelley's editions this word is misprinted *Hold*; but *Told* is in the list of errata. Mr. Rossetti changed *Hold* to *Told* conjecturally, and suggested the omission of *the*, which I should prefer to retain in any case.

[2] Mr. Rossetti suggests the insertion of *as* between *senseless* and *are*: it would certainly improve both sense and rhythm; but it cannot be said to be necessary.

[3] In Shelley's edition *chrystalline*, as in some other instances.

One cry from the destroyed and the destroyer
Rose, and a cloud of desolation wrapt
The unforeseen event, till the north wind
Sprung from the sea, lifting the heavy veil
Of battle-smoke—then victory—victory!
For, as we thought, three frigates from Algiers
Bore down from Naxos to our aid, but soon
The abhorred cross glimmered behind, before,
Among, around us; and that fatal sign
Dried with its beams the strength in[1] Moslem hearts,
As the sun drinks the dew.—What more? We fled!—
Our noonday path over the sanguine foam
Was beaconed,—and the glare struck the sun pale,—[2]
By our consuming transports: the fierce light
Made all the shadows of our sails blood-red,
And every countenance blank. Some ships lay feeding
The ravening fire, even to the water's level;
Some were blown up; some, settling heavily,
Sunk; and the shrieks of our companions died
Upon the wind, that bore us fast and far,
Even after they were dead. Nine thousand perished!
We met the vultures legioned in the air
Stemming the torrent of the tainted wind;
They, screaming from their cloudy mountain peaks,
Stooped through the sulphurous battle-smoke and perched
Each on the weltering carcase that we loved,
Like its ill angel or its damnèd soul,[3]

[1] So in Shelley's edition; but *of* in Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions.

[2] In Shelley's edition and Mrs. Shelley's two editions of 1839 there is no stop whatever after *pale*,—clearly an accidental omission of the stop corresponding with that after *beaconed*. In some of Mrs. Shelley's later editions there is a comma at *beaconed* and a comma at *pale*.

[3] In Shelley's edition there is a comma here, and a full-stop at the end of line 521. Mrs. Shelley transposes these two stops; but Mr. Rossetti reverts to the original reading. This, I have no doubt, is right, though the other is possible.

Riding upon the bosom of the sea.
We saw the dog-fish hastening to their feast.
Joy waked the voiceless people of the sea,[1]
And ravening Famine left his ocean cave
To dwell with War, with us, and with Despair.[2]
We met night three hours to the west of Patmos,
And[3] with night, tempest——

MAHMUD.

Cease!

(*Enter a Messenger.*)

MESSENGER.

Your Sublime Highness,
That Christian hound, the Muscovite Ambassador
Has left the city.—If the rebel fleet
Had anchored in the port, had victory
Crowned the Greek legions in the Hippodrome,
Panic were tamer.—Obedience and Mutiny,
Like giants in contention planet-struck,
Stand gazing on each other.—There is peace
In Stamboul.—

MAHMUD.

Is the grave not calmer still?
Its ruins shall be mine.

[1] The admirable expression *voiceless people of the sea* is probably a more intimate reminiscence of the *Persæ* than Shelley was aware. *Cf.* verses 578-80:

γναπτόμενοι δ' ἁλὶ δεινῇ, φεῦ
σκύλλονται πρὸς ἀναύδων, ἐὴ,
παίδων τᾶς ἀμιάντου, βέ.

[2] In Shelley's edition *Famine* has a capital, but *War* and *Despair*, equally personal, have not.

[3] So in Shelley's edition: Mrs. Shelley substituted *As* for *And*,—wrongly, there can be no doubt.

HASSAN.

Fear not the Russian:
The tiger leagues not with the stag at bay
Against the hunter.—Cunning, base, and cruel,
He crouches, watching till the spoil be won,
And must be paid for his reserve in blood.
After the war is fought, yield the sleek Russian
That which thou canst[1] not keep, his deserved portion
Of blood, which shall not flow through streets and fields,
Rivers and seas, like that which we may win,
But stagnate in the veins of Christian slaves!

(*Enter second Messenger.*)

SECOND MESSENGER.

Nauplia, Tripolizza, Mothon, Athens,
Navarin, Artas, Monembasia,
Corinth and Thebes are carried by assault,
And every Islamite who made his dogs
Fat with the flesh of Galilean slaves
Passed at the edge of the sword: the lust of blood
Which made our warriors drunk, is quenched in death;
But like a fiery plague breaks out anew
In deeds which make the Christian cause look pale
In its own light. The garrison of Patras
Has store but for ten days, nor is there hope
But from the Briton: at once slave and tyrant
His wishes still are weaker than his fears,
Or he would sell what faith may yet remain
From the oaths broke in Genoa and in Norway;
And if you buy him not, your treasury
Is empty even of promises—his own coin.

[1] In Shelley's edition *can'st*.

The freedman of a western poet chief[1]
Holds Attica with seven thousand rebels,
And has beat back the Pacha of Negropont:
The agèd Ali sits in Yanina
A crownless metaphor of empire:
His name, that shadow of his withered might,
Holds our besieging army like a spell
In prey to famine, pest, and mutiny;
He, bastioned in his citadel, looks forth
Joyless upon the sapphire lake that mirrors
The ruins of the city where he reigned
Childless and sceptreless. The Greek has reaped
The costly harvest his own blood matured,
Not the sower, Ali—who has bought a truce
From Ypsilanti with ten camel loads
Of Indian gold.

(*Enter a third Messenger.*)

MAHMUD.

What more?

THIRD MESSENGER.

The Christian tribes
Of Lebanon and the Syrian wilderness
Are in revolt;—Damascus, Hems, Aleppo
Tremble;—the Arab menaces Medina,
The Æthiop[2] has intrenched himself in Sennaar,
And keeps the Egyptian rebel well employed,
Who denies homage, claims investiture

[1] See Shelley's note (4) at the end of the poem. Mrs. Shelley substitutes *freeman* for *freedman* in this line.

[2] In Shelley's edition, *Ethiop*, probably owing to the printer's and reviser's ignorance of his predilection for the diphthong.

As price of tardy aid. Persia demands
The cities on the Tigris, and the Georgians
Refuse their living tribute.[1] Crete and Cyprus,
Like mountain-twins that from each other's veins
Catch the volcano-fire and earthquake spasm,
Shake in the general fever. Through the city,
Like birds before a storm, the Santons shriek,
And prophesyings[2] horrible and new
Are heard among the crowd: that sea of men
Sleeps on the wrecks it made, breathless and still.
A Dervise, learnèd in the Koran, preaches
That it is written how the sins of Islam
Must raise up a destroyer even now.
The Greeks expect a Saviour from the west,[3]
Who shall not come, men say, in clouds and glory,
But in the omnipresence of that spirit
In which all live and are. Ominous signs
Are blazoned broadly on the noon-day sky:
One saw a red cross stamped upon the sun;
It has rained blood; and monstrous births declare
The secret wrath of Nature and her Lord.
The army encamped upon the Cydaris,
Was roused last night by the alarm of battle,
And saw two hosts conflicting in the air,
The shadows doubtless of the unborn time
Cast on the mirror of the night. While yet
The fight hung balanced, there arose a storm
Which swept the phantoms from among the stars.
At the third watch the spirit of the plague
Was heard abroad flapping among the tents;
Those who relieved watch found the sentinels dead.

[1] *Living tribute* = *tribute paid in slaves*,—in this case, I believe, selected virgins sent annually to the harem of the Sultan.

[2] In the first edition, *prophecyings*, with a *c*.

[3] See Shelley's note (5) at the end of the poem.

The last news from the camp is, that a thousand
Have sickened, and——

(*Enter a fourth Messenger.*)

MAHMUD.

And thou, pale ghost, dim shadow
Of some untimely rumour, speak!

FOURTH MESSENGER.

One comes
Fainting with toil, covered with foam and blood:
He stood, he says, upon Chelonites'[1]
Promontory, which o'erlooks the isles that groan
Under the Briton's frown, and all their waters
Then trembling in the splendour of the moon,
When as the wandering clouds unveiled or hid
Her boundless light, he saw two adverse fleets
Stalk through the night in the horizon's glimmer,
Mingling fierce thunders and sulphureous gleams,
And smoke which strangled every infant wind
That soothed the silver clouds through the deep air.
At length the battle slept, but the Scirocco[2]
Awoke, and drove his flock of thunder-clouds
Over the sea-horizon, blotting out
All objects—save that in the faint moon-glimpse
He saw, or dreamed he saw, the Turkish admiral
And two the loftiest of our ships of war,
With the bright image of that Queen of Heaven

[1] Mr. Rossetti, who first printed this word rightly, *Chelonites'*, was wrong in saying generally that it had been "hitherto printed" *Clelonit's*. That form first occurs in Mrs. Shelley's first edition of 1839: in Shelley's edition it is *Clelonite's*,—the *l* being doubtless a misprint. The word is noted in Shelley's list of errata; but even there it seems to me to read *Chelonite's*.

[2] In Shelley's edition, *Sirocco*; but I do not think he wrote it so.

Who hid, perhaps, her face for grief, reversed;
And the abhorrèd cross—

(*Enter an Attendant.*)

ATTENDANT.

Your Sublime Highness,[1]
The Jew, who——

MAHMUD.

Could not come more seasonably:
Bid him attend. I'll hear no more! too long
We gaze on danger through the mist of fear,
And multiply upon our shattered hopes
The images of ruin. Come what will!
To-morrow and to-morrow are as lamps
Set in our path to light us to the edge
Through rough and smooth, nor can we suffer aught
Which he inflicts not in whose hand we are. [*Exeunt.*

SEMICHORUS I.

Would I were the wingèd cloud
Of a tempest swift and loud!
I would scorn
The smile of morn
And the wave where the moon rise is born!
I would leave
The spirits of eve
A shroud for the corpse of the day to weave
From other threads than mine!
Bask in the deep[2] blue noon divine
Who would, not I.

[1] This comma is wanting in the original edition: it was supplied in Mrs. Shelley's first edition of 1839.

[2] This word is inserted from Shelley's list of errata. It was omitted from all editions before that list came to light.

SEMICHORUS II.

Whither to fly?

SEMICHORUS I.

Where the rocks that gird th'[1] Ægean
Echo to the battle pæan
Of the free—
I would flee
A tempestuous herald of victory!
My golden rain
For the Grecian slain
Should mingle in tears with the bloody main,
And my solemn thunder knell
Should ring to the world the passing bell
Of tyranny!

SEMICHORUS II.

Ah king! wilt thou chain
The rack and the rain?
Wilt thou fetter the lightning and hurricane?
The storms are free,
But we—

CHORUS.

O Slavery! thou frost of the world's prime,
Killing its flowers and leaving its thorns bare!
Thy touch has stamped these limbs with crime,
These brows thy branding garland bear,

[1] This contraction I leave as I find it in Shelley's edition. I do not feel convinced that it was his; but it is not sufficient evidence, for restoring the uncontracted *the*, that he frequently leaves such a redundancy unmarked by any contraction, and that, only twenty lines further on in his edition (in line 680), we have *the impassive*, where one might naturally think *th' impassive* was as much required as *th' Ægean* is here.

But the free heart, the impassive soul
Scorn thy control!

SEMICHORUS I.

Let there be light! said Liberty,
And like sunrise from the sea,
Athens arose!—Around her born,
Shone like mountains in the morn
Glorious states;—and are they now
Ashes, wrecks, oblivion?

SEMICHORUS II.

Go,
Where Thermæ and Asopus swallowed
Persia, as the sand does foam,
Deluge upon deluge followed,
Discord, Macedon, and Rome:
And lastly thou!

SEMICHORUS I.

Temples and towers,
Citadels and marts, and they
Who live and die there, have been ours,
And may be thine, and must decay;
But Greece and her foundations are
Built below the tide of war,
Based on the crystàlline[1] sea
Of thought and its eternity;
Her citizens, imperial spirits,
Rule the present from the past,
On all this world of men inherits
Their seal is set.

[1] In Shelley's edition the second syllable is not accented.

SEMICHORUS II.

Hear ye the blast,
Whose Orphic thunder thrilling calls
From ruin her Titanian walls?
Whose spirit shakes the sapless bones
Of Slavery? Argos, Corinth, Crete
Hear, and from their mountain thrones
The dæmons and the nymphs repeat
The harmony.

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear!

SEMICHORUS II.

The world's eyeless charioteer,
Destiny, is hurrying by!
What faith is crushed, what empire bleeds
Beneath her earthquake-footed steeds?
What eagle-wingèd victory sits
At her right hand? what shadow flits
Before? what splendour rolls behind?
Ruin and renovation cry
Who but We?

SEMICHORUS I.

I hear! I hear!
The hiss as of a rushing wind,
The roar as of an ocean foaming,
The thunder as of earthquake coming.[1]

[1] In Shelley's edition there is a full-stop here, in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 a comma, in some of her later editions no stop at all, and in Mr. Rossetti's a note of exclamation,—the notes of exclamation at *I hear / I hear /* being omitted by the last-named editor. The reading of Shelley's edition seems to me the best intrinsically, as well as the most authoritative.

I hear! I hear!
The crash as of an empire falling,
The shrieks as of a people calling
Mercy! mercy!—How they thrill!
Then a shout of "kill! kill! kill!"
And then a small still voice, thus—

SEMICHORUS II.

Fear[1]
Revenge and Wrong[2] bring forth their kind,
The foul cubs like their parents are,
Their den is in the guilty mind,
And Conscience feeds them with despair.

SEMICHORUS I.

In sacred Athens, near the fane
Of Wisdom, Pity's altar stood:
Serve not the unknown God in vain,
But pay that broken shrine again,
Love for hate and tears for blood.

(*Enter* MAHMUD *and* AHASUERUS.)

MAHMUD.

Thou art a man thou sayest even as we.

AHASUERUS.

No more!

[1] The word here is *For* in Shelley's edition and all others which I have consulted save that of Mr. Rossetti, who must certainly be right in substituting *Fear*.

[2] In Shelley's edition, *wrong*, with a small *w*, though used personally like the other common nouns here.

MAHMUD.

But raised above thy fellow men
By thought, as I by power.

AHASUERUS.

Thou sayest so.

MAHMUD.

Thou art an adept in the difficult lore
Of Greek and Frank philosophy; thou numberest
The flowers, and thou measurest the stars;
Thou severest element from element;
Thy spirit is present in the past, and sees
The birth of this old world through all its cycles
Of desolation and of loveliness,
And when man was not, and how man became
The monarch and the slave of this low sphere,
And all its narrow circles—it is much—
I honour thee, and would be what thou art
Were I not what I am; but the unborn hour,
Cradled in fear and hope, conflicting storms,
Who shall unveil? Nor thou, nor I, nor any
Mighty or wise. I apprehended not[1]
What thou hast taught me, but I now perceive
That thou art no interpreter of dreams;
Thou dost not own that art, device, or God,
Can make the future present—let it come!
Moreover thou disdainest us and ours;
Thou art as God, whom thou contemplatest.

[1] In Shelley's list of errata *apprehended* is substituted for *apprehend*, which appeared in all editions before the list was discovered. Mr. Rossetti suggested the addition of the word *well*, which would only have remedied the metre, leaving the sense much as it was. The whole speech is that of a man who does apprehend, not of a man who fails to apprehend; and the words *I apprehend not what thou hast taught me* are self-contradictory.

AHASUERUS.

Disdain thee?—not the worm beneath my feet!
The Fathomless has care for meaner things
Than thou canst dream, and has made pride for those
Who would be what they may not, or would seem
That which they are not. Sultan! talk no more
Of thee and me, the future and the past;
But look on that which cannot change—the One,[1]
The unborn and the undying. Earth and ocean,
Space, and the isles of life or light that gem
The sapphire floods of interstellar air,
This firmament pavilioned upon chaos,
With all its cressets of immortal fire,
Whose outwall, bastioned impregnably
Against the escape of boldest thoughts, repels them
As Calpe the Atlantic clouds—this Whole
Of suns, and worlds, and men, and beasts, and flowers,
With all the silent or tempestuous workings
By which they have been, are, or cease to be,
Is but a vision;—all that it inherits
Are motes of a sick eye, bubbles and dreams;
Thought is its cradle and its grave, nor less
The future and the past are idle shadows
Of thought's eternal flight—they have no being:
Nought is but that which[2] feels itself to be.

MAHMUD.

What meanest thou? Thy words stream like a tempest
Of dazzling mist within my brain—they shake
The earth on which I stand, and hang like night
On Heaven above me. What can they avail?

[1] There is no comma at *One* in Shelley's edition.

[2] So in Shelley's edition; but we read *it* for *which* in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onwards. Mr. Rossetti restored the right reading.

They cast on all things surest, brightest, best,
Doubt, insecurity, astonishment.

AHASUERUS.

Mistake me not! All is contained in each.
Dodona's forest to an acorn's cup
Is that which has been, or will be, to that
Which is—the absent to the present. Thought
Alone, and its quick elements, Will, Passion,
Reason, Imagination, cannot die;
They are, what that which they regard appears,
The stuff whence mutability can weave
All that it hath dominion o'er, worlds, worms,
Empires, and superstitions. What has thought
To do with time, or place, or circumstance?
Wouldst[1] thou behold the future?—ask and have!
Knock and it shall be opened—look and, lo!
The coming age is shadowed on the past
As on a glass.

MAHMUD.

Wild, wilder thoughts convulse
My spirit—Did not Mahomet the Second
Win Stamboul?

AHASUERUS.

Thou wouldst ask that giant spirit
The written fortunes of thy house and faith.
Thou wouldst cite one out of the grave to tell
How what was born in blood must die.

[1] In Shelley's edition we read *would'st*; and in the 51 lines following there are, in that edition, several of these needless apostrophes, namely in the words *would'st* in lines 808, 810, and 854, *engin'ry* in line 819, *see'st* in lines 830, 841, and 851, and *may'st* in lines 844 and 848.

MAHMUD.

Thy words
Have power on me! I see——

AHASUERUS.

What hearest thou?

MAHMUD.

A far whisper——
Terrible silence.

AHASUERUS.

What succeeds?

MAHMUD.

The sound[1]
As of the assault of an imperial city,
The hiss of inextinguishable fire,
The roar of giant cannon; the earthquaking
Fall of vast bastions and precipitous towers,
The shock of crags shot from strange enginery,
The clash of wheels, and clang of armèd hoofs,
And crash of brazen mail as of the wreck
Of adamantine mountains—the mad blast
Of trumpets, and the neigh of raging steeds,
And shrieks of women whose thrill jars the blood,
And one sweet laugh, most horrible to hear,
As of a joyous infant waked and playing
With its dead mother's breast, and now more loud
The mingled battle-cry,—ha! hear I not
Εν τουτῶ νικη. Allah, Illah, Allah!

[1] See Shelley's note (6) at the end of the poem.

AHASUERUS.[1]

The sulphurous mist is raised—thou seest—

MAHMUD.

A chasm,
As of two mountains in the wall of Stamboul;
And in that ghastly breach the Islamites,
Like giants on the ruins of a world,
Stand in the light of sunrise. In the dust
Glimmers a kingless diadem, and one
Of regal port has cast himself beneath
The stream of war. Another proudly clad
In golden arms spurs a Tartarian barb
Into the gap, and with his iron mace
Directs the torrent of that tide of men,
And seems—he is—Mahomet!

AHASUERUS.

What thou seest
Is but the ghost of thy forgotten dream.
A dream itself, yet less, perhaps, than that
Thou call'st reality. Thou mayst behold
How cities, on which Empire sleeps enthroned,
Bow their towered crests to mutability.
Poised by the flood, e'en on the height thou holdest,
Thou mayst now learn how the full tide of power
Ebbs to its depths.—Inheritor of glory,
Conceived in darkness, born in blood, and nourished
With tears and toil, thou seest the mortal throes
Of that whose birth was but the same. The Past
Now stands before thee like an Incarnation
Of the To-come; yet wouldst thou commune with
That portion of thyself which was ere thou

[1] In Shelley's edition, *Ahasueras* in this instance.

Didst start for this brief race whose crown is death,
Dissolve with that strong faith and fervent passion
Which called it from the uncreated deep,
Yon cloud of war, with its tempestuous phantoms
Of raging death; and draw with mighty will
The imperial shade hither.

(*Exit* AHASUERUS.

MAHMUD.

Approach!

PHANTOM.

I come
Thence whither thou must go! The grave is fitter
To take the living than give up the dead[1];
Yet has thy faith prevailed, and I am here.
The heavy fragments of the power which fell
When I arose, like shapeless crags and clouds,
Hang round my throne on the abyss, and voices
Of strange lament soothe my supreme repose,
Wailing for glory never to return.—
A later Empire nods in its decay:
The autumn of a greener faith is come,
And wolfish change, like winter, howls to strip
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her aërie,[2] while Dominion whelped below.
The storm is in its branches, and the frost
Is on its leaves, and the blank deep expects
Oblivion on oblivion, spoil on spoil,
Ruin on ruin:—Thou art slow, my son;
The Anarchs of the world of darkness keep
A throne for thee, round which thine empire lies
Boundless and mute; and for thy subjects thou,

[1] Another intimate reminiscence of the *Persæ*. *Cf.* verses 685-6:

ἄλλως τε πάντως χοὶ κατὰ χθονὸς θεοὶ
λαβεῖν ἀμείνους εἰσὶν ἢ μεθιέναι.

[2] In Shelley's edition, we get in this instance the very curious orthography *aiëry*.

Like us, shalt[1] rule the ghosts of murdered life,
The phantoms of the powers who rule thee now—
Mutinous passions, and conflicting fears,
And hopes that sate themselves on dust and die!—
Stript of their mortal strength, as thou of thine.
Islam must fall, but we will reign together
Over its ruins in the world of death:—
And if the trunk be dry, yet shall the seed
Unfold itself even in the shape of that
Which gathers birth in its decay. Woe! woe!
To the weak people tangled in the grasp
Of its last spasms.

MAHMUD.

Spirit, woe to all!
Woe to the wronged and the avenger! Woe
To the destroyer, woe to the destroyed!
Woe to the dupe, and woe to the deceiver!
Woe to the oppressed, and woe to the oppressor!
Woe both to those that suffer and inflict;
Those who are born and those who die! but say,
Imperial shadow of the thing I am,
When, how, by whom, Destruction must accomplish
Her consummation?

PHANTOM.

Ask the cold pale Hour,
Rich in reversion of impending death,
When *he* shall fall upon whose ripe grey hairs
Sit Care, and Sorrow, and Infirmity—
The weight which Crime, whose wings are plumed with years,
Leaves in his flight from ravaged heart to heart

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *shall*.

Over the heads of men, under which burthen
They bow themselves unto the grave: fond wretch!
He leans upon his crutch, and talks of years
To come, and how in hours of youth renewed
He will renew lost joys, and——

Voice without.

Victory! Victory!

(*The Phantom vanishes.*

MAHMUD.

What sound of the importunate earth has broken
My mighty trance?

Voice without.

Victory! Victory!

MAHMUD.

Weak lightning before darkness! poor faint smile
Of dying Islam! Voice which art the response
Of hollow weakness! Do I wake and live?
Were there such things, or may the unquiet brain,
Vexed by the wise mad talk of the old Jew,
Have shaped itself these shadows of its fear?
It matters not!—for nought we see or dream,[1]

[1] This comma and that at the end of line 923 are wanting in Shelley's edition; and I have very little doubt that they were wanting in the MS. sent to press. It is difficult to determine whether the frequent absence of absolutely necessary points at the end of lines arose from such accidents as narrowness of paper, or from an undefined notion that the division between line and line might be used as a sufficient pause upon occasion; but certain it is that the number of stops omitted when they would be at the end of lines is very remarkable in the MS. of *Julian and Maddalo* sent to Leigh Hunt for publication. There I have little doubt that narrowness of paper was the general cause of omission,—the MS. being prepared with exquisite care, on very small leaves; but, not knowing the size and style of the *Hellas* MS., I find the question of the punctuation of that poem more difficult, though I think Shelley would have assented to these two

Possess, or lose, or grasp at, can be worth
More than it gives or teaches. Come what may,
The future must become the past, and I
As they were to whom once this present hour,
This gloomy crag of time to which I cling,
Seemed an Elysian isle of peace and joy
Never to be attained.—I must rebuke
This drunkenness of triumph ere it die,
And dying, bring despair. Victory! poor slaves!

(*Exit Mahmud.*

Voice without.

Shout in the jubilee of death! The Greeks
Are as a brood of lions in the net
Round which the kingly hunters of the earth
Stand smiling. Anarchs, ye whose daily food
Are curses, groans, and gold, the fruit of death
From Thule to the girdle of the world,
Come, feast! the board groans with the flesh of men;
The cup is foaming with a nation's blood,
Famine and Thirst await! eat, drink, and die!

SEMICHORUS I.

Victorious Wrong, with vulture scream,
Salutes the risen sun, pursues the flying day!
I saw her, ghastly as a tyrant's dream,
Perch on the trembling pyramid of night,
Beneath which earth and all her realms pavilioned lay
In visions of the dawning undelight.
Who shall impede her flight?
Who rob her of her prey?

commas being introduced, as I am certain he would have done had he had the opportunity of decision in several cases in *Julian and Maddalo.*

Voice without.

Victory! Victory! Russia's famished eagles
Dare not to prey beneath the crescent's light.
Impale the remnant of the Greeks! despoil!
Violate! make their flesh cheaper than dust!

SEMICHORUS II.

Thou voice which art
The herald of the ill in splendour hid!
Thou echo of the hollow heart
Of monarchy, bear me to thine abode
When desolation flashes o'er a world destroyed:
Oh, bear me to those isles of jaggèd cloud
Which float like mountains on the earthquake,[1] mid
The momentary oceans of the lightning,
Or to some toppling promontory proud
Of solid tempest whose black pyramid,
Riven, overhangs the founts intensely brightning
Of those dawn-tinted deluges of fire
Before their waves expire,
When heaven and earth are light, and only light
In the thunder night!

Voice without.

Victory! Victory! Austria, Russia, England,
And that tame serpent, that poor shadow, France,
Cry peace, and that means death when monarchs speak.
Ho, there! bring torches, sharpen those red stakes,
These chains are light, fitter for slaves and poisoners
Than Greeks. Kill! plunder! burn! let none remain.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *earthquakes*. The word is singular in Shelley's edition, of course rightly.

SEMICHORUS I.

Alas! for Liberty!
If numbers, wealth, or unfulfilling years,
Or fate, can quell the free!
Alas! for Virtue, when
Torments, or contumely, or the sneers
Of erring judging men
Can break the heart where it abides.
Alas! if Love, whose smile makes this obscure world splendid,
Can change with its false times and tides,
Like hope and terror,—
Alas for Love!
And Truth, who wanderest lone and unbefriended,
If thou canst veil thy lie-consuming mirror
Before the dazzled eyes of Error,
Alas for thee! Image of the Above.

SEMICHORUS II.

Repulse, with plumes from conquest torn,
Led the ten thousand from the limits of the morn
Through many an hostile Anarchy!
At length they wept aloud, and cried, "the Sea! the Sea!"
Through exile, persecution, and despair,
Rome was, and young Atlantis shall become
The wonder, or the terror, or the tomb
Of all whose step wakes Power[1] lulled in her savage lair:
But Greece was as a hermit child,
Whose fairest thoughts and limbs were built
To woman's growth, by dreams so mild,
She knew not pain or guilt;
And now, O Victory, blush! and Empire tremble
When ye desert the free—
If Greece must be

[1] In Shelley's edition, *power*, with a small *p*.

A wreck, yet shall its fragments re-assemble,
And build themselves again impregnably
In a diviner clime,[1]
To Amphionic music on some Cape sublime,
Which frowns above the idle foam of Time.

SEMICHORUS I.

Let the tyrants rule the desart[2] they have made;
Let the free possess the paradise they claim;
Be the fortune of our fierce oppressors weighed
With our ruin, our resistance, and our name!

SEMICHORUS II.

Our dead shall be the seed of their decay,
Our survivors be the shadow of their pride,
Our adversity a dream to pass away—
Their dishonour a remembrance to abide!

Voice without.

Victory! Victory! The bought Briton sends
The keys of ocean to the Islamite.—
Now shall the blazon of the cross be veiled,
And British skill directing Othman might,
Thunder-strike rebel victory. O keep holy
This jubilee of unrevengèd blood—
Kill! crush! despoil! Let not a Greek escape!

SEMICHORUS I.

Darkness has dawned in the East
On the noon of time:
The death-birds descend to their feast,
From the hungry clime.

[1] A full-stop in Shelley's edition.

[2] In Shelley's edition, *desert* in this case,—although in line 91 of *Hellas* we get his usual orthography, *desart*.

Let Freedom and Peace flee far
To a sunnier strand,
And follow Love's folding star
To the Evening land!

SEMICHORUS II.

The young moon has fed
Her exhausted horn,
With the sunset's fire:
The weak day is dead,
But the night is not born;
And, like loveliness panting with wild desire
While it trembles with fear and delight,
Hesperus flies from awakening night,
And pants in its beauty and speed with light
Fast flashing, soft, and bright.
Thou beacon of love! thou lamp of the free!
Guide us far, far away,
To climes where now veiled by the ardour of day
Thou art hidden
From waves on which weary noon,
Faints in her summer swoon,
Between Kingless continents sinless as Eden,
Around mountains and islands inviolably
Prankt on the sapphire sea.

SEMICHORUS I.

Through the sunset of hope,
Like the shapes of a dream,
What Paradise islands of glory gleam!
Beneath Heaven's cope,
Their shadows more clear float by—
The sound of their oceans, the light of their sky,
The music and fragrance their solitudes breathe

Burst, like morning on dream, or like Heaven on death
Through the walls of our prison;
And Greece, which was dead, is arisen!

CHORUS.

The world's great age begins anew,[1]
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn:
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his[2] fountains
Against the morning-star.
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo[3] cleaves the main,[4]
Fraught with a later prize;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

O, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be!
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

[1] See Shelley's note (7) at the end of the poem.
[2] So in Shelley's edition, but *its* in Mrs. Shelley's from 1839 onwards.
[3] In Shelley's edition, *Argos*.
[4] In Shelley's edition and in Mrs. Shelley's two editions of 1839, this and the preceding stanza are run into one.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;[1]
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose[2]
Shall burst, more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:[3]
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,[4]
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

O cease! must hate and death return?
Cease! must men kill and die?
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
Of bitter prophecy.
The world is weary of the past,
O might it die or rest at last!

[1] There is a full-stop here in Shelley's edition: a semi-colon is substituted in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[2] See Shelley's note (8).

[3] In Shelley's edition the words

more bright and good
Than all who fell, than One who rose,
Than many unsubdued:

are omitted; and their place is supplied by asterisks. I presume the foretold resurrection of Saturn and Love, "more bright and good" than Christ, was too much for Mr. Ollier's peace of mind in those days of prosecution for "seditious and blasphemous libel"; and Shelley had given him leave to make omissions from the notes (See *Shelley Memorials*, p. 160). The passage is supplied in Mrs. Shelley's editions as given in the text; but in Galignani's edition of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats (Paris, 1829), and in Ascham's edition of Shelley's Poems (2 vols, foolscap 8vo., 1834), the passage is differently given: in those editions we read *wise* for *bright* in line 1091, and *unwithstood* for *unsubdued* in line 1093,—on what authority I know not. Both those editions read *native* for *votive* in line 1095; but that probably arose from a misprint in Galignani's, copied into Ascham's.

[4] This comma is wanting in Shelley's edition.

THE END.

[OF HELLAS.]

The imprint, which comes here, is as follows:—

Printed by S. and R. Bentley.
Dorset Street, Fleet Street, London.

NOTES.

[BY SHELLEY.]

(1) *The quenchless ashes of Milan* [line 60].

MILAN was the centre of the resistance of the Lombard league against the Austrian tyrant. Frederic Barbarossa burnt the city to the ground, but liberty lived in its ashes, and it rose like an exhalation from its ruin. See Sismondi's "*Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*," a book which has done much towards awakening the Italians to an imitation of their great ancestors.

(2) *The Chorus* [line 197 *et seq.*].

The popular notions of Christianity are represented in this chorus as true in their relation to the worship they superseded, and that which in all probability they will supersede, without considering their merits in a relation more universal. The first stanza contrasts the immortality of the living and thinking beings which inhabit the planets, and to use a common and inadequate phrase, *clothe themselves in matter*,[1] with the transience of the noblest manifestations of the external world.

The concluding verses indicate a progressive state of more or less exalted existence, according to the degree of perfection which every distinct intelligence may have attained. Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatize upon a subject, concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar asser-

[1] There is no comma here in Shelley's edition.

tions. The received hypothesis of a Being resembling men in the moral attributes of his nature, having called us out of non-existence, and after inflicting on us the misery of the commission of error, should[1] superadd that of the punishment and the privations consequent upon it, still would remain inexplicable and incredible. That there is a true solution of the riddle, and that in our present state that solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain: meanwhile, as it is the province of the poet to attach himself to those ideas which exalt and ennoble humanity, let him be permitted to have conjectured the condition of that futurity towards which we are all impelled by an inextinguishable thirst for immortality. Until better arguments can be produced than sophisms which disgrace the cause, this desire itself must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being.

(3) *No hoary priests*[2] *after that Patriarch* [line 245].

The Greek Patriarch after having been compelled to fulminate an anathema against the insurgents was put to death by the Turks.

Fortunately the Greeks have been taught that they cannot buy security by degradation, and the Turks, though equally cruel, are less cunning than the smooth-faced tyrants of Europe. As to the anathema, his Holiness might as well have thrown his mitre at Mount Athos for any effect that it produced. The chiefs of the Greeks are almost all men of comprehension and enlightened views on religion and politics.

[1] This brusque change of construction is a really unfortunate oversight, apparently resulting from Shelley's haste; but, as it is impossible to say what part of the sentence he would have altered had he discovered his mistake, I can see nothing for it but to leave things as they are. Mr. Rossetti substituted *who, after inflicting* for *and after inflicting*, without noting that he had done so.

[2] In Shelley's edition *priest*,—a misquotation of his own text.

(4) *The freedman of a western poet chief* [line 563].

A Greek who had been Lord Byron's servant commands the insurgents in Attica. This Greek, Lord Byron informs me, though a poet and an enthusiastic patriot, gave him rather the idea of a timid and unenterprising person.[1] It appears that circumstances make men what they are, and that we all contain the germ of a degree of degradation or of greatness whose connexion with our character is determined by events.

(5) *The Greeks expect a Saviour from the West* [line 598].

It is reported that this Messiah had arrived at a seaport near Lacedæmon in an American brig. The association of names and ideas is irresistibly ludicrous, but the prevalence of such a rumour strongly marks the state of popular enthusiasm in Greece.

(6) *The sound as of the*[2] *assault of an Imperial City* [line 815].

For the vision of Mahmud of the taking of Constantinople in 1453,[3] See Gibbon's "*Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*," vol. xii. p. 223.

The manner of the invocation of the spirit of Mahomet the Second will be censured as over subtle.[4] I could easily have made the Jew a regular conjuror, and the Phantom an ordinary ghost. I have preferred to represent the Jew as disclaiming all pretension, or even belief, in

[1] According to Moore's Life of Byron, this man's name was Demetrius Zograffo.

[2] In Shelley's edition the passage is misquoted at the head of the note, thus: *The sound is of an Assault.* I presume the notes were written after the poem had left his hands.

[3] In Shelley's edition, 1445 is given as the date.

[4] Mrs. Shelley substitutes *overdrawn* for *over subtle.*

supernatural agency, and as tempting Mahmud to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensations through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and the excess of passion animating the creations of[1] imagination.

It is a sort of natural magic, susceptible of being exercised in a degree by any one who should have made himself master of the secret associations of another's thoughts.

(7) *The Chorus* [line 1060 *et seq.*].[2]

The final chorus is indistinct and obscure, as the event of the living drama whose arrival it foretells. Prophecies of wars, and rumours of wars, &c. may safely be made by poet or prophet in any age, but to anticipate however darkly a period of regeneration and happiness is a more hazardous exercise of the faculty which bards possess or feign. It will remind the reader "magno *nec* proximus intervallo" of Isaiah and Virgil, whose ardent spirits overleaping the actual reign of evil which we endure and bewail, already saw the possible and perhaps approaching state of society in which the "*lion shall lie down with the lamb,*" and "omnis feret omnia tellus." Let these great names be my authority and my[3] excuse.

(8) *Saturn and Love their long repose shall burst* [line 1090].

Saturn and Love were among the deities of a real or imaginary state of innocence and happiness. *All* those *who fell,* or the Gods of Greece, Asia, and Egypt; the *One who rose,* or Jesus Christ, at whose appearance the idols of

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's edition we read *of the imagination.*

[2] In Shelley's edition this note is headed "*Note* (7)", instead of being uniform with the others.

[3] Mrs. Shelley omits this second *my.*

the Pagan World were amerced of their worship;[1] and *the many unsubdued*, or the monstrous objects of the idolatry of China, India, the Antarctic islands, and the native tribes of America, certainly have reigned over the understandings of men in conjunction or in succession, during periods in which all we know of evil has been in a state of portentous, and, until the revival of learning and the arts, perpetually increasing activity. The Grecian gods seem indeed to have been personally more innocent, although it cannot be said, that as far as temperance and chastity are concerned, they gave so edifying an example as their successor. The sublime human character of Jesus Christ was deformed by an imputed identification with a power, who tempted, betrayed, and punished the innocent beings who were called into existence by his sole will; and for the period of a thousand years, the spirit of this most just, wise, and benevolent of men, has been propitiated with myriads of hecatombs of those who approached the nearest to his innocence and wisdom, sacrificed under every aggravation of atrocity and variety of torture.[2] The horrors of the Mexican, the Peruvian, and the Indian superstitions are well known.

[1] This passage from *the One* to *worship* was omitted from the first edition.

[2] This passage from *so edifying* to *variety of torture* was omitted from the first edition, where we read instead the three words *very edifying examples*.

WRITTEN ON HEARING THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.[1]

WHAT! alive and so bold, oh earth?
Art thou not overbold?
What! leapest thou forth as of old
In the light of thy morning mirth,
The last of the flock of the starry fold?
Ha! leapest thou forth as of old?
Are not the limbs still when the ghost is fled,
And canst thou move,[2] Napoleon being dead?

How! is not thy quick heart cold?
What spark is alive on thy hearth?
How! is not *his* death-knell knolled?
And livest *thou* still, Mother Earth?
Thou wert warming thy fingers old
O'er the embers covered and cold
Of that most fiery spirit, when it fled—
What, Mother, do you laugh now he is dead?

"Who has known me of old," replied Earth,
"Or who has my story told?
It is thou who art overbold."
And the lightning of scorn laughed forth

[1] Mrs. Shelley places this poem among those written in 1821.

[2] So in Shelley's edition; but *more* is substituted for *move* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

As she sung, "to my bosom I fold
All my sons when their knell is knolled,
And so with living motion all are fed,
And the quick spring like weeds out of the dead.

"Still alive and still bold," shouted Earth,
"I grow bolder and still more bold.
The dead fill me ten thousand fold
Fuller of speed, and splendour, and mirth,
I was cloudy, and sullen, and cold,
Like a frozen chaos uprolled,
Till by the spirit of the mighty dead
My heart grew warm. I feed on whom I fed.

"Aye, alive and still bold," muttered Earth,
"Napoleon's fierce spirit rolled,
In terror and blood and gold,
A torrent of ruin to death from his birth.
Leave the millions who follow to mould
The metal before it be cold;
And weave into his shame, which like the dead
Shrouds me, the hopes that from his glory fled."[1]

[1] The inverted commas at the beginning and end of this stanza are wanting in Shelley's edition.

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JULIAN AND MADDALO;

A CONVERSATION.

[Shelley's letter to Leigh Hunt, an extract from which follows the preface to *Julian and Maddalo*, is conclusive as to the date of that poem,—between August and November, 1818; and Mrs. Shelley assigns it to that year, although, when it was first printed among the *Posthumous Poems*, the words "Rome, May, 1819," appeared at the end. I do not conclude, with Mr. Rossetti, that "probably the poem was not finished until this latter date," —which seems to me more likely to be that of some transcript, and accidentally left standing. Shelley must have written the poem out himself at least three times; for, beside the final MS. from which it is now given, there is a fair draft written in ink in a note-book in Sir Percy Shelley's possession; and no long poem of Shelley's was, I believe, ever first composed in the form of a fair draft. The MS. sent to Leigh Hunt is one of rare beauty. It was discovered by Mr. Townshend Mayer, and placed at my disposal for this edition, under the circumstances mentioned in my preface (Vol. I, p. xxxviii). It is written on gilt-edged leaves apparently removed from a pocket-book, and measuring only $3\frac{11}{16}$ inches by $2\frac{9}{16}$, so as to necessitate the minutest care and neatness. The iambic is usually made to come into the breadth of the tiny page; and a curious result of this is that besides the many stops omitted on general grounds of inexactness in such small matters, an inordinate number are wanting when the sense requires them at the close of the line. At page 106 I give a statement of those points which I found it necessary to supply. The fac-simile of page 10 of the MS., which Mr. G. I. F. Tupper has produced, and which faces this page, will suffice to show how likely these stops were to be dropped. I suppose Shelley took the trouble to count the lines, to see whether there were too many for *The Examiner*, and counted them wrongly; for at the end he has written the figures "608." *Julian and Maddalo and other Poems* were announced as "in the press," at the end of the *Prometheus* volume; but Hunt probably thought it well to stop the issue on account of the unmistakeable personality of two of the characters depicted,—Byron and Shelley. In a letter to Mr. Ollier, dated 15 December 1819 (*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 122-3), Shelley says "Suppose you print that in the manner of Hunt's *Hero and Leander*"; and in another letter to the same gentleman, dated the 14th of May 1820 (*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 138-9), he says, "If you print *Julian and Maddalo*, I wish it to be printed in some unostentatious form, accompanied with the fragment of *Athanase*, and exactly in the manner in which I sent it; and I particularly desire that my name be not annexed to the first edition of it in any case." This binds one pretty closely to the text of the Leigh Hunt MS.; and indeed every important variation therein is an improvement.—H. B. F.]

"This being — there are some by nature proud,
"Who patient in all else demand but this:
"To love & be beloved with gentleness.
"And being scorned, what wonder if they die.
"Some living death? this is not destiny
"But man's own wilful ill." as thus I spoke
Servants announced the gondola, & we
Through the fast-falling rain & high-wavy sea
Sailed to the island where the madhouse stands.
We disembarked. The clap of tortured hands
Fierce yells & howlings & lamentings keen
And laughter where complaint had mercier been
Moans, shrieks & curses & blaspheming prayer
Accosted us. We climbed the oozy steps
Into an old court yard. I heard on high
Then, fragments of most touching melody
But looking up saw not the singer there —
Through the black bars in the tenebrous air
I saw, like weeds on a wrecked palace growing
Long tangled locks flung wildly forth & thinning
Of those who on a sudden were beguiled
Into strange silence, & looked forth & smiled

PREFACE.

[BY SHELLEY.]

The meadows with fresh streams, the bees with thyme,
The goats with the green leaves of budding Spring,
Are saturated not—nor Love with tears.

VIRGIL'S GALLUS.

COUNT MADDALO is a Venetian nobleman of antient family and of great fortune, who, without mixing much in the society of his countrymen, resides chiefly at his magnificent palace in that city. He is a person of the most consummate genius, and capable, if he would direct his energies to such an end, of becoming the redeemer of his degraded country. But it is his weakness to be proud: he derives, from a comparison of his own extraordinary mind with the dwarfish intellects that surround him, an intense apprehension of the nothingness of human life. His passions and his powers are incomparably greater than those of other men; and, instead of the latter having been employed in curbing the former, they have mutually lent each other strength. His ambition preys upon itself, for want of objects which it can consider worthy of exertion. I say that Maddalo is proud, because I can find no other word to express the concentered and impatient feelings which consume him; but it is on his own hopes and affections only that he seems to

trample, for in social life no human being can be more gentle, patient, and unassuming than Maddalo. He is cheerful, frank, and witty. His more serious conversation is a sort of intoxication; men are held by it as by a spell. He has travelled much; and there is an inexpressible charm in his relation of his adventures in different countries.

Julian is an Englishman of good family, passionately attached to those philosophical notions which assert the power of man over his own mind, and the immense improvements of which, by the extinction of certain moral superstitions, human society may be yet susceptible. Without concealing the evil in the world, he is for ever speculating how good may be made superior. He is a complete infidel, and a scoffer at all things reputed holy; and Maddalo takes a wicked pleasure in drawing out his taunts against religion. What Maddalo thinks on these matters is not exactly known. Julian, in spite of his heterodox opinions, is conjectured by his friends to possess some good qualities. How far this is possible the pious reader will determine. Julian is rather serious.

Of the Maniac I can give no information. He seems, by his own account, to have been disappointed in love. He was evidently a very cultivated and amiable person when in his right senses. His story, told at length, might be like many other stories of the same kind: the unconnected exclamations of his agony will perhaps be found a sufficient comment for the text of every heart.

EXTRACT FROM SHELLEY'S LETTER[1] TO LEIGH HUNT ENCLOSING JULIAN AND MADDALO.

I send you a little poem to give to Ollier for publication, but *without my name*. Peacock will correct the proofs. I wrote it with the idea of offering it to the "Examiner," but I find it is too long. It was composed last year at Este; two of the characters you will recognize; and the third is also in some degree a painting from nature, but, with respect to time and place, ideal. You will find the little piece, I think, in some degree consistent with your own ideas of the manner in which poetry ought to be written. I have employed a certain familiar style of language to express the actual way in which people talk with each other, whom education and a certain refinement of sentiment have placed above the use of vulgar idioms. I use the word *vulgar* in its most extensive sense. The vulgarity of rank and fashion is as gross in its way as that of poverty, and its cant terms equally expressive of base conceptions, and, therefore, equally unfit for poetry. Not that the familiar style is to be admitted in the treatment of a subject wholly ideal, or in that part of any subject which relates to common life, where the passion, exceeding a certain limit, touches the boundaries of that which is ideal. Strong passion expresses itself in metaphor, borrowed from objects alike remote or near, and casts over all the shadow of its own greatness ....

[1] This letter, dated "Livorno, August 15th, 1819," is printed in the *Essays &c.* (1840), Vol. II, pp. 220 to 223.

If *you* would really correct the proof, I need not trouble Peacock, who I suppose, has enough. Can you take it as a compliment that I prefer to trouble you?

I do not particularly wish this poem to be known as mine; but, at all events, I would not put my name to it. I leave you to judge whether it is best to throw it into the fire, or to publish it.

LIST OF STOPS NOT IN THE MANUSCRIPT BUT PRINTED IN THIS EDITION.

Commas at the end of lines 40, 85, 94, 107, 116, 120, 134, 144, 145, 154, 157, 167, 179, 191, 196, 202, 203, 204, 215, 217, 221, 224, 225, 238, 253, 262, 305, 307, 331, 338, 360, 375, 384, 385, 396, 436, 447, 450, 451, 473, 475, 476, 511, 520, 526, 541, 591, 592, 593, and 612.

Semicolons at the end of lines 101, 103, 158, 181, 279, and 496.

Colons at the end of lines 164, 178, 606, and 610.

Full-stops at the end of lines 95, 201, 299, 319, 407, 481, 599, 601, and 617.

Notes of exclamation at the end of lines 392 and 492.

Commas after *companion* in line 86, *meant* in line 94, *maker* in line 113, *past* in line 114, *churches* in line 136, *rainy* in line 141, *blithe* in line 167, *Maddalo* in line 192, *others* in line 205, *this* in line 232, *month* and *cried* in line 300, *misery* in line 314, *mad* in line 394, *Nay* in line 398, *he* and *seemed* in line 529, *Unseen* in line 554, and *parted* in line 610.

Full-stops after *transparent* in line 85, *trials* in line 472, and *Venice* in line 583.

Note of interrogation after *end* in line 607.

Inverted commas before *A* in line 87, *See* in line 166, *You* in line 408, and *that* in line 597.

PECULIARITIES IN THE MANUSCRIPT, NOT FOLLOWED IN THIS EDITION.

In line 45, *achieve* is spelt *atchieve*.

In lines 90, 112, 113, 282, *their* is spelt *thier*.

In line 192, *judgment* is spelt with a central *e*.

In line 240, *deceits* is spelt *deciets*.

In lines 308, 311, and 530, *falsehood* is spelt *falshood*.

In line 314 *disappointment* is spelt *dissappointment*.

In lines 331, 364, 603, and 612, the apostrophe is omitted from *hope's*, *moment's*, *father's*, and *youth's*.

In line 433, *searedst* is spelt *cearedst*, and in line 614, *cered* is spelt *ceared*.

In line 600, *mien* is spelt *mein*.

JULIAN AND MADDALO:

A CONVERSATION.

I RODE one evening with Count Maddalo[1]
Upon the bank of land which breaks the flow
Of Adria towards Venice: a bare strand
Of hillocks, heaped from ever-shifting sand,
Matted with thistles and amphibious weeds,
Such as from earth's embrace the salt ooze breeds,
Is this; an uninhabited sea-side,
Which the lone fisher, when his nets are dried,
Abandons; and no other object breaks
The waste, but one dwarf tree and some few stakes
Broken and unrepaired, and the tide makes
A narrow space of level sand thereon,
Where 'twas our wont to ride while day went down.
This ride was my delight. I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see

[1] The personality of the two riders on the Lido is so well known that no identification is needed; but it is still worth while to note the correspondence of this opening with a passage in Shelley's letter to Mrs. Shelley printed in the *Essays &c.* (1840), Vol. II, p. 136. "He [Byron], took me in his gondola across the laguna to a long sandy island, which defends Venice from the Adriatic. When we disembarked, we found his horses waiting for us, and we rode along the sands of the sea, talking. Our conversation consisted in histories of his wounded feelings, and questions as to my affairs, and great professions of friendship and regard for me. He said, that if he had been in England at the time of the Chancery affair, he would have moved heaven and earth to have prevented such a decision. We talked of literary matters, his Fourth Canto, which, he says, is very good, and indeed repeated some stanzas of great energy to me."

Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows; and yet more
Than all, with a remembered friend I love
To ride as then I rode;—for the winds drove
The living spray along the sunny air
Into our faces; the blue heavens were bare,
Stripped to their depths by the awakening north;
And, from the waves, sound like delight broke forth
Harmonizing with solitude, and sent
Into our hearts aërial merriment.
So, as we rode, we talked; and the swift thought,
Winging itself with laughter, lingered not,
But flew from brain to brain,—such glee was ours,
Charged with light memories of remembered hours,
None slow enough for sadness: till we came
Homeward, which always makes the spirit tame.
This day had been cheerful but cold, and now
The sun was sinking, and the wind also.
Our talk grew somewhat serious, as may be
Talk interrupted with such raillery
As mocks itself, because it cannot scorn
The thoughts it would extinguish:—'twas forlorn,
Yet pleasing, such as once, so poets tell,
The devils held within the dales[1] of Hell
Concerning God, freewill and destiny:
Of all that earth has been or yet may be,
All that vain men imagine or believe,
Or hope can paint or suffering may[2] achieve,

[1] Miss Blind (*Westminster Review*, July 1870, p. 82) makes the following emendation: "For *dales* read *vales*, the word employed by Milton in the passage referred to." The word in the Leigh Hunt MS., which is of course the best authority, is clearly *dales*; and the passage reads better so: it does not profess to be a quotation from Milton; and I should think it quite probable that, in writing the poem finally for the press, Shelley consciously put *dales* for *vales* as an improvement.

[2] So in the MS., but *can* in Mrs. Shelley's editions from 1824 onward.

We descanted, and I (for ever still
Is it not wise to make the best of ill?)
Argued against despondency, but pride
Made my companion take the darker side.
The sense that he was greater than his kind
Had struck,[1] methinks, his eagle spirit blind
By gazing on its own exceeding light.
Meanwhile the sun paused ere it should alight,
Over the horizon of the mountains;—Oh
How beautiful is sunset, when the glow
Of Heaven descends upon a land like thee,
Thou Paradise of exiles, Italy!
Thy mountains, seas and vineyards and the towers
Of cities they encircle!—it was ours
To stand on thee, beholding it; and then
Just where we had dismounted the Count's men
Were waiting for us with the gondola.—
As those who pause on some delightful way
Tho' bent on pleasant pilgrimage, we stood
Looking upon the evening and the flood
Which lay between the city and the shore
Paved with the image of the sky . . . the hoar
And aëry[2] Alps towards the North appeared
Thro' mist, an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared
Between the East and West; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep West into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many folded hills: they were

[1] In the MS. *made* was originally written here; but the pen is drawn through it, and *struck* is written above.

[2] In the MS. and in the *Posthumous Poems* the word is *aery*; but in the collected editions *airy*.

Those famous Euganean hills, which bear
As seen from Lido thro' the harbour piles
The likeness of a clump of peakèd isles—
And then—as if the Earth and Sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering as from waves of flame
Around the vaporous sun, from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent. "Ere it fade,"
Said my companion, "I will show you soon
"A better station"—so, o'er the lagune
We glided, and from that funereal bark
I leaned, and saw the city, and could mark
How from their many isles in evening's gleam
Its temples and its palaces did seem
Like fabrics of enchantment piled to Heaven.
I was about to speak, when—"We are even
"Now at the point I meant," said Maddalo,
And bade the gondolieri cease to row.
"Look Julian on the west, and listen well
"If you hear not a deep and heavy bell."
I looked, and saw between us and the sun
A building on an island; such a[1] one
As age to age might add, for uses vile,
A windowless, deformed and dreary pile;[2]
And on the top an open tower, where hung
A bell, which in the radiance swayed and swung;
We could just hear its hoarse and iron tongue:

[1] We read *an one* in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1824 and 1839, but *a one* in some of the later editions. Mr. Rossetti reverted to *an one*; but the MS. gives *a*.

[2] According to Mr. Rossetti, the building described in the text is stated by Mr. Browning not to be a madhouse, but a "penitentiary for rebellious priests, to the west between Venice and the Lido, on the islet of San Clemente. San Servolo, with its madhouse . . . is as full of windows as a barrack." Medwin, on the other hand, professes (*Life of Shelley*, Vol. I, p. 318) to know well the madhouse as described by Shelley; but in matters of accuracy, he is not to be relied on.

The broad sun sunk[1] behind it, and it tolled
In strong and black relief.—"What we behold
"Shall be the madhouse and its belfry tower,"
Said Maddalo, "and ever[2] at this hour
"Those who may cross the water, hear that bell
"Which calls the maniacs each one from his cell
"To vespers."—"As much skill as need to pray
"In thanks or hope for their dark lot have they
"To their stern maker," I replied. "O ho!
"You talk as in years past," said Maddalo.
"'Tis strange men change not. You were ever still
"Among Christ's flock a perilous infidel,
"A wolf for the meek lambs—if you can't swim
"Beware of Providence." I looked on him,
But the gay smile had faded in[3] his eye,
"And such,"—he cried, "is our mortality,
"And this must be the emblem and the sign
"Of what should be eternal and divine!—
"And like that black and dreary bell, the soul
"Hung in a[4] heaven-illumined tower, must toll
"Our thoughts and our desires to meet below
"Round the rent heart and pray—as madmen do[5]
"For what? they know not, till the night of death
"As sunset that strange vision, severeth
"Our memory from itself, and us from all
"We sought and yet were baffled." I recall
The sense of what he said, altho' I mar
The force of his expressions. The broad star
Of day meanwhile had sunk behind the hill,

[1] *Sank* in all editions known to me, but *sunk* in Shelley's MS.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions from 1824 onwards the word here is *even*. Mr. Rossetti substituted *ever*; and that is the word in the MS.

[3] In the MS. the preposition here is *in*: it is *from* in all editions I have consulted.

[4] In the MS. and the editions of 1839, *a*; in the *Posthumous Poems an*.

[5] In all editions known to me there is a semi-colon after *do*; but there is no stop here in the MS.; and I do not think there should be any.

And the black bell became invisible,
And the red tower looked grey, and all between
The churches, ships and palaces were seen
Huddled in gloom;—into the purple sea
The orange hues of heaven sunk silently.
We hardly spoke, and soon the gondola
Conveyed me to my lodgings[1] by the way.
The following morn was rainy, cold and dim,
Ere Maddalo arose, I called on him,
And whilst I waited with his child I played;
A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made,
A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being,
Graceful without design and unforeseeing,
With eyes—Oh speak not of her eyes!—which seem
Twin mirrors of Italian Heaven, yet gleam
With such deep meaning, as we never see
But in the human countenance: with me
She was a special favourite, I had nursed
Her fine and feeble limbs when she came first
To this bleak world; and she yet seemed to know
On second sight her antient playfellow,
Less changed than she was by six months or so;
For after her first shyness was worn out
We sate there, rolling billiard balls about,
When the Count entered—salutations past;
"The words you spoke last night might well have cast
"A darkness on my spirit—if man be
"The passive thing you say, I should not see
"Much harm in the religions and old saws
"(Tho' I may never own such leaden laws)
"Which break a teachless nature to the yoke:
"Mine is another faith"—thus much I spoke

[1] So in the MS., but *lodging* in all editions known to me.

And noting he replied not, added: "See
"This lovely child, blithe, innocent and free,
"She spends a happy time with little care
"While we to such sick thoughts subjected are
"As came on you[1] last night—it is our will
"That[2] thus enchains us to permitted ill—
"We might be otherwise—we might be all
"We dream of[3] happy, high, majestical.
"Where is the love, beauty and truth we seek
"But in our mind?[4] and if we were not weak
"Should we be less in deed than in desire?"
"Aye, if we[5] were not weak—and we aspire
"How vainly to be strong!" said Maddalo:
"You talk Utopia."[6] "It remains to know,"[7]
I then rejoined, "and those who try may find
"How strong the chains are which our spirit bind;
"Brittle perchance as straw . . . We are assured
"Much may be conquered, much may be endured
"Of what degrades and crushes us. We know
"That we have power over ourselves to do
"And suffer—what,[8] we know not till we try;
"But something nobler than to live and die—
"So taught those[9] kings of old philosophy
"Who reigned, before Religion made men blind;
"And those who suffer with their suffering kind

[1] The original reading in the MS. is *As you described*; but this is struck through, and the reading of the text supplied.

[2] So in the MS., but *Which* in all editions known to me.

[3] In all editions known to me there is a comma after *of*; but there is none in the MS., and the construction without it, *we might be all of happy &c. that we dream*, is more characteristic than the construction with it, *we might be all we dream of,—happy &c.*

[4] *Mind* in Shelley's MS.,—*minds* in all editions.

[5] The word *we* is omitted from the MS. It is supplied in all editions.

[6] *You talk Utopia* is in the MS. and in the *Posthumous Poems*; and this is of course right; but in Mrs. Shelley's collected editions we read *Utopian*.

[7] In the MS. this line ends with *see* instead of *know*; but *know* is in all editions.

[8] The word *what* is italicized in all editions, but not in the MS.

[9] So in the MS., but *the* in all previous editions.

"Yet feel their[1] faith, religion." "My dear friend,"
Said Maddalo, "my judgment will not bend
"To your opinion, tho' I think you might
"Make such a system refutation-tight
"As far as words go. I knew one like you
"Who to this city came some months ago,
"With whom I argued in this sort, and he
"Is now gone mad,—and so he answered me,—
"Poor fellow! but if you would like to go
"We'll visit him, and his wild talk will shew
"How vain are such aspiring theories."
"I hope to prove the induction otherwise,
"And that a want of that true theory, still,
"Which seeks a 'soul of goodness'[2] in things ill,
"Or in himself or others, has thus bowed
"His being—there are some by nature proud,
"Who patient in all else demand but this:
"To love and be beloved with gentleness;
"And being scorned, what wonder if they die
"Some living death? this is not destiny
"But man's own wilful ill."

As thus I spoke[3]
Servants announced the gondola, and we
Through the fast-falling rain and high-wrought sea
Sailed to the island where the madhouse stands.
We disembarked. The clap of tortured hands,
Fierce yells and howlings and lamentings keen,
And laughter where complaint had merrier been,
Moans, shrieks, and curses, and blaspheming prayers[4]

[1] So in the MS.; but in all editions known to me *this* stands in the place of *their*.

[2] In Shelley's MS. *soul of goodness* is in inverted commas; but this acknowledgment of his obligation to Shakespeare, is omitted from all editions known to me.

[3] The MS. supplies no rhyme here; and I presume that this line stands rhymeless through Shelley's oversight. Perhaps he meant to write, *As thus spoke I.*

[4] This line has never appeared in print till now: it is in the MS., and deducts one from the tale of Shelley's

Accosted us. We climbed the oozy stairs
Into an old court yard. I heard on high,
Then, fragments of most touching melody,
But looking up saw not the singer there—
Through the black bars in the tempestuous air
I saw, like weeds on a wrecked palace growing,
Long tangled locks flung wildly forth, and flowing,
Of those who on a sudden were beguiled
Into strange silence, and looked forth and smiled
Hearing sweet sounds.—Then I: "Methinks there were
"A cure of these with patience and kind care,
"If music can thus move . . . but what is he
"Whom we seek here?" "Of his sad history
"I know but this," said Maddalo, "he came
"To Venice a dejected man, and fame
"Said he was wealthy, or he had been so;
"Some thought the loss of fortune wrought him woe;
"But he was ever talking in such sort
"As you do—far[1] more sadly—he seemed hurt,
"Even as a man with his peculiar wrong,
"To hear but of the oppression of the strong,
"Or those absurd deceits (I think with you
"In some respects you know) which carry through
"The excellent impostors of this earth
"When they outface detection—he had worth,
"Poor fellow! but a humourist in his way"—
"Alas, what drove him mad?" "I cannot say;
"A lady came with him from France, and when
"She left him and returned, he wandered then
"About yon lonely isles of desart sand
"Till he grew wild—he had no cash or land

small lapses. It is easy to see how it may have dropped out in transcription, —the sense being complete without it.

[1] In all previous editions we read *but more sadly*. In the MS. the reading is *far more sadly*,—a manifest improvement, avoiding the two *buts*.

"Remaining,—the police had brought him here—
"Some fancy took him and he would not bear
"Removal; so I fitted up for him
"Those rooms beside the sea, to please his whim,
"And sent him busts and books and urns for flowers
"Which had adorned his life in happier hours,
"And instruments of music—you may guess
"A stranger could do little more or less
"For one so gentle and unfortunate,
"And those are his sweet strains which charm the weight
"From madmen's chains, and make this Hell appear
"A heaven of sacred silence, hushed to hear."—
"Nay, this was kind of you—he had no claim,
As the world says"—"None—[1]but the very same
"Which I on all mankind were I as he
"Fallen to such deep reverse;—his melody
"Is interrupted—now we hear the din
"Of madmen, shriek on shriek again begin;
"Let us now visit him; after this strain
"He ever communes with himself again,
"And sees nor[2] hears not any." Having said
These words we called the keeper, and he led
To an apartment opening on the sea—
There the poor wretch was sitting mournfully
Near a piano, his pale fingers twined
One with the other, and the ooze and wind
Rushed through an open casement, and did sway
His hair, and starred it with the brackish spray;
His head was leaning on a music book,
And he was muttering, and his lean limbs shook;
His lips were pressed against a folded leaf

[1] This dash occurs in the MS. Its omission from all previous editions is a decided weakening of the sense.

[2] In all editions known to me we read *And sees and hears not*; but in the MS. we have the double negative of the text,—doubtless a deliberate use of this effective piece of obsolete grammar.

In hue too beautiful for health, and grief
Smiled in their motions as they lay apart—
As one who wrought from his own fervid heart
The eloquence of passion, soon he raised[1]
His sad meek face and eyes lustrous and glazed
And spoke—sometimes as one who wrote and thought
His words might move some heart that heeded not
If sent to distant lands: and then as one
Reproaching deeds never to be undone
With wondering self-compassion; then his speech
Was lost in grief, and then his words came each
Unmodulated, cold, expressionless;[2]
But that from one jarred accent you might guess
It was despair made them so uniform:
And all the while the loud and gusty storm
Hissed thro' the window, and we stood behind
Stealing his accents from the envious wind
Unseen. I yet remember what he said
Distinctly: such impression his words made.

'Month after month,' he cried, 'to bear this load
And as a jade urged by the whip and goad
To drag life on, which like a heavy chain
Lengthens behind with many a link of pain!—
And not to speak my grief—O not to dare
To give a human voice to my despair,
But live and move, and wretched thing! smile on

[1] These lines in the MS. are punctuated as above,—so as to convey the sense that the maniac raised his face "as one who wrought," &c.; but in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1824 and onwards, there is only a comma after *apart*, and a colon after *passion*,—making the sense that "his lips were pressed against a folded leaf, as one who wrought," &c. Mr. Rossetti intensified this wrong sense by putting a full-stop after *passion*. As used by Shelley, the dash was certainly a very elastic item of punctuation; but I have not the remotest doubt that in this instance it is used after *apart* as an equivalent for at least a semicolon.

[2] This variation is from the MS. Hitherto the passage has been printed thus:

Unmodulated and expressionless,—

No one will, I think, question that it is infinitely finer as now printed.

As if I never went aside to groan,
And wear this mask of falsehood even to those
Who are most dear—not for my own repose—
Alas no scorn or pain or hate could be
So heavy as that falsehood is to me—
But that I cannot bear more altered faces
Than needs must be, more changed and cold embraces,
More misery, disappointment and mistrust
To own me for their father . . . Would the dust
Were covered in upon my body now!
That the life ceased to toil within my brow!
And then these thoughts would at the least[1] be fled;
Let us not fear such pain can vex the dead.

'What Power delights to torture us? I know
That to myself I do not wholly owe
What now I suffer, tho' in part I may.
Alas none strewed sweet[2] flowers upon the way
Where wandering heedlessly, I met pale Pain
My shadow, which will leave me not again—
If I have erred, there was no joy in error,
But pain and insult and unrest and terror;
I have not as some do, bought penitence
With pleasure, and a dark yet sweet offence,
For then,—if love and tenderness and truth
Had overlived hope's momentary youth,
My creed should have redeemed me from repenting,
But loathèd scorn and outrage unrelenting,
Met love excited by far other seeming
Until the end was gained . . . as one from dreaming
Of sweetest peace, I woke, and found my state
Such as it is.——

[1] The word here in the MS. is *least*; but it is *last* in all editions known to me.

[2] So in the MS. In all printed editions we read *fresh* for *sweet*.

'O Thou, my spirit's mate
Who, for thou art compassionate and wise,
Wouldst pity me from thy most gentle eyes
If this sad writing thou shouldst ever see—
My secret groans must be unheard by thee,
Thou wouldst weep tears bitter as blood to know
Thy lost friend's incommunicable woe.

'Ye few by whom my nature has been weighed
In friendship, let me not that name degrade
By placing on your hearts the secret load
Which crushes mine to dust. There is one road
To peace and that is truth, which follow ye!
Love sometimes leads astray to misery.
Yet think not tho' subdued—and I may well
Say that I am subdued—that the full[1] Hell
Within me would infect the untainted breast
Of sacred nature with its own unrest;
As some perverted beings think to find
In scorn or hate a medicine for the mind
Which scorn or hate have[2] wounded—O how vain!
The dagger heals not but may rend again ....
Believe that I am ever still the same
In creed as in resolve, and what may tame
My heart, must leave the understanding free,
Or all would sink in this keen agony[3]—
Nor dream that I will join the vulgar cry,[4]

[1] In the MS. the adjective here was originally *deep*, which is cancelled in favour of *full*. It is very plainly written, and leaves no room for considering Mr. Rossetti's suggestion to read *foul* for *full*.

[2] We read *hath* for *have* in all editions; but *have* is in the MS.; and I do not think Shelley would have altered it.

[3] In all editions we have *under this agony* instead of *in this keen agony*,—the far finer reading of the MS.

[4] In Mrs. Shelley's first three editions (and doubtless others) this word is *eye*,—whatever meaning may have been attached to that reading. In some of the later editions *lie* is substituted. This was a happy conjecture, as it made sense; but the word in the MS. is *cry*, making better sense.

Or with my silence sanction tyranny,
Or seek a moment's shelter from my pain
In any madness which the world calls gain,
Ambition or revenge or thoughts as stern
As those which make me what I am, or turn
To avarice or misanthropy or lust ....
Heap on me soon O grave, thy welcome dust!
Till then the dungeon may demand its prey,
And Poverty and Shame[1] may meet and say—
Halting beside me on[2] the public way—
That love-devoted youth is our's—let's sit
Beside him—he may live some six months yet.
Or the red scaffold, as our country bends,
May ask some willing victim, or ye friends
May fall under some sorrow which this heart
Or hand may share or vanquish or avert;
I am prepared: in truth with no proud joy
To do or suffer aught, as when a boy
I did devote to justice and to love
My nature, worthless now! ...

'I must remove
A veil from my pent mind. 'Tis torn aside!
O, pallid as Death's[3] dedicated bride,
Thou mockery which art sitting by my side,
Am I not wan like thee? at the grave's call
I haste, invited to thy wedding-ball
To greet[4] the ghastly paramour, for whom
Thou hast deserted me ... and made the tomb
Thy bridal bed ... but I beside your[5] feet

[1] *Poverty* and *Shame* have no capitals in the MS.

[2] In the MS. *on*; but *in* in all editions known to me.

[3] *Death's* has no capital in the MS.

[4] So in the MS., but *meet* in all previous editions, as far as I am aware.

[5] In the MS. we read *beside your feet*; in all editions *thy* is printed instead of *your*. It is possible that Mrs. Shelley made the change to assimilate the person to the *thy* at the beginning of the line, and omitted to notice that

Will lie and watch ye from my winding sheet—
Thus . . . wide awake tho' dead . . . yet stay O stay!
Go not so soon—I know not what I say—
Hear but my reasons . . I am mad, I fear,
My fancy is o'erwrought . . thou art not here . . .
Pale art thou, 'tis most true . . but thou art gone,
Thy work is finished . . . I am left alone![1]—

* * * * *

'Nay, was it I who wooed thee to this breast
Which, like a serpent thou envenomest
As in repayment of the warmth it lent?
Didst thou not seek me for thine own content?
Did not thy love awaken mine? I thought
That thou wert she who said "You kiss me not
Ever, I fear you do not love me now"—
In truth I loved even to my overthrow
Her, who would fain forget these words: but they
Cling to her mind, and cannot pass away.

* * * * *

'You say that I am proud—that when I speak
My lip is tortured with the wrongs which break
The spirit it expresses . . . Never one
Humbled himself before, as I have done!
Even the instinctive worm on which we tread
Turns, tho' it wound not—then with prostrate head

ye was left in the next line. Doubtless *your* is right; for though he speaks of the bridal bed as the lady's, he could not lie at her feet without lying also at those of the "ghastly paramour."

[1] The asterisks which occur in other editions here and in several other places, Mr. Rossetti dropped, with the remark that "they suggest that the poem is fragmentary"; but surely they are meant to indicate the places where the madman's "speech was lost in grief" (lines 290-1). At all events, they are very clearly and carefully inserted in Shelley's MS. in all the places in which I have given them; and it is to be borne in mind that that was the MS. sent to Leigh Hunt for Mr. Ollier with instructions to print the poem *exactly* as there written.

Sinks in the dust and writhes like me—and dies?[1]
No: wears a living death of agonies!
As the slow shadows of the pointed grass
Mark the eternal periods, his[2] pangs pass
Slow, ever-moving,—making moments be
As mine seem—each an immortality!

* * * * *

'That you had never seen me—never heard
My voice, and more than all had ne'er endured
The deep pollution of my loathed embrace—
That your eyes ne'er had lied love in my face—
That, like some maniac monk, I had torn out
The nerves of manhood by their bleeding root
With mine own quivering fingers, so that ne'er
Our hearts had for a moment mingled there
To disunite in horror—these were not
With thee, like some suppressed and hideous thought
Which flits athwart our musings, but can find
No rest within a pure and gentle mind . . .
Thou sealedst them with many a bare broad word
And searedst my memory o'er them,—for I heard
And can forget not . . . . they were ministered
One after one, those curses. Mix them up
Like self-destroying poisons in one cup,
And they will make one blessing which thou ne'er
Didst imprecate for, on me,—death.[3]

* * * * *

[1] There is a note of interrogation here in the MS. In all previous editions known to me there is a colon instead.

[2] In all editions we read *its* instead of *his*, which is the word in the MS.

[3] This important passage from line 420 to line 438 has never till now been given in the full force of its ghastliness. I now give it with the exact punctuation of the MS.; and it becomes perfectly clear that these several dreadful aspirations were the "curses" administered by the lady. Heretofore the insertion of a series of notes of exclamation, so as to break the speech up into inde-

'It were
A cruel punishment for one most cruel
If such can love, to make that love the fuel
Of the mind's hell; hate, scorn, remorse, despair:
But *me*—whose heart a stranger's tear might wear
As water-drops the sandy fountain-stone,
Who loved and pitied all things, and could moan
For woes which others hear not, and could see
The absent with the glance[1] of phantasy,
And with[2] the poor and trampled sit and weep,
Following the captive to his dungeon deep;
Me—who am as a nerve o'er which do creep
The else unfelt oppressions of this earth,
And was to thee the flame upon thy hearth,
When all beside was cold—that thou on me
Shouldst rain these plagues of blistering agony—
Such curses are from lips once eloquent
With love's too partial praise—let none relent
Who intend deeds too dreadful for a name
Henceforth, if an example for the same
They seek . . . for thou on me lookedst so, and so—
And didst speak thus . . and thus . . . I live to shew
How much men bear and die not!

* * * * *

'Thou wilt tell
With the grimace of hate how horrible

pendent exclamatory phrases, has left it doubtful whether the maniac were not expressing all these wishes on his own account, at the time of utterance. Indeed, I presume Mr. Rossetti was not even doubtful; for he says "the context does not supply any true antecedent to *these* [in line 428]. We are apparently to understand the antecedent 'thoughts of love,' 'the impulses of passion,' or the like." This might be so, with the old punctuation; but with Shelley's own, the meaning is "these thoughts [the thoughts described in the preceding eight lines] were not with thee like some suppressed and hideous thought."

[1] So in the MS., but misprinted *glass* in other editions.

[2] In all editions known to me we read *near* instead of *with*, which is the word in the MS.

It was to meet my love when thine grew less;
Thou wilt admire how I could e'er address
Such features to love's work . . . this taunt, tho' true,
(For indeed nature nor in form nor hue
Bestowed on me her choicest workmanship)
Shall not be thy defence . . . for since thy lip[1]
Met mine first, years long past, since thine eye kindled
With soft fire under mine, I have not dwindled
Nor changed in mind or body, or in aught
But as love changes what it loveth not
After long years and many trials.

'How vain
Are words! I thought never to speak again,
Not even in secret,—not to my own heart—
But from my lips the unwilling accents start,
And from my pen the words flow as I write,
Dazzling my eyes with scalding tears . . . my sight
Is dim to see that charactered in vain
On this unfeeling leaf which burns the brain
And eats into it . . . blotting all things fair
And wise and good which time had written there.

'Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts and this[2] must be
Our chastisement or recompense—O child!
I would that thine were like to be more mild
For both our wretched sakes . . . for thine the most
Who feelest already all that thou hast lost
Without the power to wish it thine again;
And as slow years pass, a funereal train

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1824 and 1839 *life* is misprinted for *lip*; but *lip*, which is the word in the MS., occurs in some of the later editions.

[2] The word here is *this* in the MS., but *that* in all previous editions known to me.

Each with the ghost of some lost[1] hope or friend
Following it like its shadow, wilt thou bend
No thought on my dead memory?

* * * * *

'Alas, love!
Fear me not... against thee I would[2] not move
A finger in despite. Do I not live
That thou mayst have less bitter cause to grieve?
I give thee tears for scorn and love for hate;
And that thy lot may be less desolate
Than his on whom thou tramplest, I refrain
From that sweet sleep which medicines all pain.
Then, when thou speakest of me, never say
He could forgive not. Here I cast away
All human passions, all revenge, all pride;
I think, speak, act no ill; I do but hide
Under these words like embers, every spark
Of that which has consumed me—quick and dark
The grave is yawning... as its roof shall cover
My limbs with dust and worms under and over
So let Oblivion hide this grief... the air
Closes upon my accents, as despair
Upon my heart—let death upon despair!'[3]

He ceased, and overcome leant back awhile,
Then rising, with a melancholy smile
Went to a sofa, and lay down, and slept
A heavy sleep, and in his dreams he wept

[1] In the MS. the original word was *dead*; but *lost* is written over it.

[2] In all previous editions this line has lacked a syllable through the contraction of *I would* into *I'd*. In the MS. the word *would* is abbreviated according to Shelley's frequent practice of writing *wd.* for *would* and *cd.* for *could*. The same thing happens in line 318.

[3] So in the MS. and in the *Posthumous Poems*; but in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onwards we read *my care* instead of *despair*. I quite agree with Mr. Rossetti that this has "rather a make-rhyme sound," and should be very slow to think it had any better authority than that of some one of Mrs. Shelley's advisers.

And muttered some familiar name, and we
Wept without shame in his society.
I think I never was impressed so much;
The man who were not,[1] must have lacked a touch
Of human nature . . . then we lingered not,
Although our argument was quite forgot,
But calling the attendants, went to dine
At Maddalo's; yet neither cheer nor wine
Could give us spirits, for we talked of him
And nothing else, till daylight made stars dim;
And we agreed his[2] was some dreadful ill
Wrought on him boldly, yet unspeakable,
By a dear friend; some deadly change in love
Of one vowed deeply which he dreamed not of;
For whose sake he, it seemed, had fixed a blot
Of falsehood on[3] his mind which flourished not
But in the light of all-beholding truth,
And having stamped this canker on his youth
She had abandoned him—and how much more
Might be his woe, we guessed not—he had store
Of friends and fortune once, as we could guess
From his nice habits and his gentleness;
These were now[4] lost . . . it were a grief indeed
If he had changed one unsustaining reed
For all that such a man might else adorn.
The colours of his mind seemed yet unworn;
For the wild language of his grief was high,
Such as in measure were called poetry,
And I remember one remark which then
Maddalo made. He said: "Most wretched men

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* this was printed according to the MS., as above; but in the edition of 1839 we read *the man, who was not.*

[2] So in the MS., but *it* instead of *his* in all previous editions with which I am acquainted.

[3] In all previous editions the preposition here is *in*; it is *on* in the MS.

[4] In the MS., *were now*: in all previous editions *now were.*

Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

If I had been an unconnected man
I, from this moment, should have formed some plan
Never to leave sweet Venice,—for to me
It was delight to ride by the lone sea;
And then, the town is silent—one may write
Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Having the little brazen lamp alight,
Unseen, uninterrupted; books are there,
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
Which were twin-born with poetry, and all
We seek in towns, with little to recall
Regrets[1] for the green country. I might sit
In Maddalo's great palace, and his wit
And subtle talk would cheer the winter night
And make me know myself, and the firelight
Would flash upon our faces, till the day
Might dawn and make me wonder at my stay:
But I had friends in London too: the chief
Attraction here, was that I sought relief
From the deep tenderness that maniac wrought
Within me—'twas perhaps an idle thought—
But I imagined that if day by day
I watched him, and but[2] seldom went away,
And studied all the beatings of his heart
With zeal, as men study some stubborn art
For their own good, and could by patience find
An entrance to the caverns of his mind,
I might reclaim him from this[3] dark estate:

[1] In all previous editions, *Regret*; but the word is plural in the MS.

[2] Here again the MS. restores the lost perfection of the work. Hitherto the line has halted for want of the word *but*. Mr. Rossetti got over the difficulty of the missing syllable by accenting the *ed* of *watched*.

[3] In previous editions the word here is *his*; but I believe the word in

In friendships I had been most fortunate—
Yet never saw I one whom I would call
More willingly my friend; and this was all
Accomplished not; such dreams of baseless good
Oft come and go in crowds and solitude
And leave no trace—but what I now designed
Made for long years impression on my mind.
The following morning urged by my affairs
I left bright Venice.

After many years
And many changes[1] I returned; the name
Of Venice, and it's aspect was the same;
But Maddalo was travelling far away
Among the mountains of Armenia.
His dog was dead. His child had now become
A woman; such as it has been my doom
To meet with few, a wonder of this earth
Where there is little of transcendant worth,
Like one of Shakespeare's women: kindly she,
And with a manner beyond courtesy,
Received her father's friend; and when I asked
Of the lorn maniac, she her memory tasked
And told as she had heard the mournful tale.
"That the poor sufferer's health began to fail
"Two years from my departure, but that then
"The lady who had left him, came again.
"Her mien had been imperious, but she now
"Looked meek—perhaps remorse had brought her low.
"Her coming made him better, and they stayed
"Together at my father's—for I played

the MS. to be meant for *this*. It is the only word in the whole MS. about which there is any doubt: it might possibly be either *his* or *this*; but it is imperfectly written in either case.

[1] In the MS. the original word here was *wanderings*, which is cancelled, and the word *changes* is written above it.

"As I remember with the lady's shawl—
"I might be six years old—but after all
"She left him"... "Why, her heart must have been tough:
"How did it end?" "And was not this enough?
"They met—they parted"—"Child, is there no more?"
"Something within that interval which bore
"The stamp of *why* they parted, *how* they met:
"Yet[1] if thine aged eyes disdain to wet
"Those wrinkled cheeks with youth's remembered tears,
"Ask me no more, but let the silent years
"Be closed and cered over their memory
"As yon mute marble where their corpses lie."
I urged and questioned still, she told me how
All happened—but the cold world shall not know.

[1] In the MS., *But* stood originally in this place: *Yet* is written over it.

CANCELLED PASSAGES OF JULIAN AND MADDALO.[1]

What think you the dead are?
Why, dust and clay,
What should they be?
'Tis the last hour of day.
Look on the west, how beautiful it is
Vaulted with radiant vapours! The deep bliss
Of that unutterable light has made
The edges of that cloud fade
Into a hue, like some harmonious thought,
Wasting itself on that which it had wrought,
Till it dies and between
The light hues of the tender, pure, serene,
And infinite tranquility of heaven.
Aye, beautiful! but when not....

* * * * * *

Perhaps the only comfort which remains
Is the unheeded clanking of my chains,
The which I make, and call it melody.

[1] From *Relics of Shelley*, pp. 78-9. *Desires* at p. 405 of the present Vol. See note to the Fragment *Unsatisfied*

PRINCE ATHANASE

&c.

[In addition to the Fragment of *Prince Athanase* there was a selection of smaller poems which Shelley meant to have published with *Julian and Maddalo*. In a letter to Mr. Ollier, dated "Pisa, November 10th, 1820," printed in the *Shelley Memorials* (pp. 139 and 140), he says: "I send some poems to be added to the pamphlet of *Julian and Maddalo*. I think you have some other smaller poems belonging to that collection .... The *Julian and Maddalo*, and the accompanying poems, are all my saddest verses raked up into one heap. I mean to mingle more smiles with my tears in future." These remarks may not afford a sufficient key to the poems which were intended; but we cannot be far wrong in selecting from the *Posthumous Poems* all the saddest lyrics written before the end of 1820 and not published till they appeared in that volume in 1824. It will be remembered that Mrs. Shelley recovered from Mr. Ollier a quantity of MSS. for the purposes of that volume (eventually issued by John and Henry L. Hunt); and it is but natural to assume that the lyrics for the *Julian and Maddalo* collection were among them. I do not pretend to infallibility in the selection which, on these *data*, I have made from the *Posthumous Poems*, and placed after *Prince Athanase*; but it seems to me that the arrangement must be according to the spirit of Shelley's intention.—H. B. F.]

PRINCE ATHANASE.[1]

A FRAGMENT.

PART I.

THERE was a youth, who, as with toil and travel,
Had grown quite weak and grey before his time;
Nor any could the restless griefs unravel

Which burned within him, withering up his prime
And goading him, like fiends, from land to land.
Not his the load of any secret crime,

For nought of ill his heart could understand,
But pity and wild sorrow for the same;—
Not his the thirst for glory or command

Baffled with blast of hope-consuming shame;
Nor evil joys which fire the vulgar breast
And quench in speedy smoke its feeble flame,

Had left within his soul their dark unrest:
Nor what religion fables of the grave
Feared he,—Philosophy's accepted guest.

[1] Mrs. Shelley places this fragment among poems written in 1817. The date "December, 1817." was printed at the end of Part I in the *Posthumous Poems*,—and "Marlow, 1817," at the end of the Fragments of Part II.

For none than he a purer heart could have,
Or that loved good more for itself alone;
Of nought in heaven or earth was he the slave.

What sorrow strange,[1] and shadowy, and unknown,
Sent him, a hopeless wanderer, through mankind?—
If with a human sadness he did groan,

He had a gentle yet aspiring mind;
Just, innocent, with varied learning fed,
And such a glorious consolation find

In others' joy, when all their own is dead:
He loved, and laboured for his kind in grief,
And yet, unlike all others, it is said,

That from such toil he never found relief;
Although a child of fortune and of power,
Of an ancestral name the orphan chief.[2]

His soul had wedded wisdom, and her dower
Is love and justice, clothed in which he sate
Apart from men, as in a lonely tower,

Pitying the tumult of their dark estate—
Yet even in youth did he not e'er abuse
The strength of wealth or thought, to consecrate

Those false opinions which the harsh rich use
To blind the world they famish for their pride;
Nor did he hold from any man his dues,

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* the adjective here is *deep*: *strange* is given in the collected editions.

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems* the full-stop is here; but in the later editions it is shifted back to *relief*, and a comma placed at *chief*. I think this change is wrong. The antithesis between wealth and work is natural, —that between wealth and wisdom strained to the last degree.

But like a steward in honest dealings tried
With those who toiled and wept, the poor and wise,
His riches and his cares he did divide.

Fearless he was, and scorning all disguise,
What he dared do or think, though men might start,
He spoke with mild yet unaverted eyes;

Liberal he was of soul, and frank of heart,
And to his many friends—all loved him well—
Whate'er he knew or felt he would impart,

If words he found those inmost thoughts to tell;
If not, he smiled or wept; and his weak foes
He neither spurned nor hated, though with fell

And mortal hate their thousand voices rose,
They past like aimless arrows from his ear—
Nor did his heart or mind its portal close

To those, or them, or any whom life's sphere
May comprehend within its wide array.
What sadness made that vernal spirit sere?

He knew not. Though his life, day after day,
Was failing like an unreplenished stream,
Though in his eyes a cloud and burthen lay,

Through which his soul, like Vesper's serene beam
Piercing the chasms of ever rising clouds,
Shone, softly burning; though his lips did seem

Like reeds which quiver in impetuous floods;
And through his sleep, and o'er each waking hour,
Thoughts after thoughts, unresting multitudes,

Were driven within him, by some secret power,
Which bade them blaze, and live, and roll afar,
Like lights and sounds, from haunted tower to tower

O'er castled mountains borne, when tempest's war
Is levied by the night-contending winds,
And the pale dalesmen watch with eager ear;—

Though such were in his spirit, as the fiends
Which wake and feed on everliving woe,—
What was this grief, which ne'er in other minds

A mirror found,—he knew not—none could know;
But on whoe'er might question him he turned
The light of his frank eyes, as if to show,

He knew not of the grief within that burned,
But asked forbearance with a mournful look;
Or spoke in words from which none ever learned

The cause of his disquietude; or shook
With spasms of silent passion; or turned pale:
So that his friends soon rarely undertook

To stir his secret pain without avail;—
For all who knew and loved him then perceived
That there was drawn an adamantine veil

Between his heart and mind,—both unrelieved
Wrought in his brain and bosom separate strife.
Some said that he was mad, others believed

That memories of an antenatal life
Made this, where now he dwelt, a penal hell;
And others said that such mysterious grief

From God's displeasure, like a darkness, fell
On souls like his which owned no higher law
Than love; love calm, steadfast, invincible

By mortal fear or supernatural awe;
And others,—"'Tis the shadow of a dream
Which the veiled eye of memory never saw

"But through the soul's abyss, like some dark stream
Through shattered mines and caverns underground
Rolls, shaking its foundations; and no beam

"Of joy may rise, but it is quenched and drowned
In the dim whirlpools of this dream obscure,
Soon its exhausted waters will have found

"A lair of rest beneath thy spirit pure,
O Athanase!—in one so good and great,
Evil or tumult cannot long endure."

So spake they: idly of another's state
Babbling vain words and fond philosophy;
This was their consolation; such debate

Men held with one another; nor did he
Like one who labours with a human woe
Decline this talk: as if its theme might be

Another, not himself, he to and fro
Questioned and canvassed it with subtlest wit,
And none but those who loved him best could know

That which he knew not, how it galled and bit
His weary mind, this converse vain and cold;
For like an eyeless night-mare grief did sit

Upon his being; a snake which fold by fold
Pressed out the life of life, a clinging fiend
Which clenched him if he stirred with deadlier hold;—
And so his grief remained—let it remain—untold.[1]

PART II.

FRAGMENT I.

PRINCE Athanase had one belovèd friend,[2]
An old, old man, with hair of silver white,
And lips where heavenly smiles would hang and blend

With his wise words; and eyes whose arrowy light
Shone like the reflex of a thousand minds.
He was the last whom superstition's blight

Had spared in Greece—the blight that cramps and blinds,—
And in his olive bower at Œnoe
Had sate from earliest youth. Like one who finds

A fertile island in the barren sea,
One mariner who has survived his mates
Many a drear month in a great ship—so he

With soul-sustaining songs,—and sweet debates
Of ancient lore, there fed his lonely being:—
"The mind becomes that which it contemplates,"—

[1] The Author was pursuing a fuller development of the ideal character of Athanase, when it struck him that in an attempt at extreme refinement and analysis, his conceptions might be betrayed into the assuming a morbid character. The reader will judge whether he is a loser or gainer by this difference. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[2] Said by Mrs. Shelley to be intended for Dr. Lind, Shelley's friend at Eton, who is also stated to be the original of the hermit in *Laon and Cythna*.

And thus Zonoras, by forever seeing
Their bright creations, grew like wisest men;
And when he heard the crash of nations fleeing

A bloodier power than ruled thy ruins then,
O sacred Hellas! many weary years
He wandered, till the path of Laian's glen

Was grass-grown—and the unremembered tears
Were dry in Laian for their honoured chief,
Who fell in Byzant, pierced by Moslem spears:—

And as the lady looked with faithful grief
From her high lattice o'er the rugged path,
Where she once saw that horseman toil, with brief

And blighting hope, who with the news of death
Struck body and soul as with a mortal blight,
She saw beneath the chesnuts, far beneath,

An old man toiling up, a weary wight;
And soon within her hospitable hall
She saw his white hairs glittering in the light

Of the wood fire, and round his shoulders fall;
And his wan visage and his withered mien
Yet calm and gentle and majestical.

And Athanase, her child, who must have been
Then three years old, sate opposite and gazed
In patient silence.

FRAGMENT II.

SUCH was Zonoras; and as daylight finds
One[1] amaranth glittering on the path of frost,
When autumn nights have nipt all weaker kinds,

Thus through[2] his age, dark, cold, and tempest-tost,
Shone truth upon Zonoras; and he filled
From fountains pure, nigh overgrown and lost,

The spirit of Prince Athanase, a child,
With soul-sustaining songs of ancient lore
And philosophic wisdom, clear and mild.

And sweet and subtle talk they[3] evermore,
The pupil and the master shared; until,
Sharing that[4] undiminishable store,

The youth, as shadows on a grassy hill
Outrun the winds that chase them, soon outran
His teacher, and did teach with native skill

Strange truths and new to that experienced man;
Still they were friends, as few have ever been
Who mark the extremes of life's discordant span.

So[5] in the caverns of the forest green,
Or by the rocks of echoing ocean hoar,
Zonoras and Prince Athanase were seen

[1] *An* in the *Posthumous Poems*; but *One* in the collected editions.
[2] In the collected editions, *through*: in the *Posthumous Poems*, *had*.
[3] So in the *Posthumous Poems*; in Mrs. Shelley's other editions, *now* is substituted for *they*; but I strongly suspect *they* is the right reading.
[4] So in the collected editions; but *the* in the *Posthumous Poems*.
[5] *And* in the *Posthumous Poems*,—*So* in later editions.

By summer woodmen; and when winter's roar
Sounded o'er earth and sea its blast of war,
The Balearic fisher, driven from shore,

Hanging upon the peakèd wave afar,
Then saw their lamp from Laian's turret gleam,
Piercing the stormy darkness like a star,

Which pours beyond the sea one steadfast beam,
Whilst all the constellations of the sky
Seemed reeling through the storm. They did but seem—

For, lo! the wintry clouds are all gone by,
And bright Arcturus through yon pines is glowing,
And far o'er southern waves, immovably

Belted Orion hangs—warm light is flowing
From the young moon into the sunset's chasm.—
"O, summer eve![1] with power divine, bestowing

"On thine own bird the sweet enthusiasm
Which overflows in notes of liquid gladness,
Filling the sky like light! How many a spasm

"Of fevered brains, oppressed with grief and madness,
Were lulled by thee, delightful nightingale!
And these soft waves, murmuring a gentle sadness,

"And the far sighings of yon piny dale
Made vocal by some wind, we feel not here,—
I bear alone what nothing may avail

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *night*; in later editions, *ere*.

"To lighten—a strange load!"—No human ear
Heard this lament; but o'er the visage wan
Of Athanase, a ruffling atmosphere

Of dark emotion, a swift shadow ran,
Like wind upon some forest-bosomed lake,
Glassy and dark.—And that divine old man

Beheld his mystic friend's whole being shake,
Even where its inmost depths were gloomiest—
And with a calm and measured voice he spake,

And with a soft and equal pressure, prest
That cold lean hand:—"Dost thou remember yet
When the curved moon then lingering in the west

"Paused in yon waves her mighty horns to wet,
How in those beams we walked, half resting on the sea?
'Tis just one year—sure thou dost not forget—

"Then Plato's words of light in thee and me
Lingered like moonlight in the moonless east,
For we had just then read—thy memory

"Is faithful now—the story of the feast;
And Agathon and Diotima seemed
From death and dark forgetfulness released.

FRAGMENT III.

'TWAS at the season when the Earth upsprings
From slumber, as a spherèd angel's child,
Shadowing its eyes with green and golden wings,

Stands up before its mother bright and mild,
Of whose soft voice the air expectant seems—
So stood before the sun, which shone and smiled

To see it rise thus joyous from its dreams,
The fresh and radiant Earth. The hoary grove
Waxed green—and flowers burst forth like starry beams;—

The grass in the warm sun did start and move,
And sea-buds burst beneath[1] the waves serene:—
How many a one, though none be near to love,

Loves then the shade of his own soul, half seen
In any mirror—or the spring's young minions,
The wingèd leaves amid the copses green;—

How many a spirit then puts on the pinions
Of fancy, and outstrips the lagging blast,
And his own steps—and over wide dominions

Sweeps in his dream-drawn chariot, far and fast,
More fleet than storms—the wide world shrinks below,
When winter and despondency are past.

'Twas at this season that Prince Athanase
Past the white Alps—those eagle-baffling mountains
Slept in their shrouds of snow;—beside the ways

The waterfalls were voiceless—for their fountains
Were changed to mines of sunless crystal now,
Or by the curdling winds—like brazen wings

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems, under*,—in the collected editions, *beneath*.

Which clanged along the mountain's marble brow,
Warped into adamantine fretwork, hung
And filled with frozen light the chasm below.

FRAGMENT IV.

THOU art the wine whose drunkenness is all
We can desire, O Love! and happy souls,
Ere from thy vine the leaves of autumn fall,

Catch thee, and feed from their o'erflowing bowls
Thousands who thirst for thy ambrosial dew;—
Thou art the radiance which where ocean rolls

Investest[1] it; and when the heavens are blue
Thou fillest them; and when the earth is fair
The shadow[2] of thy moving wings imbue

Its desarts and its mountains, till they wear
Beauty like some bright robe;—thou ever soarest
Among the towers of men, and as soft air

In spring, which moves the unawakened forest,
Clothing with leaves its branches bare and bleak,
Thou floatest among men; and aye implorest

That which from thee they should implore:—the weak
Alone kneel to thee, offering up the hearts
The strong have broken—yet where shall any seek

A garment whom thou clothest not?

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* this line stands thus, a foot short,—

Invests it; and when heavens are blue—

but in the collected editions it is given as in the text. Mr. Rossetti substituted *investeth* for *investest*.

[2] Mr. Rossetti substituted *shadows*. I know of no authority for this, and do not believe Shelley did or would sacrifice sound to grammar by the introduction of the *s*. The grammar is also quite characteristic without it.

FRAGMENT OF A LATER PART.[1]

HER hair was brown, her spherèd eyes were brown,
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam,
Like the dim orb of the eclipsèd moon;

Yet when the spirit flashed beneath, there came
The light from them, as when tears of delight
Double the western planet's serene flame.[2]

[1] Mrs. Shelley says the idea Shelley had formed of *Prince Athanase* was "a good deal modelled on *Alastor*." She adds, "In the first sketch of the Poem he named it *Pandemos and Urania*. Athanase seeks through the world the One whom he may love. He meets, in the ship in which he is embarked, a lady, who appears to him to embody his ideal of love and beauty. But she proves to be Pandemos, or the earthly and unworthy Venus, who, after disappointing his cherished dreams and hopes, deserts him." The six lines above are descriptive of "the lady who can really reply to his soul," and who, on his death-bed, "comes and kisses his lips." In this scheme will be traced a resemblance to *Epipsychidion* as well as to *Alastor*.

[2] This last word is *frame* in previous editions: it is *flame* in the MS., which is in the possession of Sir Percy Shelley.

LINES.[1]

I.

THE cold earth slept below,
Above the cold sky shone;
And all around, with a chilling sound,
From caves of ice and fields of snow,
The breath of night like death did flow
Beneath the sinking moon.

II.

The wintry hedge was black,
The green grass was not seen,
The birds did rest on the bare thorn's breast,
Whose roots, beside the pathway track,
Had bound their folds o'er many a crack,
Which the frost had made between.

III.

Thine eyes glowed in the glare
Of the moon's dying light;
As a fenfire's beam on a sluggish stream,
Gleams dimly, so the moon shone there,
And it yellowed the strings of thy raven hair,
That shook in the wind of night.

[1] Given under the title *November 1815* and with the signature "Σ" in *The Literary Pocket-Book* for 1823; and placed by Mrs. Shelley among the "Early Poems," with the date "November, 1815," inscribed at the end. There is but one verbal variation between the original issue and Mrs. Shelley's, namely in stanza III, where the *Pocket-Book* reads *raven hair*, —Mrs. Shelley *tangled hair*. The stanzas are set in the *Pocket-Book* as above; but in other editions the third line is divided into two. Most likely

IV.

The moon made thy lips pale, beloved—
The wind made thy bosom chill—
The night did shed on thy dear head
Its frozen dew, and thou didst lie
Where the bitter breath of the naked sky
Might visit thee at will.

DEATH.[1]

I.

DEATH is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere,
All around, within, beneath,
Above is death—and we are death.

II.

Death has set his mark and seal
On all we are and all we feel,
On all we know and all we fear,
* * * *

III.

First our pleasures die—and then
Our hopes, and then our fears—and when

Shelley wrote it as in the *Pocket-Book*, where also the punctuation (followed here) varies slightly from that of other texts. There can be no great rashness in suggesting that the subject of the poem is the death of Harriett Shelley, who drowned herself on the 9th of November 1816. In that case *1815* and *raven hair* were used as disguises, —Harriett's hair having been light brown.

[1] Mrs. Shelley places this poem among those of 1820.

These are dead, the debt is due,
Dust claims dust—and we die too.

IV.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves must fade and perish,
Such is our rude mortal lot—
Love itself would, did they not.

LINES.[1]

I.

THAT time is dead for ever, child,
Drowned, frozen, dead for ever!
We look on the past
And stare aghast
At the spectres wailing, pale and ghast,
Of hopes which thou and I beguiled
To death on life's dark river.

II.

The stream we gazed on then, rolled by;
Its waves are unreturning;
But we yet stand
In a lone land,
Like tombs to mark the memory
Of hopes and fears, which fade and flee[2]
In the light of life's dim morning.

[1] Mrs. Shelley places this among poems of 1817: in the *Posthumous Poems* it is dated at the end, "November 5th, 1817."

[2] In Mr. Rossetti's edition *flee* is changed to *fly*, which alters the sense and deteriorates the rhyme.

DEATH.[1]

I.

THEY die—the dead return not—Misery
Sits near an open grave and calls them over,
A Youth with hoary hair and haggard eye—
They are the[2] names of kindred, friend and lover,
Which he so feebly calls[3]—they all are gone!
Fond wretch, all dead, those vacant names alone,
This most familiar scene, my pain—
These tombs alone remain.

II.

Misery, my sweetest friend—oh! weep no more!
Thou wilt not be consoled—I wonder not!
For I have seen thee from thy dwelling's door
Watch the calm sunset with them, and this spot
Was even as bright and calm, but transitory,
And now thy hopes are gone, thy hair is hoary;
This most familiar scene, my pain—
These tombs alone remain.

[1] Classed by Mrs. Shelley among the poems of 1817.

[2] The word *the*, which stands here in the *Posthumous Poems*, and is necessary, is omitted in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onward.

[3] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *called*,—in the collected editions, *calls*.

SONG,

ON A FADED VIOLET.[1]

I.

THE odour from the flower is gone
  Which like thy kisses breathed on me;
The colour from the flower is flown
  Which glowed of thee and only thee!

II.

A shrivelled, lifeless, vacant form,
  It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm,
  With cold and silent rest.

III.

I weep,—my tears revive it not!
  I sigh,—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
  Is such as mine should be.

[1] Printed in *The Literary Pocket-Book* for 1821, signed "Δ," and headed *Song. On a faded Violet* as in the *Posthumous Poems*. In later editions Mrs. Shelley dropped the word *Song*, and classed the poem among those of 1818. General C. Parker Catty has a letter from Mrs. Shelley, of the 7th of March 1820, to his mother, then Miss Sophia Stacey: on one of the "doublings" Shelley added—

"I promised you what I cannot perform; a song on singing:—there are only two subjects remaining. I have a few old stanzas on one which though simple and rude, look as if they were dicated by the heart.—And so—if you tell no one whose they are you are welcome to them.

On a ~~The~~ Dead Violet.

To ——

[then the 3 stanzas of the Song]

Pardon these dull verses from one who is dull —but who is not the less
ever your's
P B S
When you come to Pisa, contrive to see us.
Casa Frassi, Lung' Arno."

The *Pocket-Book* version, doubtless from another MS., I have followed: that of the *Posthumous Poems* varies in punctuation only. General Catty's MS. shews no verbal variation from the *Pocket-Book* but in stanza II, where the last line is

With its cold, silent rest.

Probably Mrs. Shelley had another MS.; for in her collected editions not only is *shrivelled* in stanza II altered to *withered*; but stanza I stands thus:—

The colour from the flower is gone,
  Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me;
The odour from the flower is flown,
  Which breathed of thee and only thee!

STANZAS.[1]

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

I.

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
~~The breath of the moist earth is light,~~[2]
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

II.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:

[1] These stanzas are given by Mrs. Shelley among the poems of 1818 in the collected editions; and in the *Posthumous Poems* the date "December, 1818," is printed at the end.

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems* this line does not occur; but in that and Mrs. Shelley's other editions the line before ends with *light*. When the missing line was restored, the word *air* was printed where *earth* is given in the text. The words *earth* and *might* rest on Mr. Garnett's authority: he has seen them in Shelley's writing; and in the absence of any second copy, they must stand. Nevertheless so good an authority as Mr. Browning writes to me—"I prefer, in the 'Stanzas at Naples,' the 'Moon's transparent light,' to 'might'—which isles and mountains hardly 'wear': the line was first restored in a strange edition of Shelley published by Benbow in 1826—and Leigh Hunt, in '28, quotes the poem without it, remarking on its loss: . . . it was myself who told him of its existence, to his surprise and pleasure. The notion of light as a *veil* and transparent is familiar with Shelley; and the Italian practice of making words rhyme which have the same sound but a different sense, not infrequent: in this stanza there is 'delight' for 'light's' fellow." Medwin's desperate inaccuracy makes his evidence of little account; but he,

I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured[1] motion,
How sweet! ~~did any heart now share in my emotion.~~

III.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
~~And walked with inward glory crowned~~
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
~~To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.~~

IV.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying[2] brain its last monotony.

in pointing out the omission of the line, gives

The purple noon's transparent *might*,—
The breath of the *west wind* is light,

and he says he copied the poem from Shelley's MS. into a commonplace book. Those who care to follow up any thread, however frail, in unravelling the growth of Shelley's verse, should read, for what it is worth, Medwin's account of the genesis of this poem (*Life of Shelley*, Vol. I, p. 324 *et seq.*),—said to have been called forth by the tragic end of an unknown adorer of the poet's.

[1] Medwin reads

Arises from its *mingled* motion,
How sweet! *if any heart could* share in my emotion.

[2] Medwin reads *outworn* for *dying*. This variation commends itself to me as evidence in favour of the authenticity of his transcripts. The epithet is Shelley-like, and yet fits the line imperfectly, so that it would be likely to be removed after Medwin had copied the poem.

V.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not,—and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

AUTUMN:[1]

A DIRGE.

I.

THE warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
And the year
On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead,
Is lying.
Come, months, come away,
From November to May,
In your saddest array;
Follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

[1] Mrs. Shelley places this among poems written in 1820.

II.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away;
Put on white, black, and grey;
Let your light sisters play—
Ye, follow the bier
Of the dead cold year,
And make her grave green with tear on tear.

THE MASK OF ANARCHY.

[*The Mask of Anarchy* was written in 1819 on the occasion of the infamous "Peterloo" affair, and was sent to Leigh Hunt, for publication in *The Examiner*, before November 1819. Hunt did not publish it then, but issued it in 1832 in a little volume, with a preface of considerable interest, reprinted in the appendix to the present volume. The title of this volume runs as follows: "The Masque of Anarchy. A Poem. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Now first published, with a Preface by Leigh Hunt." There is a motto from *Laon and Cythna*,—

Hope is strong;
Justice and Truth their winged child have found.

The imprint is "London: Edward Moxon, 64, New Bond Street, 1832." The MS. from which the poem is now given is that sent to Leigh Hunt; and it is headed, in Shelley's writing, *The Mask of Anarchy written on the occasion of the Massacre at Manchester*. It is mainly in Mrs. Shelley's handwriting; and I am strongly under the impression that it was dictated by Shelley from his rough notes;—for there are lines filled in in his writing, as if he had, in the ardour of recomposition, told his amanuensis not to wait when there was any hitch, but to go on and leave blanks for him to fill. The insertions and corrections in his writing are made with a much broader pen (or heavier pressure) than was used by Mrs. Shelley; and this fact is valuable in proving that he went over the whole MS. very carefully after her. The corrections in punctuation and minor detail, with the heavier pen, are very numerous. Some of them are specified in my notes; and Mr. G. I. F. Tupper has produced a fac-simile (inserted opposite) of some of the altered stanzas. I am indebted to Mr. Townshend Mayer for the use of this most valuable MS.—H. B. F.]

15 For ~~Fear~~ with pomp to meet him came
Clothed in arms like blood & flame,
The hired murderers, who did sing
"Thou art God, & Law, & King."

---

22 When one fled past, a maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she cried:
But she looked more like Despair,
And she cried out in the air:

---

33 And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,
Lay dead earth upon the earth
The Horse of Death tameless as wind
Fled, & with his hoofs did grind
To dust, the murderous throngs behind

THE MASK OF ANARCHY

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF THE MASSACRE AT MANCHESTER.[1]

I.

As I lay asleep in Italy
There came a voice from over the Sea,
And with great power it forth led me
To walk in the visions of Poesy.

II.

I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh—
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven blood-hounds followed him:

III.

All were fat; and well they might
Be in admirable plight,
For one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

[1] As this poem is distinctly headed in Shelley's writing I see no reason for suppressing any part of the title. The spelling of the word *Mask*, though now unusual, is his, and unimpeachable; and there can be no use in any longer dropping the word *massacre*.

IV.

Next came Fraud, and he had on,
Like Eldon,[1] an ermined[2] gown;
His big tears, for he wept well,
Turned to mill-stones as they fell.

V.

And the little children, who
Round his feet played to and fro,
Thinking every tear a gem,
Had their brains knocked out by them.[3]

VI.

Clothed with the Bible, as with light,[4]
And the shadows[5] of the night,
Like Sidmouth, next, Hypocrisy
On a crocodile rode by.

VII.

And many more Destructions played
In this ghastly masquerade,
All disguised, even to the eyes,
Like Bishops, lawyers, peers or spies.

[1] In all previous editions we read *Like Lord Eldon*; and so the line originally stood in the MS.; but *Lord* is carefully obliterated with the broad pen (Shelley's); and I presume Hunt restored it on his own authority for the sake of the rhythm,—not noticing that the omission of the title corresponds with the manner of mentioning Castlereagh and Sidmouth, and with the democratic spirit of the poem. To my mind, the rhythm also is bettered by the omission. In a question of prosody one ought perhaps to defer to Leigh Hunt; but this is a question of intention; and I cannot doubt that it was Shelley's deliberate intention to cancel the word *Lord*.

[2] So in the MS., and in Hunt's edition, but *ermine* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[3] I have referred in Vol. II (p. 340) to the repetition of this idea in *Swellfoot the Tyrant*. The student of Shelley's mind will doubtless turn back and compare the passages.

[4] It would seem that Shelley meant to write a note on this line; for there is an asterisk here in the MS., and a space left at the foot of the paper.

[5] So in the MS., and in Hunt's edition, but *shadow* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

VIII.

Last came Anarchy: he rode
On a white horse, splashed with blood;
He was pale even to the lips,
Like Death in the Apocalypse.[1]

IX.

And he wore a kingly crown;
And in his grasp[2] a sceptre shone;
On his brow this mark I saw—
"I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!"[3]

X.

With a pace stately and fast,
Over English land he past,
Trampling to a mire of blood
The adoring multitude.

XI.

And a mighty troop around,
With their trampling shook the ground,
Waving each a bloody sword,
For the service of their Lord.

XII.

And with glorious triumph, they
Rode thro' England proud and gay,[4]
Drunk as with intoxication
Of the wine of desolation.

[1] Mr. Rossetti was right in surmising that the confusion between Death and his horse is not attributable to a printer's error. The passage stands in the MS. as above.

[2] The original word here was *hand*; but *grasp* is substituted in Shelley's writing; and so Leigh Hunt printed it. Mrs. Shelley gives the second line thus:

In his hand a sceptre shone;

Hunt makes the third line begin with *And*, but without the authority of the MS.

[3] This line is doubly underlined,—I presume to indicate small capitals; and the capitals for *God*, *King*, and *Law* are supplied with Shelley's pen, the words having been written without capitals by Mrs. Shelley.

[4] This comma is wanting in the MS.

XIII.

O'er[1] fields and towns, from sea to sea,
Past the Pageant swift and free,
Tearing up, and trampling down;
Till they came to London town.

XIV.

And each dweller, panic-stricken,
Felt his heart with terror sicken
Hearing the tempestuous[2] cry
Of the triumph of Anarchy.

XV.

For with pomp to meet him came,[3]
Clothed in arms like blood and flame,
The hired murderers, who did sing
"Thou art God, and Law, and King.

XVI.

"We have waited, weak and lone
"For thy coming, Mighty One!
"Our purses are empty, our swords are cold.
"Give us glory, and blood, and gold."

XVII.

Lawyers and priests, a motley crowd,
To the earth their pale brows bowed;
Like a bad prayer not over loud,
Whispering—"Thou art Law and God."—

[1] *Over* originally in the MS.,—corrected by Shelley to *O'er*.

[2] So in the MS., and in the editions of Hunt and Mr. Rossetti; but in Mrs. Shelley's editions *tremendous*.

[3] This is one of the lines written in by Shelley, and it has no comma at the end. As originally written by Mrs. Shelley, the line consists of the words *For from* and a blank.

XVIII.

Then all cried with one accord,
"Thou art King, and God, and Lord;[1]
"Anarchy, to thee we bow,
"Be thy name made holy now!"

XIX.

And Anarchy, the Skeleton,
Bowed and grinned to every one,
As well as if his education
Had cost ten millions to the nation.

XX.

For he knew the Palaces
Of our Kings were nightly his;
His the sceptre, crown, and globe,
And the gold-inwoven robe.

XXI.

So he sent his slaves before
To seize upon the Bank and Tower,
And was proceeding with intent
To meet his pensioned Parliament

XXII.

When one fled past,[2] a maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she said:
But she looked more like Despair,
And she cried out in the air:

[1] So in the MS. and Hunt's edition, but *King, and Law and Lord*, in Mrs. Shelley's.

[2] *When one passed* is the original reading in Mrs. Shelley's writing: *fled past* is substituted for *passed* in Shelley's.

XXIII.

"My father Time is weak and grey
"With waiting for a better day;
"See how idiot-like he stands,
"Fumbling[1] with his palsied hands!

XXIV.

"He has had child after child,
"And the dust of death is piled
"Over every one but me—
"Misery, oh, Misery!"

XXV.

Then she lay down in the street,
Right before the horses' feet,
Expecting, with a patient eye,
Murder, Fraud and Anarchy.

XXVI.

When between her and her foes
A mist, a light, an image rose,
Small at first, and weak, and frail
Like the vapour[2] of a vale:

XXVII.

Till as clouds grow on the blast,
Like tower-crowned giants striding fast,
And glare with lightnings as they fly,
And speak in thunder to the sky,

[1] So in the MS., and in the editions of Hunt and Mr. Rossetti, but *Trembling* in those of Mrs. Shelley.

[2] The original word in the MS. was *vapours;* but the *s* is struck out with the broad pen. In the MS. it is *a*, not *the vale*.

XXVIII.

It grew—a Shape arrayed in mail
Brighter than the viper's scale,
And upborne on wings whose grain
Was as the light of sunny rain.

XXIX.

On its helm, seen far away,
A planet, like the Morning's, lay;
And those plumes its[1] light rained thro'
Like a shower of crimson dew.

XXX.

With step as soft as wind it past
O'er the heads of men—so fast
That they knew the presence there,
And looked,—and all was empty air.

XXXI.

As flowers beneath May's[2] footstep waken,
As stars from Night's loose hair are shaken,
As waves arise when loud winds call,
Thoughts sprung where'er that step did fall.[3]

XXXII.

And the prostrate multitude
Looked—and ankle-deep in blood,
Hope, that maiden most serene,
Was walking with a quiet mien:

[1] This word was printed *it* instead of *its* in all editions till Mr. Rossetti corrected it on surmise. The correction is confirmed by the MS.

[2] In Hunt's edition, *the footstep*: in Mrs. Shelley's editions and in her *Lodore* (where the stanza is given as a motto to Chapter X of Vol. III), *May's footsteps*: in the MS. *May's footstep*, which corresponds with *step* in the last line of the stanza.

[3] This full-point is the only stop in this stanza in the MS.

XXXIII.

And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,
Lay dead earth upon the earth;
The Horse of Death tameless as wind
Fled, and with his hoofs did grind
To dust, the murderers thronged behind.[1]

XXXIV.

A rushing light of clouds and splendour,
A sense awakening and yet tender
Was heard and felt—and at its close
These words of joy and fear arose

XXXV.

As if their own indignant Earth
Which gave the sons of England birth
Had felt their[2] blood upon her brow,
And shuddering with a mother's throe

XXXVI.

Had turnèd every drop of blood
By which her face had been bedewed
To an accent unwithstood,—
As if her heart had cried aloud:

XXXVII.

"Men of England, heirs of Glory,
Heroes of unwritten story,
Nurslings of one mighty Mother,
Hopes of her, and one another;

[1] The last three lines of this stanza are in Shelley's writing, punctuated as above. There is no stop in the MS.

[2] Mrs. Shelley had written *the*: Shelley changed it to *their*. at *earth*, in the second line.

XXXVIII.

"Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number,[1]
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few.[2]

XXXIX.

"What is Freedom?—ye can tell
That which slavery is, too well—
For its very name has grown
To an echo of your own.

XL.

"'Tis to work and have such pay
As just keeps life from day to day
In your limbs, as in a cell
For the tyrants' use to dwell[3]

XLI.

"So that ye for them are made
Loom, and plough, and sword, and spade,
With or without your own will bent
To their defence and nourishment.

XLII.

"'Tis to see your children weak
With their mothers pine and peak,
When the winter winds are bleak,—
They are dying whilst I speak.

[1] This comma is not in the MS.
[2] Hunt omitted this line.
[3] This line is generally printed with a colon at the end: there is no stop in the MS.; and I think the next stanza is meant to be read continuously with this.

XLIII.

"'Tis to hunger for such diet
As the rich man in his riot
Casts to the fat dogs that lie
Surfeiting beneath his eye;

XLIV.

"'Tis to let the Ghost of Gold
Take from Toil a thousandfold
More than e'er[1] its substance could
In the tyrannies of old.

XLV.

"Paper coin—that forgery
Of the title deeds, which ye
Hold to something of the worth
Of the inheritance of Earth.

XLVI.

"'Tis to be a slave in soul
And to hold no strong controul
Over your own wills, but be
All that others make of ye.

XLVII.

"And at length when ye complain
With a murmur weak and vain
'Tis to see the Tyrant's crew
Ride over your wives and you—
Blood is on the grass like dew.

[1] In the MS., *ere*.

XLVIII.

"Then it is to feel revenge
Fiercely thirsting to exchange
Blood for blood—and wrong for wrong—
Do not thus when ye are strong.

XLIX.

"Birds find rest, in narrow nest
When weary of their wingèd quest;
Beasts find fare, in woody lair
When storm and snow are in the air.[1]

L.

"Asses, swine, have litter spread
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one—
Thou, Oh, Englishman, hast none!

LI.

"This is Slavery—savage men,
Or wild beasts within a den
Would endure not as ye do—
But such ills they never knew.

LII.

"What art thou Freedom? O! could slaves
Answer from their living graves
This demand—tyrants would flee
Like a dream's dim imagery:

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions (followed by Mr. Rossetti in this respect), there is a stanza between XLIX and L, as follows:

Horses, oxen, have a home,
When from daily toil they come;
Household dogs, when the wind roars,
Find a home within warm doors.

But as this stanza does not occur in the MS. revised for press by Shelley, I presume it was deliberately (and I think wisely) rejected by him. If so, it was probably recovered from his rough notes. Hunt reads *the* for *their* in line 2 of stanza XLIX.

LIII.

"Thou art not, as impostors say,
A shadow soon to pass away,
A superstition, and a name
Echoing from the cave[1] of Fame.

LIV.

"For the labourer thou art bread,
And a comely table spread
From his daily labour come
To[2] a neat and happy home.

LV.

"Thou art clothes, and fire, and food
For the trampled multitude—
No—in countries that are free
Such starvation cannot be
As in England now we see.

LVI.

"To the rich thou art a check,
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim, thou dost make
That he treads upon a snake.

LVII.

"Thou art Justice—ne'er for gold
May thy righteous laws be sold
As laws are in England—thou
Shield'st[3] alike the high and low.

[1] In the MS. *caves* originally; but the *s* is struck through with the broad pen: nevertheless Hunt printed *caves*. Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Rossetti give *care*.

[2] So in the MS.: *In* in previous editions.

[3] So in the MS., and in Hunt's and Mr. Rossetti's editions, but *Shieldest* in Mrs. Shelley's.

LVIII.

"Thou art Wisdom—Freemen never
Dream that God will damn[1] for ever
All who think those things untrue
Of which Priests make such ado.

LIX.

"Thou art Peace—never by thee
Would blood and treasure wasted be
As tyrants wasted them,[2] when all
Leagued to quench thy flame in Gaul.

LX.

"What if English toil and blood
Was poured forth, even as a flood?
It availed, Oh, Liberty!
To dim, but not extinguish thee.

LXI.

"Thou art Love—the rich have kist
Thy feet, and like him following Christ
Give[3] their substance to the free
And thro' the rough world follow thee

LXII.

"Or[4] turn their wealth to arms, and make
War for thy belovèd sake

[1] Hunt printed these words as *Freedom never dreams that God will damn*: Mrs. Shelley substituted *freemen never dream that God will doom*. Mr. Rossetti, striking a balance between the two texts, arrived at the right reading,—that given above, which is the version of the MS.

[2] In the MS. *those* in Mrs. Shelley's writing is altered to *them* in Shelley's.

[3] *Give* in Hunt's edition,—*Given* in Mrs. Shelley's editions. In the MS. the word is written *Given*; but the *n* is cancelled by Shelley. In the next line the MS. and Hunt's edition read *follow*; Mrs. Shelley's editions *followed*.

[4] In all editions known to me this word is *Oh*; and there is a full-stop at the end of stanza LXI. The MS. furnishes the reading I have given; and indeed the old reading is barely sense.

On wealth, and war, and fraud—whence they
Drew the power which is their prey.

LXIII.

"Science,[1] Poetry and Thought
Are thy lamps; they make the lot
Of the dwellers in a cot
So serene, they curse[2] it not.

LXIV.

"Spirit, Patience, Gentleness,
All that can adorn and bless
Art thou—let[3] deeds not words express
Thine exceeding loveliness.

LXV.

"Let a great Assembly be
Of the fearless and the free[4]
On some spot of English ground
Where the plains stretch wide around.

LXVI.

"Let the blue sky overhead,
The green earth on which ye tread,
All that must eternal be
Witness the solemnity.

[1] In all editions known to me the word *and* is inserted between *Science* and *Poetry*: it is not in the MS.; but Mrs. Shelley had begun to spell *Poetry* with a small *p*, which is cancelled in such a manner as to look something like the sign &.

[2] In the MS. originally *curst*, but altered to *curse*. Mrs. Shelley and Mr. Rossetti give this line as "Such they curse their Maker not"; but in the MS. and Hunt's edition it is as above.

[3] In the MS., *but* was originally written here; but *let* is substituted.

[4] Hunt printed this line thus:

Of the fearless, of the free,

but that reading is not in the MS. nor in any edition known to me beside Hunt's.

LXVII.

"From the corners uttermost
Of the bounds of English coast;
From every hut, village and town
Where those who live and suffer moan
For others' misery or[1] their own,

LXVIII.

"From the workhouse and the prison
Where pale as corpses newly risen,
Women, children, young and old
Groan for pain, and weep for cold—

LXIX.

"From the haunts of daily life
Where is waged the daily strife
With common wants and common cares
Which sows[2] the human heart with tares—

LXX.

"Lastly from the palaces
Where the murmur of distress
Echoes, like the distant sound
Of a wind alive around[3]

LXXI.

"Those prison halls of wealth and fashion
Where some few feel such compassion
For those who groan, and toil, and wail
As must make their brethren pale—

[1] Hunt printed *and* for *or*: all other editions known to me follow the MS. in giving *or*.

[2] In the MS. *sows*: in previous editions, *sow*.

[3] There is no stop after *around* in the MS.; and there should be none. Hunt and Mrs. Shelley introduced a semicolon: Mr. Rossetti substituted a dash; but the meaning is clearly "a wind around those prison halls."

LXXII.

"Ye who suffer woes untold,
Or to feel, or to behold
Your lost country bought and sold
With a price of blood and gold—

LXXIII.

"Let a vast assembly be,
And with great solemnity
Declare with measured words that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free—

LXXIV.

"Be your strong and simple words
Keen to wound as sharpened swords,
And wide as targes let them be,
With their shade to cover ye.

LXXV.

"Let the tyrants pour around
With a quick and startling sound,
Like the loosening of a sea,
Troops of armed emblazonry.

LXXVI.

"Let the charged artillery drive
Till the dead air seems alive
With the clash of clanging wheels,
And the tramp of horses' heels.

LXXVII.

"Let the fixèd bayonet
Gleam with sharp desire to wet
Its bright point in English blood
Looking keen as one for food.

LXXVIII.

"Let the horsemen's scymitars
Wheel and flash, like sphereless stars
Thirsting to eclipse their burning
In a sea of death and mourning.

LXXIX.

"Stand ye calm and resolute,
Like a forest close and mute,
With folded arms and looks which are
Weapons of an unvanquished war,

LXXX.

"And let Panic, who outspeeds
The career of armèd steeds
Pass, a disregarded shade
Thro' your phalanx undismayed.

LXXXI.[1]

"Let the laws of your own land,
Good or ill, between ye stand
Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
Arbiters of the dispute,

LXXXII.

"The old laws of England—they
Whose reverend heads with age are grey,

[1] Hunt printed stanzas LXXXI to LXXXIII in italics, with the following note:—"The three stanzas next ensuing are printed in italics, not because they are better, or indeed so well written, as some of the rest, but as marking out the sober, lawful, and charitable mode of proceeding advocated and anticipated by this supposed reckless innovator. '*Passive obedience*' he certainly had not; but here follows a picture and a recommendation of '*non-resistance*,' in all its glory. The mingled emotion and dignity of it is admirably expressed in the second line of stanza eighty-five. Let churches militant read it, and blush to call the author no Christian!"

Children of a wiser day;
And whose solemn voice must be
Thine own echo—Liberty!

LXXXIII.

"On those who first should violate
Such sacred heralds in their state
Rest the blood that must ensue,
And it will not rest on you.

LXXXIV.

"And if then the tyrants dare
Let them ride among you there,
Slash, and stab, and maim, and hew,—
What they like, that let them do.

LXXXV.

"With folded arms and steady eyes,
And little fear, and less surprise
Look upon them as they slay[1]
Till their rage has died away.

LXXXVI.

"Then they will return with shame
To the place from which they came,
And the blood thus shed will speak
In hot blushes on their cheek.

LXXXVII.

"Every woman in the land
Will point at them as they stand—
They will hardly dare to greet
Their acquaintance in the street.

[1] Hunt printed *stay* for *slay*; but *slay* is in all other editions which I have consulted, and in the MS., though there is some excuse for taking the *l* for a *t*.

LXXXVIII.

"And the bold, true warriors
Who have hugged Danger in wars[1]
Will turn to those who would be free
Ashamed of such base company.

LXXXIX.

"And that slaughter to the Nation
Shall steam up like inspiration,
Eloquent, oracular;
A volcano heard afar.

XC.

"And these words shall then become[2]
Like oppression's thundered doom
Ringing thro' each heart and brain,
Heard again—again—again—

XCI.

"Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number—
Shake your chains to earth like dew
Which in sleep had fallen on you—
Ye are many—they are few."

[1] So in the MS. and in Hunt's edition; but *in the wars* in Mrs. Shelley's: the change is specious, and may be from Shelley's notes; but I doubt it.

[2] In the MS. this line originally stood thus—

And these words shall be the beacon;

but that reading is cancelled, and another start made below, still in Mrs. Shelley's writing, with the reading given in the text.

PETER BELL THE THIRD.

[*Peter Bell the Third* was written some time between May and November 1819; for we learn from Mrs. Shelley that the suggestion of it arose from the *Examiner's* review of Reynolds's and Wordsworth's poems entitled *Peter Bell*, which review appeared in the numbers for the 26th of April and 3rd of May; and on the 2nd of November the poem was sent from Florence to Leigh Hunt for publication, in a letter of which a portion is printed opposite by way of preface. The dedication, however, bears the date "December 1st, 1819," and was therefore, probably, an afterthought: it may have been sent in the letter to Mr. Ollier dated "December 15th, 1819" (*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 122-3), wherein we read—"Pray what have you done with *Peter Bell*? Ask Mr. Hunt for it, and for some other pieces of a similar character I sent him to give you to publish. I think *Peter* not bad in his way; but perhaps no one will believe in anything in the shape of a joke from me." The dedication may have gone to Hunt with those "other pieces": what they were I know not; nor do I know why the projected volume was not published as directed by Shelley,—unless Mr. Ollier decided that it would not sell, and acted on the possibly implied withdrawal of the order to print contained in Shelley's letter to him of the 14th of May 1820 (*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 138-9), wherein we read—"you can best judge if it will sell or no, and there would be no other reason for printing such a trifle." It appeared for the first time in Mrs. Shelley's second collected edition. The origin of it was very curious. While Wordsworth's *Peter Bell* was under announcement, John Hamilton Reynolds, afterwards Hood's coadjutor in *Odes and Addresses to Great People*, issued a pamphlet entitled *Peter Bell, a Lyrical Ballad*, of which no less than three editions were printed in the year 1819, and which I give in the appendix, because it is not only extremely good, but almost necessary to a full understanding of *Peter Bell the Third*. I have also added a few stanzas on this subject from another of Reynolds's books, *The Fancy*. I am not aware that any complete MS. of *Peter Bell the Third* exists: Mr. Garnett tells me he has seen a rough draft of a portion of it among Sir Percy Shelley's MSS., but that it is too immature to authorize alterations of the text.—H. B. F.]

EXTRACT FROM SHELLEY'S LETTER[1] TO LEIGH HUNT ENCLOSING PETER BELL THE THIRD.

Now, I only send you a *very heroic* poem, which I wish you to give to Ollier, and desire him to print and publish immediately, you being kind enough to take upon yourself the correction of the press—not, however, with my name; and you must tell Ollier that the author is to be kept a secret, and that I confide in him for this object as I would confide in a physician or lawyer, or any other man whose professional situation renders the betraying of what is entrusted a dishonour.[2] My motive in this is solely not to prejudge myself in the present moment, as I have only expended a few days in this party squib, and, of course, taken little pains. The verses and language I have let come as they would, and I am about to publish more serious things this winter; afterwards, that is next year, if the thing should be remembered so long, I have no objection to the author being known, but *not now.* I should like well enough that it should both go to press and be printed very quickly; as more serious things are on the eve of engaging both the public attention and mine.

Next post day you will hear from me again, as I have many things to say, and expect to have to announce Mary's

[1] This letter, dated "Florence, Nov. 2, 1819," is printed in Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*, pp. 103-4.

[2] This caution is repeated in Shelley's letter to Mr. Ollier, dated May 14th 1820 (*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 138-9), wherein we read "If *Peter Bell* be printed . . . , attend, I pray you, particularly to completely concealing the author."

new work, now in the press. She has written out, as you will observe, *my* Peter, and this is, I suspect, the last thing she will do before the new birth.

Affectionately yours,
My Dear Friend,
P. B. S.

[In regard to Shelley's pen-name of Miching Mallecho (spelt *Malicho* in the Shakespeare folio of 1623), it may be well to note that the term is explained by Shakespeare commentators as meaning lurking mischief,—the old English verb to *mich* (or skulk) being still in use in the provinces (as in Devonshire) to signify specially playing truant from school, and *malicho* being borrowed from the Spanish *malhecho*—misdoing; but why not from *malico*, diminutive of *malo*? It ought not to be necessary to inform the reader that the stanza given as a motto on the opposite page is really by Wordsworth; but as Mr. Rossetti has stated that it is "not to be found" in Wordsworth's *Peter Bell*, and presumes "that the real author's name is 'P. B. Shelley,'" I am constrained to clear Shelley of that charge by recording that the stanza *is* to be found in Wordsworth's poem, if we look in the editions which, alone, Shelley can possibly have seen when he wrote his poem,—namely the first and second. I do not think it reappeared in later editions. The only important liberty Shelley seems to have taken with it is the suppression of a note of interrogation at the end of the first line, and the introduction of the long pause before *damned*. The impression of drollery made on Shelley's mind by Wordsworth's Poem does not seem to have worn off immediately; for after the composition of *The Witch of Atlas* in August 1820, we find him, in his Lines "to Mary," concerning that poem, again jocular at the expense of Wordsworth.—H. B. F.]

PETER BELL THE THIRD.

BY

MICHING MALLECHO, ESQ.

Is it a party in a parlour,
Crammed just as they on earth were crammed,
Some sipping punch—some sipping tea;
But, as you by their faces see,
All silent, and all——damned!

Peter Bell, by W. WORDSWORTH.

OPHELIA.—What means this, my lord?
HAMLET.—Marry, this is Miching Mallecho; it means mischief.

SHAKSPEARE.

DEDICATION.

TO THOMAS BROWN, ESQ., THE YOUNGER,[1] H.F.

DEAR TOM,

Allow me to request you to introduce Mr. Peter Bell to the respectable family of the Fudges; although he may fall short of those very considerable

[1] The *nom de plume* under which Tom Moore published *The Twopenny Post-Bag* and *The Fudge Family*. Mr. Garnett suggested to Mr. Rossetti that "H. F." is meant to stand for *Historian of the Fudges*. This seems likely.

personages in the more active properties which characterize the Rat and the Apostate, I suspect that even you, their historian, will confess that he surpasses them in the more peculiarly legitimate qualification of intolerable dulness.

You know Mr. Examiner Hunt; well—it was he who presented me to two of the Mr. Bells. My intimacy with the younger Mr. Bell naturally sprung from this introduction to his brothers. And in presenting him to you, I have the satisfaction of being able to assure you that he is considerably the dullest of the three.

There is this particular advantage in an acquaintance with any one of the Peter Bells, that if you know one Peter Bell, you know three Peter Bells; they are not one, but three; not three, but one. An awful mystery, which, after having caused torrents of blood, and having been hymned by groans enough to deafen the music of the spheres, is at length illustrated to the satisfaction of all parties in the theological world, by the nature of Mr. Peter Bell.

Peter is a polyhedric Peter, or a Peter with many sides. He changes colours like a cameleon, and his coat like a snake. He is a Proteus of a Peter. He was at first sublime, pathetic, impressive, profound; then dull; then prosy and dull; and now dull—O, so very dull! it is an ultra-legitimate dulness.

You will perceive that it is not necessary to consider Hell and the Devil as supernatural machinery. The whole scene of my epic is in "this world which is"—so Peter informed us before his conversion to *White Obi*—

> —The world of all of us, *and where*
> *We find our happiness, or not at all.*

Let me observe that I have spent six or seven days in composing this sublime piece; the orb of my moon-like

genius has made the fourth part of its revolution round the dull earth which you inhabit, driving you mad, while it has retained its calmness and its splendour, and I have been fitting this its last phase "to occupy a permanent station in the literature of my country."[1]

Your works, indeed, dear Tom, sell better; but mine are far superior. The public is no judge; posterity sets all to rights.

Allow me to observe that so much has been written of Peter Bell, that the present history can be considered only, like the Iliad, as a continuation of that series of cyclic poems, which have already been candidates for bestowing immortality upon, at the same time that they receive it from, his character and adventures. In this point of view I have violated no rule of syntax in beginning my composition with a conjunction; the full stop which closes the poem continued by me, being like the full stops at the end of the Iliad and Odyssey, a full stop of a very qualified import.

Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges, you will receive from them; and in the firm expectation, that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo-Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary

[1] There is far more point in this paragraph than the mere quotation (or mis-quotation) of Wordsworth's words about a "permanent station" &c. The real joke is that Shelley has been but six or seven days in making good his claim to immortality, while Wordsworth owns to a lapse of nineteen years between the first and final preparation of his *Peter*. In the dedication of it to Southey he says:

"The Tale of Peter Bell, which I now introduce to your notice, and to that of the Public, has, in its Manuscript state, nearly survived its *minority*;—for it first saw the light in the summer of 1798. During this long interval, pains have been taken at different times to render the production less unworthy of a favourable reception; or, rather, to fit it for filling *permanently* a station, however humble, in the Literature of my Country."

stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism, the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians,

I remain, dear Tom,

Yours sincerely

MICHING MALLECHO.

December 1, 1819.

P.S.—Pray excuse the date of place; so soon as the profits of the publication come in, I mean to hire lodgings in a more repectable street.

CONTENTS.

PROLOGUE	HELL	DAMNATION
DEATH	SIN	DOUBLE DAMNATION
THE DEVIL	GRACE	

PROLOGUE.

PETER BELLS, one, two and three,
O'er the wide world wandering be.—
First, the antenatal Peter,[1]
Wrapt in weeds of the same metre,
The so long predestined raiment
Clothed[2] in which to walk his way meant
The second Peter; whose ambition
Is to link the proposition,
As the mean of two extremes—
(This was learnt from Aldric's[3] themes)
Shielding from the guilt of schism
The orthodoxal syllogism;
The First Peter—he who was
Like the shadow in the glass
Of the second, yet unripe,
His substantial antitype.—
Then came Peter Bell the Second,
Who henceforward must be reckoned
The body of a double soul,
And that portion of the whole
Without which the rest would seem
Ends of a disjointed dream.—
And the Third is he who has
O'er the grave been forced to pass

[1] *Peter Bell, a Lyrical Ballad* (by J. H. Reynolds). See Appendix.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's edition there is a comma after *Clothed*.

[3] I doubt whether Mr. Rossetti is right in correcting this name. Aldrich is doubtless the author referred to; but it is possible that Shelley had been in the habit of pronouncing the name as if spelt without the final *h*, and so came to forget the existence of that *h*, the introduction of which spoils the line, as one naturally pronounces the name in the orthodox way (*Aldritch*), if spelt as usual.

To the other side, which is,—
Go and try else,—just like this.

Peter Bell the First was Peter
Smugger, milder, softer, neater,
Like the soul before it is
Born from *that* world into *this*.
The next Peter Bell was he,
Predevote, like you and me,
To good or evil as may come;
His was the severer doom,—
For he was an evil Cotter,
And a polygamic Potter.[1]
And the last is Peter Bell,
Damned since our first parents fell,
Damned eternally to Hell—
Surely he deserves it well!

[1] The oldest scholiasts read—

A *dodecagamic* Potter.

This is at once more descriptive and more megalophonous,—but the alliteration of the text had captivated the vulgar ear of the herd of later commentators.

[SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

PART THE FIRST.

DEATH.

I.

And Peter Bell, when he had been
With fresh-imported Hell-fire warmed,
Grew serious—from his dress and mien
'Twas very plainly to be seen
Peter was quite reformed.

II.

His eyes turned up, his mouth turned down;
His accent caught a nasal twang;
He oiled his hair,[1] there might be heard
The grace of God in every word
Which Peter said or sang.

III.

But Peter now grew old, and had
An ill no doctor could unravel;
His torments almost drove him mad;—
Some said it was a fever bad—
Some swore it was the gravel.

IV.

His holy friends then came about,
And with long preaching and persuasion,

[1] To those who have not duly appreciated the distinction between *Whale* and *Russia* oil, this attribute might rather seem to belong to the Dandy than the Evangelic. The effect, when to the windward, is indeed so similar, that it requires a subtle naturalist to discriminate the animals. They belong, however, to distinct genera. [Shelley's Note.]

Convinced the patient that, without
The smallest shadow of a doubt,
He was predestined to damnation.

V.

They said—"Thy name is Peter Bell;
Thy skin is of a brimstone hue;
Alive or dead—aye, sick or well—
The one God made to rhyme with hell;
The other, I think, rhymes with you."

VI.

Then Peter set up such a yell!—
The nurse, who with some water gruel
Was climbing up the stairs, as well
As her old legs could climb them—fell,
And broke them both—the fall was cruel.

VII.

The Parson from the casement leapt
Into the lake of Windermere—
And many an eel—though no adept
In God's right reason for it—kept
Gnawing his kidneys half a year.

VIII.

And all the rest rushed through the door,
And tumbled over one another,
And broke their skulls.—Upon the floor
Meanwhile sat Peter Bell, and swore,
And cursed his father and his mother;

IX.

And raved of God, and sin, and death,
Blaspheming like an infidel;

And said, that with his clenchèd teeth,
He'd seize the earth from underneath,
And drag it with him down to hell.

X.

As he was speaking came a spasm,
And wrenched his gnashing teeth asunder;
Like one who sees a strange phantasm
He lay,—there was a silent chasm
Between his upper jaw and under.

XI.

And yellow death lay on his face;
And a fixed smile that was not human
Told, as I understand the case,
That he was gone to the wrong place:—
I heard all this from the old woman.

XII.

Then there came down from Langdale Pike
A cloud, with lightning, wind and hail;
It swept over the mountains like
An ocean,—and I heard it strike
The woods and crags of Grasmere vale.

XIII.

And I saw the black storm come
Nearer, minute after minute;
Its thunder made the cataracts dumb;
With hiss, and clash, and hollow hum,
It neared as if the Devil was in it.

XIV.

The Devil *was* in it:—he had bought
Peter for half-a-crown; and when

The storm which bore him vanished, nought
That in the house that storm had caught
Was ever seen again.

XV.

The gaping neighbours came next day—
They found all vanished from the shore:
The Bible, whence he used to pray,
Half scorched under a hen-coop lay;
Smashed glass—and nothing more!

PART THE SECOND.

THE DEVIL.

I.

THE DEVIL, I safely can aver,
Has neither hoof, nor tail, nor sting;
Nor is he, as some sages swear,
A spirit, neither here nor there,
In nothing—yet in everything.

II.

He is—what we are; for sometimes
The Devil is a gentleman;
At others a bard bartering rhymes
For sack; a statesman spinning crimes;
A swindler, living as he can;

III.

A thief, who cometh in the night,
With whole boots and net pantaloons,
Like some one whom it were not right
To mention;—or the luckless wight,
From whom he steals nine silver spoons.

IV.

But in this case he did appear
Like a slop-merchant from Wapping,
And with smug face, and eye severe,
On every side did perk and peer
Till he saw Peter dead or napping.

V.

He had on an upper Benjamin
(For he was of the driving schism)
In the which he wrapt his skin
From the storm he travelled in,
For fear of rheumatism.

VI.

He called the ghost out of the corse;—
It was exceedingly like Peter,—
Only its voice was hollow and hoarse—
It had a queerish look of course—
Its dress too was a little neater.

VII.

The Devil knew not his name and lot;
Peter knew not that he was Bell:
Each had an upper stream of thought,
Which made all seem as it was not;
Fitting itself to all things well.

VIII.

Peter thought he had parents dear,
Brothers, sisters, cousins, cronies,
In the fens of Lincolnshire;
He perhaps had found them there
Had he gone and boldly shown his

IX.

Solemn phiz in his own village;
Where he thought oft when a boy
He'd clomb the orchard walls to pillage
The produce of his neighbour's tillage,
With marvellous pride and joy.

X.

And the Devil thought he had,
'Mid the misery and confusion
Of an unjust war, just made
A fortune by the gainful trade
Of giving soldiers rations bad—
The world is full of strange delusion.

XI.

That he had a mansion planned
In a square like Grosvenor-square,
That he was aping fashion, and
That he now came to Westmoreland
To see what was romantic there.

XII.

And all this, though quite ideal,—
Ready at a breath to vanish,—
Was a state not more unreal
Than the peace he could not feel,
Or the care he could not banish.

XIII.

After a little conversation,
The Devil told Peter, if he chose,
He'd bring him to the world of fashion
By giving him a situation
In his own service—and new clothes.

XIV.

And Peter bowed, quite pleased and proud,
And after waiting some few days
For a new livery—dirty yellow
Turned up with black—the wretched fellow
Was bowled to Hell in the Devil's chaise.

PART THE THIRD.

HELL.

I.

HELL is a city much like London—
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown, and still less pity.

II.

There is a Castles,[1] and a Canning,
A Cobbett, and a Castlereagh;
All sorts of caitiff corpses planning[2]
All sorts of cozening for trepanning
Corpses less corrupt than they.

III.

There is a * * *,[3] who has lost
His wits, or sold them, none knows which;
He walks about a double ghost,
And though as thin as Fraud almost—
Ever grows more grim and rich.

IV.

There is a Chancery Court; a King;
A manufacturing mob; a set
Of thieves who by themselves are sent

[1] Mr. Rossetti says "Castles was a government spy, much loathed in those days."

[2] Mrs. Shelley places a comma here.

[3] All seems to me to point to Eldon as the name left out here.

Similar thieves to represent;
An army; and a public debt.

V.

Which last is a scheme of paper money,
And means—being interpreted—
"Bees,[1] keep your wax—give us the honey,
And we will plant, while skies are sunny,
Flowers, which in winter serve instead."

VI.

There is great talk of revolution—
And a great chance of despotism—
German soldiers—camps—confusion—
Tumults—lotteries—rage—delusion—
Gin—suicide—and methodism.

VII.

Taxes too, on wine and bread,
And meat, and beer, and tea, and cheese,
From which those patriots pure are fed,
Who gorge before they reel to bed
The tenfold essence of all these.

VIII.

There are mincing women, mewing,
(Like cats, who *amant miserè*,*)

* One of the attributes in Linnæus's description of the Cat. To a similar cause the caterwauling of more than one species of this genus is to be referred;—except, indeed, that the poor quadruped is compelled to quarrel with its own pleasures, whilst the biped is supposed only to quarrel with those of others. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[1] I have followed Mr. Rossetti in placing the inverted commas before *Bees*: in Mrs. Shelley's editions they are before *keep*.

Of their own virtue, and pursuing
Their gentler sisters to that ruin,
Without[1] which—what were chastity? *

IX.

Lawyers—judges—old hobnobbers
Are there—bailiffs—chancellors—
Bishops—great and little robbers—
Rhymesters—pamphleteers—stock-jobbers—
Men of glory in the wars,—

X.

Things whose trade is, over ladies
To lean, and flirt, and stare, and simper,
Till all that is divine in woman
Grows cruel, courteous, smooth, inhuman,
Crucified 'twixt a smile and whimper.

XI.

Thrusting, toiling, wailing, moiling,
Frowning, preaching—such a riot!
Each with never-ceasing labour,
Whilst he thinks he cheats his neighbour,
Cheating his own heart of quiet.

XII.

And all these meet at levees;—
Dinners convivial and political;—

* What would this husk and excuse for a virtue be without its kernel prostitution, or the kernel prostitution without this husk of a virtue? I wonder the women of the town do not form an association, like the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for the support of what may be called the "King, Church, and Constitution" of their order. But this subject is almost too horrible for a joke. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[1] I have followed Mr. Rossetti in inserting, at the end of this line, the note of interrogation, not in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

Suppers of epic poets;—teas,
Where small talk dies in agonies;—
Breakfasts professional and critical;

XIII.

Lunches and snacks so aldermanic
That one would furnish forth ten dinners,
Where reigns a Cretan-tonguèd panic,
Lest news Russ, Dutch, or Alemannic
Should make some losers, and some winners;—[1]

XIV.

At conversazioni—balls—
Conventicles—and drawing-rooms—
Courts of law—committees—calls
Of a morning—clubs—book-stalls—
Churches—masquerades—and tombs.

XV.

And this is Hell—and in this smother
All are damnable and damned;
Each one damning, damns the other;
They are damned by one another,
By none other are they damned.

XVI.

'Tis a lie to say, "God damns!"[2]
Where was Heaven's Attorney General
When they first gave out such flams?
Let there be an end of shams,
They are mines of poisonous mineral.

[1] There is no stop here in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[2] This libel on our national oath, and this accusation of all our countrymen of being in the daily practice of solemnly asseverating the most enormous falsehood, I fear deserves the notice of a more active Attorney General than that here alluded to. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

XVII.

Statesmen damn themselves to be
  Cursed; and lawyers damn their souls
To the auction of a fee;
Churchmen damn themselves to see
  God's sweet love in burning coals.

XVIII.

The rich are damned, beyond all cure,
  To taunt, and starve, and trample on
The weak and wretched; and the poor
Damn their broken hearts to endure
  Stripe on stripe, with groan on groan.

XIX.

Sometimes the poor are damned indeed
  To take,—not means for being blest,—
But Cobbett's snuff, revenge; that weed
From which the worms that it doth feed
  Squeeze less than they before possessed.

XX.

And some few, like we know who,
  Damned—but God alone knows why—
To believe their minds are given
To make this ugly Hell a Heaven;
  In which faith they live and die.

XXI.

Thus, as in a town, plague-stricken,
  Each man be he sound or no
Must indifferently sicken;
As when day begins to thicken,
  None knows a pigeon from a crow,—

XXII.

So good and bad, sane and mad,
The oppressor and the oppressed;
Those who weep to see what others
Smile to inflict upon their brothers;
Lovers, haters, worst and best;

XXIII.

All are damned—they breathe an air,
Thick, infected, joy-dispelling:
Each pursues what seems most fair,
Mining like moles, through mind, and there
Scoop palace-caverns vast, where Care
In thronèd state is ever dwelling.

PART THE FOURTH.

SIN.

I.

Lo, Peter in Hell's Grosvenor-square,
A footman in the devil's service!
And the misjudging world would swear
That every man in service there
To virtue would prefer vice.

II.

But Peter, though now damned, was not
What Peter was before damnation.
Men oftentimes prepare a lot
Which ere it finds them, is not what
Suits with their genuine station.[1]

III.

All things that Peter saw and felt
Had a peculiar aspect to him;
And when they came within the belt
Of his own nature, seemed to melt,
Like cloud to cloud, into him.

IV.

And so the outward world uniting
To that within him, he became
Considerably uninviting
To those, who meditation slighting,
Were moulded in a different frame.

[1] Before the poem was published, Mrs. Shelley gave these three lines as a quotation from Shelley at the head of the seventh chapter of *Lodore* (1835).

V.

And he scorned them, and they scorned him;
And he scorned all they did; and they
Did all that men of their own trim
Are wont to do to please their whim,
Drinking, lying, swearing, play.

VI.

Such were his fellow-servants; thus
His virtue, like our own, was built
Too much on that indignant fuss
Hypocrite Pride stirs up in us
To bully one[1] another's guilt.

VII.

He had a mind which was somehow
At once circumference and centre
Of all he might or feel or know;
Nothing went ever out, although
Something did ever enter.

VIII.

He had as much imagination
As a pint-pot;—he never could
Fancy another situation,
From which to dart his contemplation,
Than that wherein he stood.

IX.

Yet his was individual mind,
And new created all he saw
In a new manner, and refined

[1] In previous editions *out* stands in place of *one*. Unquestionably *one* is right: Mr. Rossetti says he would have made the emendation had it been suggested to him in time. Lines 1 to 4 of this stanza, but with *Her* for *His* as the first word, were used by Mrs. Shelley as a motto to Chapter XII of *Lodore*, where also the reading *out* for *one* occurs.

Those new creations, and combined
Them, by a master-spirit's law.

X.

Thus—though[1] unimaginative—
An apprehension clear, intense,
Of his mind's work, had made alive
The things it wrought on; I believe
Wakening a sort of thought in sense.

XI.

But from the first 'twas Peter's drift
To be a kind of moral eunuch,
He touched the hem of Nature's[2] shift,
Felt faint—and never dared uplift
The closest, all-concealing tunic.

XII.

She laughed the while, with an arch smile,
And kissed him with a sister's kiss,
And said—"My best Diogenes,
I love you well—but, if you please,
Tempt not again my deepest bliss.

XIII.

"'Tis you are cold—for I, not coy,
Yield love for love, frank, warm and true;
And Burns, a Scottish peasant boy—
His errors prove it—knew my joy
More, learnèd friend, than you.

[1] Mr. Rossetti substituted *although* for *though*, "conceiving that the metre requires this change." I think the line is better with the syllable missing, and was probably left so purposely by Shelley.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *nature*, with a small *n*.

XIV.

"*Bocca bacciata non perde ventura*
Anzi rinnuova come fa la luna:—
So thought Boccaccio, whose sweet words might cure a
Male prude, like you, from what you now endure, a
Low-tide in soul, like a stagnant laguna."

XV.

Then Peter rubbed his eyes severe,
And smoothed his spacious forehead down,
With his broad palm;—'twixt love and fear,
He looked, as he no doubt felt, queer,
And in his dream sate down.

XVI.

The Devil was no uncommon creature;
A leaden-witted thief—just huddled
Out of the dross and scum of nature;
A toad-like lump of limb and feature,
With mind, and heart, and fancy muddled.

XVII.

He was that heavy, dull, cold thing,
The spirit of evil well may be:
A drone too base to have a sting;
Who gluts, and grimes his lazy wing,
And calls lust, luxury.

XVIII.

Now he was quite the kind of wight
Round whom collect, at a fixed æra,
Venison, turtle, hock, and claret,—
Good cheer—and those who come to share it—
And best East Indian madeira!

XIX.

It was his fancy to invite
Men of science, wit, and learning,
Who came to lend each other light;
He proudly thought that his gold's might
Had set those spirits burning.

XX.

And men of learning, science, wit,
Considered him as you and I
Think of some rotten tree, and sit
Lounging and dining under it,
Exposed to the wide sky.

XXI.

And all the while, with loose fat smile,
The willing wretch sat winking there,
Believing 'twas his power that made
That jovial scene—and that all paid
Homage to his unnoticed chair.

XXII.

Though to be sure this place was Hell;
He was the Devil—and all they—
What though the claret circled well,
And wit, like ocean, rose and fell?—
Were damned eternally.

PART THE FIFTH.

GRACE.

I.

AMONG the guests who often staid
  Till the Devil's petits-soupers,
A man there came, fair as a maid,
And Peter noted what he said,
  Standing behind his master's chair.

II.

He was a mighty poet—and
  A subtle-souled psychologist;
All things he seemed to understand,
Of old or new—of sea or land—
  But his own mind—which was a mist.

III.

This was a man who might have turned
  Hell into Heaven—and so in gladness
A Heaven unto himself have earned;
But he in shadows undiscerned
  Trusted,—and damned himself to madness.

IV.

He spoke of poetry, and how
  "Divine it was—a light—a love—
A spirit which like wind doth blow
As it listeth, to and fro;
  A dew rained down from God above.

V.

"A power which comes and goes like dream,
And which none can ever trace—
Heaven's light on earth—Truth's brightest beam."
And when he ceased there lay the gleam
Of those words upon his face.

VI.

Now Peter, when he heard such talk,
Would, heedless of a broken pate,
Stand like a man asleep, or baulk
Some wishing guest of knife or fork,
Or drop and break his master's plate.

VII.

At night he oft would start and wake
Like a lover, and began
In a wild measure songs to make
On moor, and glen, and rocky lake,
And on the heart of man—[1]

VIII.

And on the universal sky—
And the wide earth's bosom green,—
And the sweet, strange mystery
Of what beyond these things may lie,
And yet remain unseen.

IX.

For in his thought he visited
The spots in which, ere dead and damned,
He his wayward life had led;
Yet knew not whence the thoughts were fed,
Which thus his fancy crammed.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions there is a full-stop here.

X.

And these obscure remembrances
Stirred such harmony in Peter,
That whensoever he should please,
He could speak of rocks and trees
In poetic metre.

XI.

For though it was without a sense
Of memory, yet he remembered well
Many a ditch and quick-set fence;
Of lakes he had intelligence,
He knew something of heath, and fell.

XII.

He had also dim recollections
Of pedlars tramping on their rounds;
Milk-pans and pails; and odd collections
Of saws, and proverbs; and reflections
Old parsons make in burying-grounds.

XIII.

But Peter's verse was clear, and came
Announcing from the frozen hearth
Of a cold age, that none might tame
The soul of that diviner flame
It augured to the Earth.

XIV.

Like gentle rains, on the dry plains,
Making that green which late was grey,
Or like the sudden moon, that stains
Some gloomy chamber's window panes
With a broad light like day.[1]

[1] This stanza was printed by Mrs. Shelley as a motto to Chapter XI of Vol. III of *Lodore* (1835).

XV.

For language was in Peter's hand,
Like clay, while he was yet a potter;
And he made songs for all the land,
Sweet both to feel and understand,
As pipkins late to[1] mountain Cotter.

XVI.

And Mr. ——,[2] the bookseller,
Gave twenty pounds for some;—then scorning
A footman's yellow coat to wear,
Peter, too proud of heart, I fear,
Instantly gave the Devil warning.

XVII.

Whereat the Devil took offence,
And swore in his soul a great oath then,
"That for his damned impertinence,
He'd bring him to a proper sense
Of what was due to gentlemen!"—

[1] Mr. Rossetti has suggested the substitution of *for* for *to*, so as to bring *for mountain Cotter* "in apposition with" *for all the land*; but the signification seems to me to be that Peter made songs, not that were sweet to all the land, but that were simply sweet,—sweet to the heart and understanding,—sweet as late pipkins *to* a mountain Cotter,—and that these songs were *for* all the land. It is of course conceivable that Shelley meant to write *for*, and to imply that, as Peter had of late made pipkins for mountain Cotters, so he now made songs for all the land.

[2] Wordsworth's publishers at that time were the Longman firm,—then Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme and Brown. I think with Mr. Rossetti that the missing name if any was a monosyllable; and it may have been one of the monosyllabic names of that firm. It is, however, possible that we were intended to read "Mr. Dash, the bookseller."

PART THE SIXTH.

DAMNATION.

I.

"O THAT mine enemy had written
A book!"—cried Job:—a fearful curse;
If to the Arab, as the Briton,
'Twas galling to be critic-bitten:—
The Devil to Peter wished no worse.

II.

When Peter's next new book found vent,
The Devil to all the first Reviews
A copy of it slily sent,
With five-pound note as compliment,
And this short notice—"Pray abuse."

III.

Then *seriatim*, month and quarter,
Appeared such mad tirades.—One said—
"Peter seduced Mrs. Foy's daughter,
Then drowned the mother in Ullswater,
The last thing as he went to bed."

IV.

Another—"Let him shave his head![1]
Where's Dr. Willis?—Or is he joking?

[1] Mr. Rossetti says there is "no rhyme" to *head*, and suggests *top* or *crop* as an emendation. I protest against such a change. It is rather an agreeable variation that *head* rhymes with *bed* in the last line of the preceding stanza. Similarly I should strongly object to the introduction of

What does the rascal mean or hope,
No longer imitating Pope,
In that barbarian Shakespeare[1] poking?"

V.

One more, "Is incest not enough?
And must there be adultery too?
Grace after meat? Miscreant and Liar!
Thief! Blackguard! Scoundrel! Fool! Hell-fire
Is twenty times too good for you.

VI.

"By that last book of yours WE think
You've double damned yourself to scorn;
We warned you whilst yet on the brink
You stood. From your black name will shrink
The babe that is unborn."

VII.

All these Reviews the Devil made
Up in a parcel, which he had
Safely to Peter's house conveyed.
For carriage, ten-pence Peter paid—
Untied them—read them—went half mad.

VIII.

"What!" cried he, "this is my reward
For nights of thought, and days of toil?
Do poets, but to be abhorred
By men of whom they never heard,
Consume their spirits' oil?

enow instead of *enough*, in the next stanza, in order to get a bad rhyme for *too* and *you*. I do not imagine Shelley would have dreamed of perfecting in these details a composition of which he thought so slightly. Indeed in the letter to Leigh Hunt of which an extract is given at p. 179, Shelley says "the verses and language I have let come as they would."

[1] *Shakspeare* (without the central *e*) in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

IX.

"What have I done to them?—and who
Is Mrs. Foy? 'Tis very cruel
To speak of me and Betty[1] so!
Adultery! God defend me! Oh!
I've half a mind to fight a duel.

X.

"Or," cried he, a grave look collecting,
"Is it my genius, like the moon,
Sets those who stand her face inspecting,
That face within their brain reflecting,
Like a crazed bell-chime, out of tune?"

XI.

For Peter did not know the town,
But thought, as country readers do,
For half a guinea or a crown,
He bought oblivion or renown
From God's own voice[2] in a review.

XII.

All Peter did on this occasion
Was, writing some sad stuff in prose.
It is a dangerous invasion
When poets criticize; their station
Is to delight, not pose.

[2] *Vox populi, vox dei.* As Mr. Godwin truly observes of a more famous saying, *of some merit as a popular maxim, but totally destitute of philosophical accuracy.* [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[1] In editions earlier than Mr. Rossetti's we read *Emma* for *Betty*; but in Shelley's letter to Mr. Ollier, dated May 14th 1820 (*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 138-9), there is an instruction on the subject,—"for Emma read Betty, as the name of Peter's sister—Emma, I recollect, is the real name of the sister of a great poet who might be mistaken for Peter." *Betty*, being Mrs. Foy's name, was not a happy emendation.

XIII.

The Devil then sent to Leipsic fair,
For Born's translation of Kant's book;
A world of words, tail foremost, where
Right—wrong—false—true—and foul—and fair,
As in a lottery-wheel are shook.

XIV.

Five thousand crammed octavo pages
Of German psychologics,—he
Who his *furor verborum* assuages
Thereon, deserves just seven months' wages
More than will e'er be due to me.

XV.

I looked on them nine several days,
And then I saw that they were bad;
A friend, too, spoke in their dispraise,—
He never read them;—with amaze
I found Sir William Drummond had.

XVI.

When the book came, the Devil sent
It to P. Verbovale,[1] Esquire,
With a brief note of compliment,
By that night's Carlisle mail. It went,
And set his soul on fire.

[1] Quasi, *Qui valet verba*:—*i.e.* all the words which have been, are, or may be expended by, for, against, with, or on him. A sufficient proof of the utility of this history. Peter's progenitor who selected this name seems to have possessed *a pure anticipated cognition* of the nature and modesty of this ornament of his posterity. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

XVII.

Fire, which *ex luce præbens fumum*,
Made him beyond the bottom see
Of truth's clear well—when I and you Ma'am,
Go, as we shall do, *subter humum*,
We may know more than he.

XVIII.

Now Peter ran to seed in soul
Into a walking paradox;
For he was neither part nor whole,
Nor good, nor bad—nor knave nor fool,
—Among the woods and rocks.

XIX.

Furious he rode, where late he ran,
Lashing and spurring his tame hobby;
Turned to a formal puritan,
A solemn and unsexual man,—
He half believed *White Obi*.

XX.

This steed in vision he would ride,
High trotting over nine-inch bridges,
With Flibbertigibbet, imp of pride,
Mocking and mowing by his side—
A mad-brained goblin for a guide—
Over corn-fields, gates, and hedges.

XXI.

After these ghastly rides, he came
Home to his heart, and found from thence
Much stolen of its accustomed flame;
His thoughts grew weak, drowsy, and lame
Of their intelligence.

XXII.

To Peter's view, all seemed one hue;
He was no whig, he was no tory;
No Deist and no Christian he;—
He got so subtle, that to be
Nothing, was all his glory.

XXIII.

One single point in his belief
From his organization sprung,
The heart-enrooted faith, the chief
Ear in his doctrines' blighted sheaf,
That "happiness is wrong;"

XXIV.

So thought Calvin and Dominic;
So think their fierce successors, who
Even now would neither stint nor stick
Our flesh from off our bones to pick,
If they might "do their do."

XXV.

His morals thus were undermined:—
The old Peter—the hard, old Potter[1]
Was born anew within his mind;
He grew dull, harsh, sly, unrefined,
As when he tramped beside the Otter.[2]

[2] A famous river in the new Atlantis of the Dynastophylic Pantisocratists. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[1] Mr. Rossetti introduced the word *Bell*, so as to read—

The old Peter Bell—the hard old potter,

on the ground that "without this or some such monosyllable the metre is miserably cramped." But the metre is to my mind much better without the word *Bell*.

XXVI.

In the death hues of agony
Lambently flashing from a fish,
Now Peter felt amused to see
Shades like a rainbow's rise and flee,
Mixed with a certain hungry wish.[1]

XXVII.

So in his Country's dying face
He looked—and lovely as she lay,
Seeking in vain his last embrace,
Wailing her own abandoned case,
With hardened sneer he turned away:

XXVIII.

And coolly to his own soul said;—
"Do you not think that we might make

[1] See the description of the beautiful colours produced during the agonizing death of a number of trout, in the fourth part of a long poem in blank verse, published within a few years.[2] That poem contains curious evidence of the gradual hardening of a strong but circumscribed sensibility, of the perversion of a penetrating but panic-stricken understanding. The author might have derived a lesson which he had probably forgotten from these sweet and sublime verses.

> This lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,
> Taught both by what she* shows and what conceals,
> Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.
>
> * Nature. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[2] As far as I can ascertain, the only passage in Wordsworth's works answering to the description is the account in *The Excursion*, at the close of "*Book* the Eighth," of two boy anglers "laden with their spoil." Whether Shelley divided the nine books, in his mind, into four parts, or whether Mrs. Shelley altered *eighth book* to *fourth part* for purposes of mystification, may perhaps never be known. But, if the allusion be to that passage, Shelley was certainly too hard on Wordsworth in his note, though stanza XXVI be legitimate satire on the final lines of the description,—

> And, verily, the silent creatures made
> A splendid sight, together thus exposed;
> Dead—but not sullied or deformed by Death,
> That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

It might reasonably be supposed from Shelley's note that Wordsworth actually described the death agonies of the fish—which he does not do.

A poem on her when she's dead:—
Or, no—a thought is in my head—
Her shroud for a new sheet I'll take.

XXIX.

"My wife wants one.—Let who will bury
This mangled corpse! And I and you,
My dearest Soul, will then make merry,
As the Prince Regent did with Sherry,—
Aye[1]—and at last desert me too."

XXX.

And so his Soul would not be gay,
But moaned within him; like a fawn
Moaning within a cave, it lay
Wounded and wasting, day by day,
Till all its life of life was gone.

XXXI.

As troubled skies stain waters clear,
The storm in Peter's heart and mind
Now made his verses dark and queer:
They were the ghosts of what they were,
Shaking dim grave-clothes in the wind.

XXXII.

For he now raved enormous folly,
Of Baptisms, Sunday-schools, and Graves,
'Twould make George Colman melancholy,
To have heard him, like a male Molly,[2]
Chaunting those stupid staves.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *Ay*.

[2] Mr. Rossetti says "the metre of this line is very loose. Perhaps we should read—'like *to* a male Molly.'" I think not: with due emphasis on the word *him*, the metre is well enough as it is.

XXXIII.

Yet the Reviews, who heaped abuse
On Peter while he wrote for freedom,
So soon as in his song they spy,
The folly which soothes tyranny,
Praise him, for those who feed 'em.

XXXIV.

"He was a man, too great to scan;—
A planet lost in truth's keen rays:—
His virtue, awful and prodigious;—
He was the most sublime, religious,
Pure-minded Poet of these days."

XXXV.

As soon as he read that, cried Peter,
"Eureka! I have found the way
To make a better thing of metre
Than e'er was made by living creature
Up to this blessèd day."

XXXVI.

Then Peter wrote odes to the Devil;—
In one of which he meekly said:
"May Carnage and Slaughter,
Thy niece and thy daughter,[1]
May Rapine and Famine,
Thy gorge ever cramming,
Glut thee with living and dead!

[1] In Wordsworth's *Thanksgiving Ode on the Battle of Waterloo*, as known to Shelley, occurs the passage,

. . . Almighty God!
But thy most dreaded instrument
In working out a pure intent
Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter:
Yea, Carnage is thy daughter.

XXXVII.

"May death and damnation,
And consternation,
Flit up from hell with pure intent!
Slash them at Manchester,
Glasgow, Leeds and Chester;
Drench all with blood from Avon to Trent.

XXXVIII.

"Let thy body-guard yeomen
Hew down babes and women,
And laugh with bold triumph till Heaven be rent.[1]
When Moloch in Jewry,
Munched children with fury,
It was thou, Devil, dining with pure intent."*

* It is curious to observe how often extremes meet. Cobbett and Peter use the same language for a different purpose: Peter is indeed a sort of metrical Cobbett. Cobbett is, however, more mischievous than Peter, because he pollutes a holy and now unconquerable cause with the principles of legitimate murder; whilst the other only makes a bad one ridiculous and odious.

If either Peter or Cobbett should see this note, each will feel more indignation at being compared to the other than at any censure implied in the moral perversion laid to their charge. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[1] There is only a comma here in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

PART THE SEVENTH.

DOUBLE DAMNATION.

I.

THE Devil now knew his proper cue.—
Soon as he read the ode, he drove
To his friend Lord MacMurderchouse's,
A man of interest in both houses,
And said:—"For money or for love,

II.

"Pray find some cure or sinecure;
To feed from the superfluous taxes,
A friend of ours—a poet—fewer
Have fluttered tamer to the lure
Than he." His lordship stands and racks his

III.

Stupid brains, while one might count
As many beads as he had boroughs,—
At length replies; from his mean front,
Like one who rubs out an account,
Smoothing away the unmeaning furrows:

IV.

"It happens fortunately, dear Sir,
I can. I hope I need require

No pledge from you, that he will stir
In our affairs;—like Oliver,[1]
That he'll be worthy of his hire."

V.

These words exchanged, the news sent off
To Peter, home the Devil hied,—
Took to his bed; he had no cough,
No doctor,—meat and drink enough,—
Yet that same night he died.

VI.

The Devil's corpse was leaded down;
His decent heirs enjoyed his pelf,
Mourning-coaches, many a one,
Followed his hearse along the town:—
Where was the devil himself?

VII.

When Peter heard of his promotion,
His eyes grew like two stars for bliss:
There was a bow of sleek devotion,
Engendering in his back; each motion
Seemed a Lord's shoe to kiss.

VIII.

He hired a house, bought plate, and made
A genteel drive up to his door,
With sifted gravel neatly laid,—
As if defying all who said,
Peter was ever poor.

[1] A government spy, prominent in the case of Brandreth, Turner, and Ludlam, whose execution in 1817 inspired Shelley to write the *Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte.*

IX.

But a disease soon struck into
The very life and soul of Peter—
He walked about—slept—had the hue
Of health upon his cheeks—and few
Dug better—none a heartier eater.

X.

And yet a strange and horrid curse
Clung upon Peter, night and day,
Month after month the thing grew worse,
And deadlier than in this my verse,
I can find strength to say.

XI.

Peter was dull—he was at first
Dull—O, so dull—so very dull!
Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed—
Still with this dulness was he cursed—
Dull—beyond all conception—dull.

XII.

No one could read his books—no mortal,
But a few natural friends, would hear him;
The parson came not near his portal;
His state was like that of the immortal
Described by Swift—no man could bear him.

XIII.

His sister, wife, and children yawned,
With a long, slow, and drear ennui,
All human patience far beyond;
Their hopes of Heaven each would have pawned,
Any where else to be.

XIV.

But in his verse, and in his prose,
The essence of his dulness was
Concentred and compressed so close,
'Twould have made Guatimozin doze
On his red gridiron of brass.

XV.

A printer's boy, folding those pages,
Fell slumbrously upon one side;
Like those famed seven who slept three ages.
To wakeful frenzy's vigil rages,
As opiates, were the same applied.

XVI.

Even the Reviewers who were hired
To do the work of his reviewing,
With adamantine nerves, grew tired;—
Gaping and torpid they retired,
To dream of what they should be doing.

XVII.

And worse and worse, the drowsy curse
Yawned in him, till it grew a pest—
A wide contagious atmosphere,
Creeping like cold through all things near;
A power to infect and to infest.

XVIII.

His servant-maids and dogs grew dull;
His kitten late a sportive elf,
The woods and lakes, so beautiful,
Of dim stupidity were full,
All grew dull as Peter's self.

XIX.

The earth under his feet—the springs,
Which lived within it a quick life,
The air, the winds of many wings,
That fan it with new murmurings,
Were dead to their harmonious strife.

XX.

The birds and beasts within the wood,
The insects, and each creeping thing,
Were now a silent multitude;
Love's work was left unwrought—no brood
Near Peter's house took wing.

XXI.

And every neighbouring cottager
Stupidly yawned upon the other:
No jack-ass brayed; no little cur
Cocked up his ears;—no man would stir
To save a dying mother.

XXII.

Yet all from that charmed district went
But some half-idiot and half knave,
Who rather than pay any rent,
Would live with marvellous content,
Over his father's grave.

XXIII.

No bailiff dared within that space,
For fear of the dull charm, to enter;
A man would bear upon his face,
For fifteen months in any case,
The yawn of such a venture.

XXIV.

Seven miles above—below—around—
This pest of dulness holds its sway;
A ghastly life without a sound;
To Peter's soul the spell is bound—
How should it ever pass away?[1]

[1] It is worth while, as a study of method, to compare this description of the spread of dulness with the wonderful description in *The Sensitive Plant* of the spread of decay. Mr. Rossetti is certainly right in attributing to Shelley a strong will to castigate Wordsworth in this poem. Mrs. Shelley says on the subject, "I need scarcely observe that nothing personal to the Author of Peter Bell is intended in this poem. No man ever admired Wordsworth's poetry more. . . This poem was written, as a warning—not as a narration of the reality." On the other side Mr. Rossetti observes that Shelley really does attack Wordsworth "on two grounds more especially: 1st, that he was time-serving and conventional in opinion, and, 2nd, that he was prosy and dull in writing." To shew that those views consisted with "a very intense admiration of Wordsworth and his poetry on certain other grounds," Mr. Rossetti quotes that notable passage in Shelley's letter to Peacock dated 25 July 1818 (published in *Fraser's Magazine* for March 1860),—"I wish you had sent me some of the overflowing villany of those apostates. What a pitiful wretch that Wordsworth! That such a man should be such a poet! I can compare him with no one but Simonides, that flatterer of the Sicilian tyrant, and at the same time the most natural and tender of lyric poets." As affecting the question whether Shelley meant to reflect on what Wordsworth *had done*, this passage is most important; and Mr. Rossetti's case is very much strengthened by the fact that, in the letter itself, which is still extant, the reading is "What a beastly and pitiful wretch. . ." That word *beastly*, very properly omitted by Peacock nearly seventeen years ago, has great weight in establishing by external evidence the same *animus* that the internal evidence of the poem indicates. Right or wrong, there it is; and there is no longer any need for suppressing it.

LETTER TO MARIA GISBORNE.

[The *Letter to Maria Gisborne* was first printed in the *Posthumous Poems* (1824),—a volume divided into five sections, namely the Principal Poems, Miscellaneous Poems, Fragments, Reprint of *Alastor*, and Translations. The position of importance is assigned in the usual way, by placing the special pieces first, each with a separate fly-title: the pieces so distinguished are *Julian and Maddalo*, *The Witch of Atlas*, the *Letter to Maria Gisborne*, *The Triumph of Life*, *Fragments from an Unfinished Drama*, *Prince Athanase*, the *Ode to Naples*, *Marianne's Dream* and *Mont Blanc* (reprinted). To me it seems that the Letter was well worthy of a place beside the best of these poems; indeed I should be disposed to rate it as second in importance to *Julian and Maddalo* alone of the group,—that supreme effort *The Triumph of Life* being only a glorious fragment. For that reason I retain the Letter among the leading posthumous poems forming the second chronological series of this edition, instead of placing it, as Mrs. Shelley eventually did, among the minor poems of 1820. In a letter to Mrs. Gisborne dated "Genoa, September 17th, 1822" (*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 212-14), Mrs. Shelley says "where is that letter in verse Shelley once wrote to you? Let me have a copy of it." This would seem as if she was then without a copy; and yet a transcript in her writing exists,—that found among the papers of Leigh Hunt, and placed at my disposal by Mr. Townshend Mayer. This MS. enables me at length to complete the poem, which has been gradually built up in one edition after another, since its first most partial appearance in 1824. On one or two textual details nothing short of the actual letter sent through the post will satisfy me; but Mrs. Shelley's transcript has but one blank, and, though not by any means a faultless MS., it affords, with Shelley's draft, in Sir Percy Shelley's possession, ample basis for a text substantially perfect and final. Mr. Garnett published in the *Relics* emendations from Sir Percy Shelley's MS. which, however, is much blotted, and partly illegible; and in 1870 he furnished Miss Blind with several more emendations for her article published in the *Westminster Review* of July in that year. Mrs. Shelley has recorded that Mrs. Gisborne was an early and favourite friend of Godwin's. "She was," we are told (Note to Poems of 1820), "a lady of great accomplishments, and charming from her frank and affectionate nature. She had the most intense love of knowledge, a delicate and trembling sensibility, and preserved freshness of mind, after a life of considerable adversity." The Shelleys "sought her with eagerness, and the most open and cordial friendship was established between" them.—H. B. F.]

LETTER TO MARIA GISBORNE.[1]

Leghorn, July 1, 1820.[2]

THE spider spreads her webs, whether she be
In poet's tower, cellar, or[3] barn, or tree;
The silk-worm[4] in the dark green mulberry leaves
His winding sheet and cradle ever weaves;
So I, a thing whom moralists call worm,
Sit spinning still round this decaying form,
From the fine threads of rare and subtle thought—
No net of words in garish colours wrought
To catch the idle buzzers of the day—
But a soft cell, where when that fades away,
Memory may clothe in wings my living name
And feed it with the asphodels of fame,

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* the title was *Letter to* ———. The name was inserted in Mrs. Shelley's next edition, —the first collection of 1839.

[2] The date appears in all previous editions as "July 1, 1820." Mrs. Shelley's transcript is dated June, 1820. I should imagine that the letter was written in the latter part of June, and that Mrs. Shelley made this transcript before the original left Leghorn for London. She may indeed have finished it on July 1, and filled in the date in the original herself (she *did* date Shelley's letters for him sometimes, and fill in the addresses). The transcript would naturally give the time of composition; the actual letter would bear the date of despatch. I think this transcript was probably made expressly to send to Leigh Hunt, to be shewn to the circle of Shelley's London friends, when there was no notion of publication. Further reasons for this view will be found in other notes; and, if it be correct, the fact gives the MS. great authority in all essential matters save one, while it leaves it with insufficient authority to disturb the text of 1824 in regard to those minutiæ that involve care in transcription;—because, the chances are that that version was given from a more punctilious transcript than this, as being written specially for publication.

[3] This word *or* is not in the transcript. It is in all printed editions; and I think the transcript is at fault.

[4] In the transcript, *silk-worms*, wrongly of course.

Which in those hearts which must[1] remember me
Grow, making love an immortality.

Whoever should behold me now, I wist,
Would think I were a mighty mechanist,
Bent with sublime Archimedean art
To breathe a soul into the iron heart
Of some machine portentous, or strange gin,
Which by the force of figured spells might win
Its way over the sea, and sport therein;
For round the walls are hung dread engines, such
As Vulcan never wrought for Jove to clutch
Ixion or the Titan[2]:—or the quick
Wit of that man of God, St. Dominic,
To convince Atheist, Turk or Heretic,
Or those in philanthropic council[3] met,
Who thought to pay some interest for the debt
They owed to Jesus Christ for their salvation,[4]
By giving a faint foretaste of damnation
To Shakespeare, Sidney, Spenser and the rest
Who made our land an island of the blest,
When lamp-like Spain, who now relumes her fire
On Freedom's hearth, grew dim with Empire:—
With thumbscrews, wheels, with tooth and spike and jag,
Which fishers[5] found under the utmost crag

[1] I rather lean here to the word *most*, the reading of the transcript and of all editions but that of Mr. Rossetti, who substituted *must* on the authority of Mr. Garnett. That being the word in Sir P. Shelley's MS., it cannot well be rejected in the absence of the actual letter that went through the post.

[2] *Titans* in the transcript; but I retain the reading of previous editions, because the reference is more likely to be to the fastening of Prometheus to Mount Caucasus, than to any clutching of other Titans in Jove's war with them.

[3] In previous editions, *philosophic councils*; in the transcript *philosophic council*; but the right adjective is of course *philanthropic*, as in Sir Percy Shelley's MS.

[4] In the *Posthumous Poems* and the first edition of 1839, there were asterisks here instead of the words *to Jesus Christ for their salvation*, which were first inserted in the second edition of 1839.

[5] So in both MSS. In the *Posthumous Poems*, we read *which fishes*, in Mrs. Shelley's other editions *with fishes*. I do not agree with Mr. Ros-

Of Cornwall and the storm-encompassed isles,
Where to the sky the rude sea rarely[1] smiles
Unless in treacherous wrath, as on the morn
When the exulting elements in scorn
Satiated with destroyed destruction, lay
Sleeping in beauty on their mangled prey,
As panthers sleep;—and other strange and dread
Magical forms the brick floor overspread——
Proteus transformed to metal did not make
More figures, or more strange; nor did he take
Such shapes of unintelligible brass,
Or heap himself in such a horrid mass
Of tin and[2] iron not to be understood;[3]
And forms of unimaginable wood,
To puzzle Tubal Cain and all his brood:
Great screws, and cones, and wheels, and groovèd blocks,
The elements of what will stand the shocks
Of wave and wind and time.—Upon the table
More knacks and quips there be[4] than I am able
To catalogize in this[5] verse of mine:—
A pretty bowl of wood—not full of wine,[6]
But quicksilver; that dew which the gnomes drink
When at their subterranean toil they swink,
Pledging the demons of the earthquake, who

setti that a change in punctuation is necessary to make it appear that the reference is to the torture engines sent from Spain in the Armada and wrecked off the coast of Cornwall. The sentence is too hopelessly long and complex to bear any tampering with; and the best way to bring out the sense is to let the reader think it over. The removal of one difficulty involves us very surely in at least two.

[1] In all previous editions, *seldom*; but *rarely* in the transcript,—a manifest improvement, avoiding redundancy of words beginning with *s*.

[2] So in all editions; but *or* instead of *and* in the transcript.

[3] In all previous editions, and in the transcript, the stop here is a comma, but as it seems to me quite certain that the "forms of unimaginable wood" have nothing to do with the *metallic* changes of Proteus, I have ventured to make this a separate division of the catalogue, as I have no doubt Shelley made it.

[4] The words *there be* are missing in the transcript; but they appear in all editions.

[5] So in all editions; but *the* for *this* in the transcript.

[6] In the transcript, *wind*,—a clerical error, clearly.

Reply to them in lava—cry halloo![1]
And call out to the cities o'er their head,—
Roofs, towers[2] and shrines, the dying and the dead,
Crash through the chinks of earth—and then all quaff
Another rouse, and hold their sides and laugh.
This quicksilver no gnome has drunk—within
The walnut bowl it lies, veinèd and thin,
In[3] colour like the wake of light that stains
The Tuscan deep, when from the moist moon rains
The inmost shower of it's white fire—the breeze
Is still—blue heaven smiles over the pale seas.
And in this bowl of quicksilver—for I
Yield to the impulse of an infancy
Outlasting manhood—I[4] have made to float
A rude idealism of a paper boat:—[5]
A hollow screw with cogs—Henry[6] will know
The thing I mean and laugh at me,—if so
He fears not I should do more mischief.—Next
Lie[7] bills and calculations much perplext,
With steam-boats, frigates, and machinery quaint
Traced over them in blue and yellow paint.
Then comes a range of mathematical
Instruments, for plans nautical and statical;

[1] This line was formerly printed thus
Reply to them in lava-cry, halloo!
The sense of the line is shewn in both MSS. to be as above. I give it as in the transcript. Mrs. Shelley's dashes are often very small, as this one is. I suspect it got mistaken by the printer for a hyphen.

[2] In all previous editions, *towns*; but *towers* in the transcript. This is doubtless right.

[3] In the transcript, *I* instead of *In*, —another clerical error.

[4] This *I* is wanting in the transcript. It is in all editions.

[5] In Mrs. Shelley's editions and in her transcript there is a dash at the end of this line. Mr. Rossetti substituted a comma, and destroyed the sense. The dash was Shelley's stop of all work; and if he placed it there alone, he doubtless meant it to shew that the hollow screw was another item in the catalogue,—the next thing to the bowl,—the screw and the "idealism of a paper boat" not being one and the same, as Mr. Rossetti has made them; but I think a colon has probably been lost, and supply one.

[6] Henry Reveley, an Engineer, in whose work-shop Shelley was writing. He was Mrs. Gisborne's son by a former marriage; and the Shelleys were staying in the house of the Gisbornes, then absent from Leghorn.

[7] So in all editions, but *See* in the transcript.

A heap of rosin, a queer[1] broken glass
With ink in it;—a china cup that was
What it will never be again, I think,
A thing from which sweet lips were wont to drink
The liquor doctors rail at—and which I
Will quaff in spite of them—and when we die
We'll toss up who died first of drinking tea,
And cry out,—heads or tails? where'er we be.
Near that a dusty paint box, some odd hooks,[2]
A[3] half-burnt match, an ivory block, three books,
Where conic sections, spherics, logarithms,
To great Laplace, from Saunderson and Sims,
Lie heaped in their harmonious disarray
Of figures,—disentangle them who may.
Baron de Tott's Memoirs beside them lie,
And some odd volumes of old chemistry.
Near those[4] a most inexplicable thing,
With lead[5] in the middle—I'm conjecturing
How to make Henry understand; but no—
I'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,
This secret in the pregnant womb of time,
Too vast a matter for so weak a rhyme.

And here like some weird Archimage sit I,
Plotting dark spells, and devilish[6] enginery,
The self-impelling steam-wheels of the mind
Which pump up oaths from clergymen, and grind
The gentle spirit of our meek reviews
Into a powdery foam of salt abuse,

[1] In all Mrs. Shelley's editions, and in her transcript the word here is *green*. It is *queer* in Sir P. Shelley's MS.

[2] So in the transcript: in the first edition *old hooks*; but *old books* in the editions of 1839.

[3] *An* in the *Posthumous Poems*; but *A* in other editions, and in the transcript.

[4] So in the transcript, but *them* in all editions.

[5] Mrs. Shelley printed *least* in all her editions; and that is the word in the transcript; but it is *lead* in Sir Percy Shelley's MS.

[6] In the transcript *self-impelling* was here as well as in the next line; but doubtless *devilish* is the right epithet: it is in all editions.

Ruffling the ocean of their self-content;—
I sit—and smile or sigh as is my bent,
But not for them—Libeccio rushes round
With an inconstant and an idle sound,
I heed him more than them—the thunder-smoke
Is gathering on the mountains, like a cloak
Folded athwart their shoulders broad and bare;
The ripe corn under the undulating air
Undulates like an ocean;—and the vines
Are trembling wide in all their trellised lines—
The murmur of the awakening sea doth fill
The empty pauses of the blast;—the hill
Looks hoary through the white electric rain,
And from the glens beyond, in sullen strain,
The interrupted thunder howls; above
One chasm of heaven smiles, like the eye[1] of Love
On the unquiet world;—while such things are,
How could one worth your friendship heed[2] the war
Of worms? the shriek of the world's carrion jays,
Their censure, or their wonder, or their praise?

You are not here! the quaint witch Memory sees
In vacant chairs, your absent images,
And points where once you sat, and now should be
But are not.—I demand if ever we
Shall meet as then we met;—and she replies,
Veiling in awe her second-sighted eyes;
"I know the past alone—but summon home
"My sister Hope,—she speaks of all to come."
But I, an old diviner, who knew[3] well
Every false verse of that sweet oracle,

[1] The word here is *eye* in both the MSS., *age* in the *Posthumous Poems*, and *eye* again in the collected editions.
[2] So in all editions, but *hear* in the transcript.
[3] In Mrs. Shelley's editions and transcript, *know*, but *knew* in Sir P. Shelley's MS.

Turned to the sad enchantress once again,
And sought a respite from my gentle pain,
In citing[1] every passage o'er and o'er
Of our communion—how on the sea shore
We watched the ocean and the sky together,
Under the roof of blue Italian weather;[2]
How I ran home through last year's thunder-storm,
And felt the transverse lightning linger warm
Upon my cheek—and how we often made
Feasts[3] for each other, where good will outweighed
The frugal luxury of our country cheer,
As well it[4] might, were it less firm and clear
Than ours must ever be;—and how we spun
A shroud of talk to hide us from the sun
Of this familiar life, which seems to be
But is not,—or is but quaint mockery
Of all we would believe, and[5] sadly blame
The jarring and inexplicable frame
Of this wrong world:—and then anatomize
The purposes and thoughts of men whose eyes
Were closed in distant years;—or widely guess
The issue of the earth's great business,
When we shall be as we no longer are—[6]
Like babbling gossips safe, who hear the war

[1] So in Sir P. Shelley's MS.; but *acting* in the transcript and in former editions.

[2] Cf. line 542 of *Epipsychidion*.

[3] So in the transcript, but *Treats* in all editions.

[4] So in the transcript; but in previous editions, *it well* for *well it*.

[5] I give this line exactly as in the transcript: in Mrs. Shelley's editions we read *or* for *and*, and a semicolon for a comma after *believe*. I think this subverts the sense, which seems to me to be "this familiar life which is but mockery of all we would believe, for which state of things we blame the frame of this wrong world."

[6] This line is given as in former editions, and as in the transcript, because the present sense is possible,—"when we shall again be as we once were and no longer are." I am morally convinced, nevertheless, that there is an accidental slip in the order of the words, and that we should read

When we shall be no longer as we are.

It should perhaps be stated that the dash at the end of the line is in the transcript, whereas a semicolon takes its place in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

Of winds, and sigh, but tremble not;—or how
You listened to some interrupted flow
Of visionary rhyme,—in joy and pain
Struck from the inmost fountains of my brain,
With little skill perhaps;—or how we sought
Those deepest wells of passion or of thought
Wrought by wise poets in the waste of years,
Staining their[1] sacred waters with our tears;
Quenching a thirst ever to be renewed!
Or how I, wisest lady! then indued
The language of a land which now is free,[2]
And winged[3] with thoughts of truth and majesty,
Flits round the tyrant's sceptre like a cloud,
And bursts the peopled prisons, and cries aloud,
"My name is Legion!"—that majestic tongue
Which Calderon over the desart flung
Of ages and of nations; and which found
An echo in our hearts, and with the sound
Startled oblivion;—thou wert then to me
As is a nurse—when inarticulately
A child would talk as it's grown parents do.
If living winds the rapid clouds pursue,
If hawks chase doves through the ætherial[4] way,
Huntsmen the innocent deer, and beasts their prey,
Why should not we rouse with the spirit's blast
Out of the forest of the pathless past
These recollected pleasures?

You are now
In London, that great sea, whose ebb and flow

[1] So in the transcript; but *the* in all former editions.

[2] It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Gisborne really did act as Shelley's preceptress in the study of Spanish.

[3] In the transcript, *mingled*; but in all editions, *winged*, of course rightly.

[4] This is the adjective in the transcript, and seems to me more Shelley-like in this place than the *aërial* of the printed editions.

At once is deaf and loud, and on the shore
Vomits its wrecks, and still howls on for more.
Yet in its depth what treasures! You will see
That which was Godwin,[1]—greater none than he
Though fallen—and fallen on evil times—to stand
Among the spirits of our age and land,
Before the dread tribunal of *to come*
The foremost,—while Rebuke cowers pale and dumb.
You will see Coleridge—he who sits obscure
In the exceeding lustre, and the pure
Intense irradiation of a mind,
Which, with its own internal lightning[2] blind,
Flags wearily through darkness and despair—
A cloud-encircled meteor of the air,
A hooded eagle among blinking owls.——
You will see Hunt—one of those happy souls
Which are the salt of the[3] earth, and without whom
This world would smell like what it is—a tomb;
Who is, what others seem; his room no doubt
Is still adorned by many a cast from Shout,[4]
With graceful flowers tastefully placed about;

[1] The passage about Godwin is given in its integrity in the transcript, except that the name is written *G——n*, —a proof, I think, that this was made without a view to publication, for the Hunt circle, as indicated in my note at page 226; for when the poem was first printed, and Godwin was of necessity to see it, the lines were omitted altogether. They were not supplied even in the first edition of 1839; but in the second they were given, three years after Godwin's death, thus unnecessarily garbled:

You will see
Your old friend Godwin, greater none than he;
Though fallen on evil times, yet will he stand,
Among the spirits of our age and land,
Before the dread tribunal of To-come
The foremost, whilst rebuke stands pale and dumb.

The transcript corresponds here with Sir P. Shelley's MS.,—the word *stands* in line 201 being either a printer's error, or an error of Mrs. Shelley's in making the copy for press. In the same line the *while* of the MS., is certainly more euphonious than the *whilst* of previous editions.

[2] In all Mrs. Shelley's editions the word here is *lustre*; but in both MSS., it is *lightning*.

[3] The word *the*, which is in all editions, is not in the transcript. I have no doubt it should be there.

[4] Being anxious to identify the person here referred to, I consulted without success several books of reference; but Mr. Garnett, who kindly undertook to search further, discovered in some of the contemporary directories "Shout (Robert), statuary, 18 High Holborn." Mr. Garnett says Shout "does not appear as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and his occupation probably consisted chiefly in making casts." In confirm-

And coronals of bay from ribbons hung,
And brighter wreaths in neat disorder flung;
The gifts of the most learn'd[1] among some dozens
Of female friends, sisters-in-law and cousins.
And there is he with his eternal puns,
Which beat the dullest brain for smiles, like duns
Thundering for money at a poet's door;
Alas! it is no use to say, "I'm poor!"
Or oft in graver mood, when he will look
Things wiser than were ever read[2] in book,
Except in Shakespeare's wisest tenderness.—
You will see Hogg,[3]—and I cannot express
His virtues,—though I know that they are great,
Because he locks, then barricades the gate
Within which they inhabit;—of his wit
And wisdom, you'll cry out when you are bit.
He is a pearl within an oyster shell,
One of the richest of the deep;—and there
Is English Peacock[4] with his mountain fair
Turned into a Flamingo;—that shy bird
That gleams i' the Indian air—have you not heard
When a man marries, dies, or turns Hindoo,
His best friends hear no more of him?—but you
Will see him, and will like him too, I hope,
With the milk-white Snowdonian Antelope
Matched with the cameleopard—his fine wit[5]

ation I have since found "Shout, Holborn," in Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* (all five issues), among "Shops where casts in plaster of Paris, from Antique Statues and Busts are sold." Probably Shout supplied such casts as Hunt required, and did the necessary casting from clay models by Mrs. Hunt, who was an amateur sculptor.

[1] Shelley's and Mrs. Shelley's custom was to leave the mute *e* in all such words; but in the transcript this particular *e* is struck out and an apo-[illegible]phe substituted, no doubt because [illegible]t *would not* be mute if left in.

[2] In Sir P. Shelley's MS. *read*, but *said* in former editions and in the transcript,—in which, by the bye, Mrs. Shelley has drawn a line down the margin to call attention to lines 223 to 225,—another indication that this copy was made specially for Hunt.

[3] Mr. Rossetti rightly surmised that the *H*—— which used to be here should be replaced by the name of *Hogg*. It is so in both MSS.

[4] This name also is written in full in both MSS. Only *P*—— appears in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[5] I give this line as in the trans-

Makes such a wound, the knife is lost in it;
A strain too learnèd for a shallow age,
Too wise for selfish bigots; let his page
Which charms the chosen spirits of the time,[1]
Fold itself up for the[2] serener clime
Of years to come, and find it's recompense
In that just expectation.[3]—Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge; all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in Horace Smith.[4]—And these,
With some exceptions, which I need not teaze
Your patience by descanting on,—are all
You and I know in London.

I recall
My thoughts, and bid you look upon the night.
As water does a sponge, so the moonlight
Fills the void, hollow, universal air—
What see you?—unpavilioned heaven is fair
Whether the moon, into her chamber gone,
Leaves midnight to the golden stars, or wan
Climbs with diminished beams the azure steep;
Or whether clouds sail o'er the inverse deep,
Piloted by the many-wandering blast,

cript: in the *Posthumous Poems* the only difference is that there is a semicolon instead of a dash after the word *cameleopard*. In the first edition of 1839 we read

Matched with his camelopard; his fine wit

and in the second edition of 1839 the same words, but with no stop whatever in the line. Mr. Rossetti gave

Matched with this camelopard. His fine wit

retaining the authorized orthography of *camelopard*,—which I desire most emphatically to reject in favour of the incorrect popular orthography, *camelcopard*, because I have not the remotest doubt that Shelley used that word under the impression that it was compounded of *camel* and *leopard* and accented on the first and third syllables. If we accept the right etymology (deriving the word from *camel* and *pard*) we must take the right pronunciation with it, and accent the word on the first and fourth syllables, thus destroying the rhythm.

[1] In all Mrs. Shelley's editions, *age*; but *time* in both the MSS.

[2] In previous editions, *a*; but *the* in the transcript.

[3] So in all editions; but in the transcript *reputation*.

[4] This name is given in full in the transcript and in Mrs. Shelley's second edition of 1839. In earlier editions the initials *H.S.* only appeared.

And the rare stars rush through them dim and fast:——
All this is beautiful in every land.——
But what see you beside[1]?—a shabby stand
Of Hackney coaches—a brick house or wall
Fencing some lonely court, white with the scrawl
Of our unhappy politics;—or worse—
A wretched woman reeling by, whose curse
Mixed with the watchman's, partner of her trade,
You must accept in place of serenade—
Or yellow-haired Pollonia murmuring
To Henry, some unutterable thing.[2]
I see a chaos of green leaves and fruit
Built round dark caverns, even to the root
Of the living stems that[3] feed them—in whose bowers
There sleep in their dark dew the folded flowers;
Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne
In circles quaint, and ever changing dance,
Like wingèd stars the fire-flies flash and glance,
Pale in the open moonshine, but each one
Under the dark trees seems a little sun,
A meteor tamed; a fixed star gone astray
From the silver regions of the milky way;—
Afar the Contadino's song is heard,
Rude, but made sweet by distance—and a bird
Which cannot be the[4] Nightingale, and yet
I know none else that sings so sweet as it
At this late hour;—and then all is still——
Now Italy or London, which you will!

Next winter you must pass with me; I'll have

[1] So in all editions: in the transcript, *besides*.

[2] This couplet is not in the transcript, the *Posthumous Poems*, or the first edition of 1839; but was first given in the second edition of 1839.

[3] In previous editions, *who*: in the transcript, *that*,—a manifest improvement in grammar and euphony.

[4] In all previous editions, *a*; but *the* in the transcript.

My house by that time turned into a grave
Of dead despondence and low-thoughted care,
And all the dreams which our tormentors are;
Oh! that Hunt, Hogg, Peacock and Smith were there,[1]
With every thing belonging to them fair!—
We will have books, Spanish, Italian, Greek;
And ask one week to make another week

[1] Although these names are in both the available MSS., I do not feel absolutely satisfied that Shelley meant the line to stand thus ineuphoniously when he sent Mrs. Gisborne the letter, which I suspect Mrs. Shelley re-transcribed for the *Posthumous Poems*. The exact form in which the line appears in that volume is

Oh that H—— —— and —— were there,

and I cannot agree with Mr. Rossetti that this reading indicates three persons, though as he printed the line, with some commas of his own introducing,

Oh, that Hunt, ———, and ———, were there,

three persons are certainly indicated. But, even if this were so in the first edition, I do not think we could entertain the suggestion that two of the persons are Hunt's sister-in-law and wife, and read, as Mr. Rossetti suggested,

Oh, that Hunt, Bessy, and Marianne were there, . .

To me it seems that this suggestion makes a wholly unrhythmic line: again, Bessy and Marianne would be among the fair belongings, and the couplet would be almost unmeaning. I lean strongly to the belief that in the copy on which the first edition was based, the person for whom two names are indicated ["H—— ——"] was specified, and that this was Horace Smith, the other being Hunt: we should then have one of those exquisitely rhythmic and heart-felt lines short of a syllable, that Shelley occasionally used:—

Oh that Horace Smith and Hunt were there,

just such a line as

Is it with thy kisses or thy tears?

in the lines to Emilia Viviani. The way in which Mrs. Shelley herself, to some extent, misled Mr. Rossetti, is curious: in her first collected edition of 1839 she printed the line thus:—

Oh that H——— and ——— were there,

and in the second edition of 1839 thus:—

Oh that Hunt and ——— were there,

and it seems probable that both she and the printers lost all account of the distinction between what is technically called a "4-em metal rule" and two "2-em metal rules"; that she knew Hunt's name appeared in the line, and put it in for the first time in a working copy of the first edition of 1839 (not of the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824). Now the earliest reading of the line indicates that the first blank stood for a person with two names, the *first* beginning with *H*; and that the second blank was for one name of one syllable. Mrs. Shelley seems to have remembered fifteen years later that Hunt was named in the line, and the printers having meanwhile substituted a long dash after *H* for two short dashes, she put the name in the first blank space. Perhaps she had forgotten whom the other blank was for; and certainly she was not very particular about the matter, as shewn by her giving the line in three different and inconsistent ways. Horace Smith is the only person named in the letter who will fit the "H—— ——"; and the evidence of the context would tend to shew that the persons meant were some of those already named. I have discussed this line as if there were no authority for it at all, because, though there is sufficient ground for giving the four names in the text, I strongly suspect there were different versions of the letter for different circles. But what has become of the letter itself?

As like his father, as I'm unlike mine,
Which is not his fault, as you may divine.[1]
Though we eat little flesh and drink no wine,
Yet let's be merry: we'll have tea and toast;
Custards for supper, and an endless host
Of syllabubs and jellies and mince-pies,
And other such lady-like luxuries,—
Feasting on which we will philosophize!
And we'll have fires out of the Grand Duke's wood,
To thaw the six weeks' winter in our blood.
And then we'll talk;—what shall we talk about?
Oh! there are themes enough for many a bout
Of thought-entangled descant;—as to nerves—
With cones and parallelograms and curves
I've sworn to strangle them if once they dare
To bother me—when you are with me there.
And they shall never more sip laudanum,
From Helicon or Himeros*;—well, come,[2]
And in despite of God[3] and of the devil,
We'll[4] make our friendly philosophic revel
Outlast the leafless time; till buds and flowers
Warn the obscure inevitable hours,
Sweet meeting by sad parting to renew;—
"Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

* Ἵμερος, from which the river Himera was named, is, with some slight shade of difference, a synonyme of Love. [SHELLEY'S NOTE.]

[1] This line, which is in the transcript, appears now, I believe, for the first time.

[2] In the transcript, in the *Posthumous Poems*, and in the first edition of 1839, *we'll come*; but in the second edition of 1839, and onwards, *well, come*.

[3] Three asterisks have hitherto stood in this place in all editions; and the blank has been much discussed and debated. Sir Percy Shelley's MS. affords no clue to the lost word, now given from the transcript, which also supports the word *despite*, given in the *Posthumous Poems*, but dropped in favour of *spite*, in Mrs. Shelley's later editions.

[4] So in the transcript, and of course rightly; but in all Mrs. Shelley's editions we read *Will* for *We'll*, a corruption doubtless consequent on the former one, *we'll* for *well* in line 317, but not corrected when that was put right.

THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

[Mrs. Shelley tells us that, during some of the hottest days of August 1820, Shelley made an excursion from the Baths of San Giuliano to the summit of Monte San Pellegrino, and wrote, in the three days immediately after his return, *The Witch of Atlas*,—a poem which Mrs. Shelley characterizes as "a brilliant congregation of ideas, such as his senses gathered, and his fancy coloured, during his rambles in the sunny land he so much loved." The poem was sent to Mr. Ollier for publication; and in writing to that gentleman on the 22nd of February 1821, Shelley directed that it should not be included in the same volume as *Julian and Maddalo*, adding (*Shelley Memorials*, p. 154)—"You may put my name to *The Witch of Atlas*, as usual." It was not, however, published until 1824, when Mrs. Shelley included it in the *Posthumous Poems*. Sir Percy Shelley has a perfect MS. of it in Shelley's handwriting,—from which Mr. Garnett gave some emendations in his *Relics of Shelley*; and among the Leigh Hunt MSS. placed at my disposal by Mr. Townshend Mayer, is a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's writing. This transcript is of great interest, as shewing variations from the received text. The six stanzas to Mary were not given in the *Posthumous Poems*,—perhaps on account of the references to Wordsworth in the last three,—which Mrs. Shelley issued for the first time in her second collected edition of 1839, Wordsworth being still alive. The reference to *Laon and Cythna* in the third of these stanzas is very striking. Shelley seems to have hardly suspected that there would be a resurrection for that poem, in any form, much less in the very form in which it was most dear to him.—H. B. F.]

TO MARY,

(ON HER OBJECTING TO THE FOLLOWING POEM, UPON THE SCORE OF ITS CONTAINING NO HUMAN INTEREST.)

I.

How, my dear Mary, are you critic-bitten,
(For vipers kill, though dead,) by some review,
That you condemn these verses I have written,
Because they tell no story, false or true!
What, though no mice are caught by a young kitten,
May it not leap and play as grown cats do,
Till its claws come? Prithee, for this one time,
Content thee with a visionary rhyme.

II.

What hand would crush the silken-wingèd fly,
The youngest of inconstant April's minions,
Because it cannot climb the purest sky,
Where the swan sings, amid the sun's dominions?
Not thine. Thou knowest 'tis its doom to die,
When day shall hide within her twilight pinions,
The lucent eyes, and the eternal smile,
Serene as thine, which lent it life awhile.

III.

To thy fair feet a wingèd Vision came,
Whose date should have been longer than a day,
And o'er thy head did beat its wings for fame,
And in thy sight its fading plumes display;

The watery bow burned in the evening flame,
But the shower fell, the swift sun went his way—
And that is dead.—— O, let me not believe
That any thing of mine is fit to live!

IV.

Wordsworth informs us he was nineteen years
Considering and retouching Peter Bell;
Watering his laurels with the killing tears
Of slow, dull care, so that their roots to hell
Might pierce, and their wide branches blot the spheres
Of heaven, with dewy leaves and flowers; this well
May be, for Heaven and Earth conspire to foil
The over-busy gardener's blundering toil.

V.

My Witch indeed is not so sweet a creature
As Ruth or Lucy, whom his graceful praise
Clothes for our grandsons—but she matches Peter,
Though he took nineteen years, and she three days
In dressing. Light the vest of flowing metre
She wears; he, proud as dandy with his stays,
Has hung upon his wiry limbs a dress
Like King Lear's "looped and windowed raggedness."

VI.

If you strip Peter, you will see a fellow,
Scorched by Hell's hyperequatorial climate
Into a kind of a sulphureous yellow:
A lean mark, hardly fit to fling a rhyme at;
In shape a Scaramouch, in hue Othello.[1]
If you unveil my Witch, no priest nor primate
Can shrive you of that sin,—if sin there be
In love, when it becomes idolatry.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions this period is misprinted as a comma.

THE WITCH OF ATLAS.

I.

Before those cruel Twins, whom at one birth
Incestuous Change bore to her father Time,
Error and Truth, had hunted from the Earth
All those bright natures which adorned its prime,
And left us nothing to believe in, worth
The pains of putting into learnèd rhyme,
A lady-witch there lived on Atlas' mountain
Within a cavern, by a secret fountain.

II.

Her mother was one of the Atlantides:
The all-beholding Sun had ne'er beholden
In his wide voyage o'er continents and seas
So fair a creature, as she lay enfolden
In the warm shadow of her loveliness;—
He kissed her with his beams, and made all golden
The chamber of grey rock in which she lay—
She, in that dream of joy, dissolved away.

III.

'Tis said, she first was[1] changed into a vapour,
And then into a cloud, such clouds as flit,

[1] So in the transcript; but *was first* in previous editions.

Like splendour-wingèd moths about a taper,
Round the red[1] west when the sun dies in it:
And then into a meteor, such as caper
On hill-tops when the moon is in a fit:
Then, into one of those mysterious stars
Which hide themselves between the Earth and Mars.

IV.

Ten times the Mother of the Months had bent
Her bow beside the folding-star, and bidden
With that bright sign the billows to indent
The sea-deserted sand—like children chidden,
At her command they ever came and went—
Since in that cave a dewy splendour hidden
Took shape and motion: with the living form
Of this embodied Power, the cave grew warm.

V.

A lovely lady garmented in light
From her own beauty—deep her eyes, as are
Two openings of unfathomable night
Seen through a Temple's[2] cloven roof—her hair
Dark—the dim brain whirls dizzy with delight,
Picturing her form; her soft smiles shone afar,
And her low voice was heard like love, and drew
All living things towards this wonder new.

VI.

And first the spotted cameleopard[3] came,
And then the wise and fearless elephant;

[1] So in all editions; but *dead* in the transcript.

[2] So in the transcript; but *tempest's* in former editions.

[3] So in the transcript, the *Posthumous Poems*, and the first edition of 1839;—in the second, and later editions, *camelopard*. The note on this word at pp. 236-7 applies equally here. I have no doubt the incorrect form should be retained, as being Shelley's word.

Then the sly serpent, in the golden flame
Of his own volumes intervolved;—all gaunt
And sanguine beasts her gentle looks made tame.
They drank before her at her sacred fount;
And every beast of beating heart grew bold,
Such gentleness and power even to behold.[1]

VII.

The brinded lioness led forth her young,
That she might teach them how they should forego
Their inborn thirst of death; the pard unstrung
His sinews at her feet, and sought to know
With looks whose motions spoke without a tongue
How he might be as gentle as the doe.
The magic circle of her voice and eyes
All savage natures did imparadise.

VIII.

And old Silenus, shaking a green stick
Of lilies, and the wood-gods in a crew
Came, blithe, as in the olive copses thick
Cicadæ are, drunk with the noonday dew:
And Dryope[2] and Faunus followed quick,
Teazing the God to sing them something new;
Till in this cave they found the lady lone,
Sitting upon a seat of emerald stone.

IX.

And universal Pan, 'tis said, was there,
And though none saw him,—through the adamant
Of the deep mountains, through the trackless air,
And through those living spirits, like a want

[1] In the transcript this line consists merely of the initial word *Such* and the final words *to behold*,—a space being left for the remainder to be filled in afterwards.

[2] *Driope* in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but the name is rightly spelt in the transcript as well as in Shelley's MS.

He past out of his everlasting lair
Where the quick heart of the great world doth pant,
And felt that wondrous lady all alone,—
And she felt him, upon her emerald throne.

X.

And every nymph of stream and spreading tree,
And every shepherdess of Ocean's flocks,
Who drives her white waves over the green sea,
And Ocean with the brine on his grey locks,
And quaint Priapus with his company,
All came, much wondering how the enwombèd rocks
Could have brought forth so beautiful a birth;—
Her love subdued their wonder and their mirth.

XI.

The herdsmen and the mountain maidens came,
And the rude kings of pastoral Garamant—
Their spirits shook within them, as a flame
Stirred by the air under a cavern gaunt:
Pigmies,[1] and Polyphemes, by many a name,
Centaurs and Satyrs, and such shapes as haunt
Wet clefts,—and lumps neither alive nor dead,
Dog-headed, bosom-eyed, and bird-footed.

[1] The transcript affords an interesting variation of this passage. The stanza ends thus—

Fauns, Centaurs, Pigmies, and such wild game,
And monophthalmic Polyphemes, who haunt
The pine-hills, flocked

a blank space being left for the completion of the final couplet. *Fauns* is spelt *Fawns*,—and *Monophthalmic* is without the central *th*. This blank seems to me to be somewhat interesting in connexion with Dr. Polidori's story (which, by the bye, Byron confirmed substantially) of Shelley's intense horror on suddenly thinking, while he looked at Mrs. Shelley, of "a woman he had heard of who had eyes instead of nipples." It would seem as if there had been some discussion or doubt as to the form the passage in the poem should take.

XII.

For she was beautiful—her beauty made
The bright world dim, and every thing beside
Seemed like the fleeting image of a shade:
No thought of living spirit could abide,
Which to her looks had ever been betrayed,
On any object in the world so wide,
On any hope within the circling skies,
But on[1] her form, and in her inmost eyes.

XIII.

Which when the lady knew, she took her spindle
And twined three threads of fleecy mist, and three
Long lines of light, such as the dawn may kindle
The clouds and waves and mountains with; and she
As many star-beams, ere their lamps could dwindle
In the belated moon, wound skilfully;
And with these threads a subtle veil she wove—
A shadow for the splendour of her love.

XIV.

The deep recesses of her odorous dwelling
Were stored with magic treasures—sounds of air,
Which had the power all spirits of compelling,
Folded in cells of crystal[2] silence there;
Such as we hear in youth, and think the feeling
Will never die—yet ere we are aware,
The feeling and the sound are fled and gone,
And the regret they leave remains alone.

[1] So in all editions, but *in* in the transcript.

[2] In the transcript and in the *Posthumous Poems*, *chrystal*.

XV.

And there lay[1] Visions swift, and sweet, and quaint,
Each in its thin sheath, like a chrysalis,
Some eager to burst forth, some weak and faint
With the soft burthen of intensest bliss;
It was[2] its work to bear to many a saint
Whose heart adores the shrine which holiest is,
Even Love's:—and others white, green, grey and black,
And of all shapes—and each was at her beck.

XVI.

And odours in a kind of aviary
Of ever-blooming Eden-trees she kept,
Clipt in a floating net, a love-sick Fairy
Had woven from[3] dew-beams while the moon yet slept;
As bats at the wired window of a dairy,
They beat their vans; and each was an adept,
When loosed and missioned, making wings of winds,
To stir sweet thoughts or sad, in destined minds.

XVII.

And liquors clear and sweet, whose healthful might
Could medicine the sick soul to happy sleep,
And change eternal death into a night
Of glorious dreams—or if eyes needs must weep,
Could make their tears all wonder and delight,
She in her crystal[4] vials did closely keep:

[1] The word *lay*, though in all editions, is not in the transcript.

[2] In all previous editions, *is*; but *was* in the transcript, agreeing with *was* in the last line of the stanza. Mr. Rossetti substituted *their* for *its*, without specifying the change, which, however, Shelley might perhaps have approved, as the context would indicate that the work referred to was that of the particular Visions who were weak with intensest bliss.

[3] So in all editions: in the transcript we read *Wove out of* for *Had woven from*.

[4] Again *chrystal* in the transcript, and in the *Posthumous Poems*, where also we have *vials* in this and the next line, though *phials*, is in the transcript in stanza XX. I think *vials* is probably Shelley's word.

If men could drink of those clear vials, 'tis said
The living were not envied of the dead.

XVIII.

Her cave was stored with scrolls of strange device,
The works of some Saturnian Archimage,
Which taught the expiations at whose price
Men from the Gods might win that happy age
Too lightly lost, redeeming native vice;
And which might quench the Earth-consuming rage
Of gold and blood—till men should live and move
Harmonious as the sacred stars above;[1]

XIX.

And how all things that seem untameable,
Not to be checked and not to be confined,
Obey the spells of wisdom's wizard skill;
Time, earth and fire—the ocean and the wind,
And all their shapes—and man's imperial will;
And other scrolls whose writings did unbind
The inmost lore of Love—let the profane[2]
Tremble to ask what secrets they contain.

XX.

And wondrous works[3] of substances unknown,
To which the enchantment of her father's power
Had changed[4] those ragged blocks of savage stone,
Were heaped in the recesses of her bower;

[1] In the transcript and in Mrs. Shelley's editions there is a full-stop here.

[2] In the transcript and in the *Posthumous Poems*, *prophane*.

[3] So in all editions, but *rocks* in the transcript.

[4] The transcript shews here another variation from the text authorized by all editions,—*Transformed* instead of *Had changed*. Mr. Rossetti substituted *rugged* for *ragged* in this line. The word in all other editions and in the transcript is *ragged*.

Carved lamps and chalices, and vials which shone
In their own golden beams—each like a flower,
Out of whose depth a fire-fly shakes his light
Under a cypress in a starless night.

XXI.

At first she lived alone in this wild home,
And her own[1] thoughts were each a minister,
Clothing themselves, or with the ocean foam,
Or with the wind, or with the speed of fire,
To work whatever purposes might come
Into her mind; such power her mighty Sire
Had girt them with, whether to fly or run,
Through all the regions which he shines upon.

XXII.

The Ocean-nymphs and Hamadryades,
Oreads and Naiads, with long weedy[2] locks,
Offered to do her bidding through the seas,
Under the earth, and in the hollow rocks,
And far beneath the matted roots of trees,
And in the knarlèd[3] heart of stubborn oaks,
So they might live for ever in the light
Of her sweet presence—each a satellite.

XXIII.

"This may not be," the wizard maid replied;
"The fountains where the Naiades bedew
"Their shining hair, at length are drained and dried;
"The solid oaks forget their strength, and strew

[1] This word *own* which is in both MSS., and in the *Posthumous Poems*, disappeared from Mrs. Shelley's collected editions.

[2] So in all editions, but *streaming* in the transcript.

[3] So in the transcript; but *gnarled* in all editions. See note on this word in the Appendix to Vol. I.

"Their latest leaf upon the mountains wide;
"The boundless ocean like a drop of dew
"Will be consumed—the stubborn centre[1] must
"Be scattered, like a cloud of summer dust.

XXIV.

"And ye with them will perish, one by one;—
"If I must sigh[2] to think that this shall be,
"If I must weep when the surviving Sun
"Shall smile on your decay—Oh, ask not me
"To love you till your little race is run;
"I cannot die as ye must—over me
"Your leaves shall glance—the streams in which ye dwell
"Shall be my paths henceforth, and so—farewell!"—

XXV.

She spoke and wept:—the dark and azure well
Sparkled beneath the shower of her bright tears,
And every little circlet where they fell
Flung to the cavern-roof inconstant spheres
And intertangled lines of light:—a knell
Of sobbing voices came upon her ears
From those departing Forms, o'er the serene
Of the white streams and of the forest green.

XXVI.

All day the wizard lady sate[3] aloof,
Spelling out scrolls of dread antiquity,
Under the cavern's fountain-lighted roof;
Or broidering the pictured poesy

[1] In the transcript we read *mountains* here, instead of *centre*, the word authorized by all editions,—doubtless substituted to avoid repeating the word *mountains*, which occurs only two lines before.

[2] In the transcript *weep*; but *sigh* in all editions.

[3] So in the transcript, but *sat* in all former editions.

Of some high tale upon her growing woof,
Which the sweet splendour of her smiles could dye
In hues outshining Heaven—and ever she
Added some grace to the wrought poesy.

XXVII.

While on her hearth lay blazing many a piece
Of sandal wood, rare gums and cinnamon;
Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is—
Each flame of it is as a precious stone
Dissolved in ever-moving light, and this
Belongs to each and all who gaze upon.[1]
The Witch beheld it not, for in her hand
She held a woof that dimmed the burning brand.

XXVIII.

This lady never slept, but lay in trance
All night within the fountain—as in sleep.
Its emerald crags glowed in her beauty's glance;
Through the green splendour of the water deep
She saw the constellations reel and dance
Like fire-flies—and withal did ever keep
The tenour of her contemplations calm,
With open eyes, closed feet and folded palm.

XXIX.

And when the whirlwinds and the clouds descended
From the white pinnacles of that[2] cold hill,

[1] So in the transcript, and in all editions but that of Mr. Rossetti, who substituted *thereon* for *upon*, with the remark, "Syntax and sense are left in a glaringly incomplete state with 'upon'; and, as I cannot suppose that Shelley would deliberately have retained it, I have hazarded the emendation in the text, with some compunctious visitings." While admitting the strong temptation which so manifest an improvement offers, I do not feel convinced that Shelley would have cared to make the change.

[2] So in all editions; but *the* in the transcript.

She past at dewfall to a space extended,
Where in a lawn of flowering asphodel
Amid a wood of pines and cedars blended,
There yawned an inextinguishable well
Of crimson fire—full even to the brim,
And overflowing all the margin trim.

XXX.

Within the which she lay when the fierce war
Of wintry winds shook that innocuous liquor
In many a mimic moon and bearded star
O'er woods and lawns;—the serpent heard it flicker
In sleep, and dreaming still, he crept afar—
And when the windless snow descended thicker
Than autumn leaves, she watched it as it came
Melt on the surface of the level[1] flame.

XXXI.

She had a Boat, which some say Vulcan wrought
For Venus, as the chariot of her star;
But it was found too feeble to be fraught
With all the ardours in that sphere which are,
And so she sold it, and Apollo bought
And gave it to this daughter: from a car
Changed to the fairest and the lightest boat
Which ever upon mortal stream did float.

XXXII.

And others say, that, when but three hours old,
The first-born Love out of his cradle leapt,
And clove dun Chaos with his wings of gold,
And like an horticultural adept,

[1] In the transcript *liquid*; but *level* was Shelley's word, but rejected by him in favour of *level*. in all editions. I should say *liquid*

Stole a strange seed, and wrapt it up in mould,
And sowed it in his mother's star, and kept
Watering it all the summer with sweet dew,
And with his wings fanning it as it grew.

XXXIII.

The plant grew strong and green, the snowy flower
Fell, and the long and gourd-like fruit began
To turn the light and dew by inward power
To its own substance; woven tracery ran
Of light firm texture, ribbed and branching, o'er
The solid rind, like a leaf's veinèd fan—
Of which Love scooped this boat—and with soft motion
Piloted it round the circumfluous ocean.

XXXIV.

This boat she moored upon her fount, and lit
A living spirit within all its frame,
Breathing the soul of swiftness into it.
Couched on the fountain like a panther tame,
One of the twain at Evan's feet that sit—
Or as on Vesta's sceptre a swift flame—
Or on blind Homer's heart a wingèd thought,—
In joyous expectation lay the boat.

XXXV.

Then by strange art she kneaded fire and snow
Together, tempering the repugnant mass
With liquid love—all things together grow
Through which the harmony of love can pass;
And a fair Shape out of her hands did flow—
A living Image, which did far surpass
In beauty that bright shape of vital stone
Which drew the heart out of Pygmalion.

XXXVI.

A sexless thing it was, and in its growth
It seemed to have developed no defect
Of either sex, yet all the grace of both,—
In gentleness and strength its limbs were decked;
The bosom swelled lightly[1] with its full youth,
The countenance was such as might select
Some artist that his skill should never die,
Imaging forth such perfect purity.

XXXVII.

From its smooth shoulders hung two rapid wings,
Fit to have borne it to the seventh sphere,
Tipt with the speed of liquid lightnings,[2]
Dyed in the ardours of the atmosphere:
She led her creature to the boiling springs
Where the light boat was moored, and said: "Sit here!"
And pointed to the prow, and took her[3] seat
Beside the rudder, with opposing feet.

XXXVIII.

And down the[4] streams which clove those mountains vast,
Around their inland islets, and amid
The panther-peopled forests, whose shade cast
Darkness and odours, and a pleasure hid
In melancholy gloom, the pinnace past;
By many a star-surrounded pyramid
Of icy crag cleaving the purple sky,
And caverns yawning round unfathomably.

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *lightly swelled* in later editions. In the transcript the line is

The bosom swelling lightly with its full growth,

doubtless a cancelled reading.

[2] So in the transcript and in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *lightenings* in later editions.

[3] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *her* is in italics: I find no other authority for this.

[4] So in all editions; but *those* in the transcript.

XXXIX.

The silver noon into that winding dell,
With slanted gleam athwart[1] the forest tops,
Tempered like golden evening, feebly fell;
A green and glowing light, like that which drops
From folded lilies in which glow-worms dwell,
When earth[2] over her face night's mantle wraps;
Between the severed mountains lay on high
Over the stream, a narrow rift of sky.

XL.

And ever as she went, the Image lay
With folded wings and unawakened eyes;
And o'er its gentle countenance did play
The busy dreams, as thick as summer flies,
Chasing the rapid smiles that would not stay,
And drinking the warm tears, and the sweet sighs
Inhaling, which, with busy murmur vain,
They had aroused from that[3] full heart and brain.

XLI.

And ever down the prone vale, like a cloud
Upon a stream of wind, the pinnace went:
Now lingering on[4] the pools, in which abode
The calm and darkness of the deep content
In which they paused; now o'er the shallow road
Of white and dancing[5] waters, all besprent
With sand and polished pebbles:—mortal boat
In such a shallow rapid could not float.

[1] In the transcript *across* is here cancelled in favour of *athwart*.

[2] In the transcript *night* appears here for *earth*,—an accident, I should

all editions; but *the* in the transcript.

[4] So in all editions; but *in* in the transcript.

[5] So in all editions; but *shallow* in the transcript.

XLII.

And down the earthquaking cataracts which shiver
Their snow-like waters into golden air,
Or under chasms unfathomable ever
Sepulchre them, till in their rage they tear
A subterranean portal for the river,
It fled—the circling sunbows[1] did upbear
Its fall down the hoar precipice of spray,
Lighting it far upon its lampless way.

XLIII.

And when the wizard lady would ascend
The labyrinths of some many-winding vale,
Which to the inmost mountain upward tend—
She called "Hermaphroditus!"—and the pale
And heavy hue which slumber could extend
Over its lips and eyes, as on the gale
A rapid shadow from a slope of grass,
Into the darkness of the stream did pass.

XLIV.

And it unfurled its heaven-coloured pinions,
With stars of fire spotting the stream below;
And from above into the Sun's dominions
Flinging a glory, like the golden glow
In which spring clothes her emerald-wingèd minions,
All interwoven with fine feathery snow
And moonlight splendour of intensest rime,
With which frost paints the pines in winter time.

[1] So in all editions; but *sunbeams* in the transcript.

XLV.

And then it winnowed the Elysian air
Which ever hung about that lady bright,
With its ætherial vans—and speeding there,
Like a star up the torrent of the night,
Or a swift eagle in the morning glare
Breasting[1] the whirlwind with impetuous flight,
The pinnace, oared by those enchanted wings,
Clove the fierce streams towards their upper springs.

XLVI.

The water flashed like sunlight by the prow
Of a noon-wandering meteor flung to Heaven;[2]
The still air seemed as if its waves did flow
In tempest down the mountains; loosely driven
The lady's radiant hair streamed to and fro:
Beneath, the billows having vainly striven
Indignant and impetuous, roared to feel
The swift and steady motion of the keel.

XLVII.

Or, when the weary moon was in the wane,
Or in the noon of interlunar night,
The lady-witch in visions could not chain
Her spirit; but sailed forth under the light

[1] So in all editions; but *Breathing* in the transcript.

[2] I have left these two lines without any stops except the semi-colon at the end,—as in the transcript and the editions of 1839,—because the sense seems to me more perspicuous thus than with a comma after *sunlight*, as in the *Posthumous Poems*. Mr. Rossetti re-punctuated the passage, on the supposition that we are to understand "The water, cloven by the prow the boat, flashed in the sun; and, thus flashing, it looked as if it had been sunlight flung up to heaven by the prow of the boat [or the wings of Hermaphroditus], which, in brightness and swiftness, might have been taken for a meteor seen at noon." Mr. Rossetti presumed that, if this is not right, we ought to read

The water flashed, like sunlight, by the prow,
Or a noon-wandering meteor flung to heaven.

To me it seems that the simple course is here, as elsewhere, the best,—to leave the text untampered with, and

Of shooting stars, and bade extend amain
Its[1] storm-outspeeding wings, the[2] Hermaphrodite;
She to the Austral waters took her way,
Beyond the fabulous Thamondocana.[3]

XLVIII.

Where, like a meadow which no scythe has shaven,
Which rain could never bend, or whirl-blast shake,
With the Antarctic constellations paven,[4]
Canopus and his crew, lay the Austral lake—
There[5] she would build herself a windless haven
Out of the clouds whose moving turrets make
The bastions of the storm, when through the sky
The spirits of the tempest thundered by.

XLIX.

A haven beneath whose translucent floor
The tremulous stars sparkled unfathomably,
And around which the solid vapours hoar,
Based on the level waters, to the sky
Lifted their dreadful crags, and like a shore
Of wintry mountains, inaccessibly
Hemmed in with rifts and precipices grey,
And hanging crags, many a cove and bay.

accept the meaning on the face of it, —that the water flashed like sunlight flung to heaven by the prow of a noon-wandering meteor.

[1] *His* in former editions; but *Its* in the transcript.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions *the* is here, and in line 4 of the next stanza, contracted to *th'*; but it is not so in the transcript.

[3] In all Mrs. Shelley's editions this word is *Thamondocona*; but in her transcript it is *Thamondocana*; and it is rightly spelt with an *a* in the penultimate syllable in Shelley's MS. Mr. Garnett supplied Mr. Rossetti with a note to the effect that Ptolemy, in his Geography, mentions this city, now supposed to be identical with Timbuctoo, "which the French traveller Caillé, the first European who visited it, ascertained to be in nearly the same latitude and longitude indicated by Ptolemy."

[4] Misprinted *haven* in the *Posthumous Poems*: elsewhere the word is *paven*.

[5] So in all editions; but *When* in the transcript.

L.

And whilst the outer lake beneath the lash
Of the wind's[1] scourge, foamed like a wounded thing;
And the incessant hail with stony clash
Ploughed up the waters, and the flagging wing
Of the roused cormorant in the lightning flash
Looked like the wreck[2] of some wind-wandering
Fragment of inky thunder-smoke—this haven
Was as a gem to copy Heaven engraven.

LI.

On which that lady played her many pranks,
Circling the image of a shooting star,
Even as a tiger on Hydaspes' banks
Outspeeds the antelopes which speediest are,
In her light boat; and many quips and cranks
She played upon the water, till the car
Of the late moon, like a sick matron wan,
To journey from the misty east began.

LII.

And then she called out of the hollow turrets
Of those high clouds, white, golden and vermilion,
The armies of her ministering spirits—
In mighty legions, million after million,
They came, each troop emblazoning its merits
On meteor flags; and many a proud pavilion
Of the intertexture of the atmosphere
They pitched upon the plain of the calm mere.[3]

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions *winds'*; but in the transcript *wind's*.
[2] So in all editions; but in the transcript, *fragment* in place of *wreck*.
[3] This last word is wanting in the transcript.

LIII.

They framed the imperial tent of their great Queen
Of woven exhalations, underlaid
With lambent lightning-fire, as may be seen
A dome of thin and open ivory inlaid
With crimson silk—cressets from the serene
Hung there, and on the water for her tread
A tapestry of fleece-like mist was strewn,
Dyed in the beams of the ascending moon.

LIV.

And on a throne o'erlaid with starlight, caught
Upon those wandering isles of aëry dew,
Which highest shoals of mountain[1] shipwreck not,
She sate, and heard all that had happened new
Between the earth and moon, since they had brought
The last intelligence—and now she grew
Pale as that moon, lost in the watery night—
And now she wept, and now she laughed outright.

LV.

These were tame pleasures; she would often climb
The steepest ladder of the crudded rack
Up to some beakèd cape of cloud sublime,
And like Arion on the dolphin's back
Ride singing through the shoreless air;—oft time
Following the serpent lightning's winding track,
She ran upon the platforms of the wind,
And laughed to hear the fire-balls roar[2] behind.

[1] The word here is *mountains* in the transcript; but *mountain* in all editions, and I think rightly.

[2] So in all editions; but *roll* in the transcript.

LVI.

And sometimes to those streams of upper air
Which whirl the earth in its diurnal round,
She would ascend, and win the spirits there
To let her join their chorus. Mortals found
That on those days the sky was calm and fair,
And mystic snatches of harmonious sound
Wandered upon the earth where'er she past,
And happy thoughts of hope, too sweet to last.

LVII.

But her choice sport was, in the hours of sleep,
To glide adown old Nilus, where[1] he threads
Egypt and Æthiopia, from the steep
Of utmost Axumè, until he spreads,
Like a calm flock of silver-fleecèd sheep,
His waters on the plain: and crested heads
Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,
And many a vapour-belted pyramid.

LVIII.

By Mœris and the Mareotid lakes,
Strewn with faint blooms like bridal chamber floors,
Where naked boys bridling tame water-snakes,
Or charioteering ghastly alligators,
Had left on the sweet waters mighty wakes
Of those huge forms—within the brazen doors
Of the great Labyrinth slept both boy and beast,
Tired with the pomp of their Osirian feast.

[1] The word here is *when* in former editions, but *where* in the transcript, which is certainly right.

LIX.

And where within the surface of the river
The shadows of the massy temples lie,
And never are erased—but tremble ever
Like things which every cloud can doom to die,
Through lotus-paven[1] canals, and wheresoever
The works of man pierced that serenest sky
With tombs, and towers, and fanes,[2] 'twas her delight
To wander in the shadow of the night.

LX.

With motion like the spirit of that wind
Whose soft step deepens slumber, her light feet
Past through the peopled haunts of human kind,
Scattering sweet visions from her presence sweet,
Through fane, and palace-court, and labyrinth mined
With many a dark and subterranean street
Under the Nile, through chambers high and deep
She past, observing mortals in their sleep.

LXI.

A pleasure sweet doubtless it was to see
Mortals subdued in all the shapes of sleep.
Here lay two sister twins in infancy;
There, a lone youth who in his dreams did weep;
Within, two lovers linkèd innocently
In their loose locks which over both did creep
Like ivy from one stem;—and there lay calm
Old age with snow-bright hair and folded palm.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *pav'n*; but *paven* in the transcript.

[2] So in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *fane* in Mrs. Shelley's editions of 1839 and onward. In the transcript, the word does not appear, as the line there stands thus—

With tower-crested cities 'twas her delight

doubtless a line of Shelley's but rejected by him in favour of the line in the text.

LXII.

But other troubled forms of sleep she saw,
Not to be mirrored in a holy song—
Distortions foul of supernatural awe,
And pale imaginings of visioned wrong;
And all the code of custom's lawless law
Written upon the brows[1] of old and young:
"This," said the wizard maiden, "is the strife
Which stirs the liquid surface of man's life."

LXIII.

And little did the sight disturb her soul.—
We, the weak mariners of that wide lake
Where'er[2] its shores extend or billows roll,
Our course unpiloted and starless make
O'er its wild[3] surface to an unknown goal:—
But she in the calm depths her way could take,
Where in bright bowers immortal forms abide
Beneath the weltering of the restless tide.

LXIV.

And she saw princes couched under the glow
Of sunlike gems; and round each temple-court
In dormitories ranged, row after row,
She saw the priests asleep—all of one sort—
For all were educated to be so.—
The peasants in their huts, and in the port
The sailors she saw cradled on the waves,
And the dead lulled within their dreamless graves.

[1] So in all editions; but *brow* in the transcript.

[2] So in all editions: in the transcript, *Wherein*,—a clerical error, I presume.

[3] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *wild*; but *wide* in later editions, and in the transcript. No doubt *wild* is right, as *wide* would be a mere repetition of the epithet in line 2 of the stanza.

LXV.

And all the forms in which those spirits lay
Were to her sight like the diaphanous
Veils, in which those sweet ladies oft array
Their delicate limbs, who would conceal from us
Only their scorn of all concealment: they
Move in the light of their own beauty thus.
But these and all now lay with sleep upon them,
And little thought a Witch was looking on them.

LXVI.

She, all those human figures breathing there,
Beheld as living spirits—to her eyes
The naked beauty of the soul lay bare,
And often through a rude and worn disguise
She saw the inner form most bright and fair—
And then she had a charm of strange device,
Which, murmured on mute lips with tender tone,
Could make that spirit mingle with her own.

LXVII.

Alas! Aurora, what wouldst thou have given
For such a charm when Tithon became grey?
Or how much, Venus, of thy silver Heaven
Wouldst thou have yielded, ere Proserpina
Had half (oh! why not all?) the debt forgiven
Which dear Adonis had been doomed to pay,
To any witch who would have taught you it?
The Heliad doth not know its value yet.

LXVIII.

'Tis said in after times her spirit free
Knew what love was, and felt itself alone—

But holy Dian could not chaster be
Before she stooped to kiss Endymion,
Than now this lady—like a sexless bee
Tasting all blossoms, and confined to none,
Among those mortal forms, the wizard-maiden
Past with an eye serene and heart unladen.

LXIX.

To those she saw most beautiful, she gave
Strange panacea in a crystal bowl:—
They drank in their deep sleep of that sweet wave,
And lived thenceforward[1] as if some controul,
Mightier than life, were in them; and the grave[2]
Of such, when death oppressed the weary soul,
Was as[3] a green and overarching bower
Lit by the gems of many a starry flower.

LXX.

For on the night when[4] they were buried, she
Restored the embalmers' ruining, and shook
The light out of the funeral lamps,[5] to be
A mimic day within that deathy[6] nook;
And she unwound the woven imagery
Of second childhood's swaddling bands, and took
The coffin, its last cradle, from its niche,
And threw it with contempt into a ditch.

[1] In Shelley's MS. *thenceforward*: in the transcript *henceforward*: in Mrs. Shelley's editions *thenceforth*.

[2] So in all editions; but *grant* in the transcript,—seemingly another merely clerical error.

[3] The word *as*, omitted from Mrs. Shelley's transcript and editions, is in Shelley's MS.

[4] The word *when* is furnished by the transcript: *that* is in all former editions,—a laxity which certainly might be Shelley's; but I do not, under the circumstances, think it was his.

[5] So in all editions; but *lamp* in the transcript.

[6] The strange word *deathy*, which is in all editions, and which is probably right, is replaced in the transcript by *deathly*.

LXXI.

And there the body[1] lay, age after age,
Mute, breathing, beating, warm and undecaying,
Like one asleep in a green hermitage,
With gentle smiles[2] about its eyelids playing,
And living in its dreams beyond the rage
Of death or life; while they were still arraying
In liveries ever new, the rapid, blind
And fleeting generations of mankind.

LXXII.

And she would write strange dreams upon the brain
Of those who were less[3] beautiful, and make
All harsh and crooked purposes more vain
Than in the desart[4] is the serpent's wake
Which the sand covers,—all his evil gain
The miser in such dreams would rise and shake
Into a beggar's lap;—the lying scribe
Would his own lies betray without a bribe.

LXXIII.

The priests would write an explanation full,
Translating hieroglyphics into Greek,
How the god Apis really was a bull,
And nothing more; and bid the herald[5] stick
The same against the temple doors, and pull
The old cant down; they licensed all to speak
Whate'er they thought of hawks, and cats, and geese,
By pastoral letters to each diocese.

[1] In the transcript we read *then bodies* for *there the body*,—the reading of all editions.

[2] The word *sleep* has hitherto been printed here, looking very much like an oversight when taken with *asleep* in the previous line. The emendation, *smiles*, is from the transcript.

[3] The word *less* is wanting in the transcript, though found in all editions.

[4] This word is singular in all editions; but plural in the transcript.

[5] So in all editions; but *bade the heralds*, in the transcript, where, also, we read *walls* for *doors* in the next line.

LXXIV.

The king would dress an ape up in his crown
And robes, and seat him on his glorious seat,
And on the right hand of the sunlike throne
Would place a gaudy mock-bird to repeat
The chatterings of the monkey.—Every one
Of the prone courtiers crawled to kiss the feet
Of their great Emperor, when the morning came,
And kissed—alas, how many kiss the same!

LXXV.

The soldiers dreamed that they were blacksmiths, and
Walked out of quarters in somnambulism;
Round the red anvils you might see them stand[1]
Like Cyclopses in Vulcan's sooty abysm,
Beating their swords to ploughshares;—in a band
The gaolers[2] sent those of the liberal schism
Free through the streets of Memphis, much, I wis
To the annoyance of king Amasis.

LXXVI.

And timid lovers who had been so coy,
They hardly knew whether they loved or not,
Would rise out of their rest, and take sweet joy,
To the fulfilment of their inmost[3] thought;

[1] I leave this line as it is in all editions with some trepidation. In the transcript it stands thus:

Around the red hot anvils you might see them stand,

a line with a redundant foot, and conveying, as indeed the authorized text does, a false idea,—namely that blacksmiths work at red-hot anvils. I suspect the picture that first presented itself to Shelley's mind was of the soldiers standing around their red-hot swords, and that when he brought *swords* into the next line but one, and *anvils* into this, he omitted to strike out *red-hot*; and I have little doubt the line should be

Around the anvils you might see them stand.

[2] In the transcript and the *Posthumous Poems*, *jailor*; in later editions *gaoler*.

[3] So in all editions; but *utmost* in the transcript.

And when next day the maiden and the boy
Met one another, both, like sinners caught,
Blushed at the thing which each believed was done
Only in fancy—till the tenth moon shone;

LXXVII.

And then the Witch would let them take no ill:
Of many thousand schemes which lovers find,
The Witch found one,—and so they took their fill
Of happiness in marriage warm and kind.
Friends who, by practice of some envious skill,
Were torn apart, a wide wound, mind from mind!
She did unite again with visions clear
Of deep affection and of truth sincere.

LXXVIII.

These were the pranks she played among the cities
Of mortal men, and what she did to sprites
And Gods, entangling them in her sweet ditties
To do her will, and show their subtle slights,
I will declare another time; for it is
A tale more fit for the weird winter nights,
Than for these garish summer days, when we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

[This most exquisite fragment, Mrs. Shelley first began to give to the world in 1824, in the *Posthumous Poems*,—in which volume it was classed among the principal pieces. This seems to me better than placing it among miscellaneous fragments, where it is liable enough to be overlooked; and, as now finally built up by the researches of Mr. Garnett, it is a priceless gem among the latest works of the poet. I have not thought it necessary to indicate in detail which portions were given by Mrs. Shelley and which were reserved for Mr. Garnett to disentangle; but it should at all events be recorded that to that indefatigable and keen seeker we owe the wondrous passage descriptive of the Lady's dream, issued first in the *Relics of Shelley* under the title of *The Magic Plant*. Other portions Mr. Garnett reserved for issue in some new edition of Shelley's works; and the honour of first bringing them out fell to Mr. Rossetti. Mr. Garnett tells us that this fragment was written at Pisa "during the late winter or early spring of 1822"; and Mrs. Shelley says it was "undertaken for the amusement of the individuals who composed our intimate society, but left unfinished." I presume we may count Trelawny among the members of that society; and it is certainly to his adventures, with which Shelley was familiar, that we are indebted for some of the suggestions of the poem,—as few will doubt after reading the *Adventures of a Younger Son*. Mrs. Shelley thus briefly summarizes the scheme of the Unfinished Drama: "An Enchantress, living in one of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, saves the life of a Pirate, a man of savage but noble nature. She becomes enamoured of him; and he, inconstant to his mortal love, for a while returns her passion: but at length, recalling the memory of her whom he left, and who laments his loss, he escapes from the enchanted island, and returns to his lady. His mode of life makes him again go to sea, and the Enchantress seizes the opportunity to bring him, by a spirit-brewed tempest, back to her island." Nothing relating to the Enchantress appears to be preserved beyond the first twenty-seven lines. These are divided from the remainder, in Mrs. Shelley's editions, by a note to the effect that "a good Spirit, who watches over the Pirate's fate, leads, in a mysterious manner, the lady of his love to the Enchanted Isle. She is accompanied by a youth, who loves the lady, but whose passion she returns only with a sisterly affection. The ensuing scene takes place between them on their arrival at the Isle." Mr. Rossetti points out that the youth and lady cannot have come together to the island.—H. B. F.]

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

SCENE, BEFORE THE CAVERN OF THE INDIAN ENCHANTRESS.

THE ENCHANTRESS COMES FORTH.

ENCHANTRESS.

HE came like a dream in the dawn of life,
  He fled like a shadow before its noon;
He is gone, and my peace is turned to strife,
  And I wander and wane like the weary moon.
    O sweet Echo, wake,
    And for my sake
Make answer the while my heart shall break!

But my heart has a music which Echo's lips,
  Though tender and true, yet can answer not,
And the shadow that moves in the soul's eclipse
  Can return not the kiss by his now forgot;
    Sweet lips! he who hath
    On my desolate path
Cast the darkness of absence, worse than death!

The ENCHANTRESS *makes her spell: she is answered by a Spirit.*

SPIRIT.

Within the silent centre of the earth
My mansion is; where I have lived insphered

From the beginning, and around my sleep
Have woven all the wondrous imagery
Of this dim spot, which mortals call the world;
Infinite depths of unknown elements
Massed into one impenetrable mask;
Sheets of immeasurable fire, and veins
Of gold and stone, and adamantine iron.
And as a veil in which I walk through Heaven
I have wrought mountains, seas, and[1] waves, and clouds,
And lastly light, whose interfusion dawns
In the dark space of interstellar air.

[ANOTHER SCENE.]

INDIAN YOUTH AND LADY.

INDIAN.

And, if my grief should still be dearer to me
Than all the pleasures[2] in the world beside,
Why would you lighten it?—

LADY.

I offer only
That which I seek, some human sympathy
In this mysterious island.

INDIAN.

Oh! my friend,[3]
My sister, my beloved!—What do I say?

[1] This *and* is not in Mrs. Shelley's collected editions. Mr. Rossetti inserted it and referred to it as an emendation peculiar to his edition; but it occurs in the *Posthumous Poems*, wherein this speech is separately printed as a "Song of a Spirit,"—the word *have* being omitted from the second line of it.

[2] So in the editions of 1839; but *pleasure* in the *Posthumous Poems*.

[3] In the *Posthumous Poems* this and the two following speeches were given as one speech; but in the editions of 1839 they were divided as in the text.

My brain is dizzy, and I scarce know whether
I speak to thee or her.

LADY.

Peace, perturbed heart!
I am to thee only as thou to mine,
The passing wind which heals the brow at noon,
And may strike cold into the breast at night,
Yet cannot linger where it soothes the most,
Or long soothe could it linger.

INDIAN.

But you said
You also loved?

LADY.

Loved! Oh, I love. Methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.
I have loved.

INDIAN.

And thou lovest not? if so
Young as thou art thou canst afford to weep.

LADY.

Oh! would that I could claim exemption
From all the bitterness of that sweet name.
I loved, I love, and when I love no more
Let joys and grief perish, and leave despair
To ring the knell of youth. He stood beside me,
The embodied vision of the brightest dream,
Which like a dawn heralds the day of life;
The shadow of his presence made my world

A paradise. All familiar things he touched,
All common words he spoke, became to me
Like forms and sounds of a diviner world.
He was as is the sun in his fierce youth,
As terrible and lovely as a tempest;
He came, and went, and left me what I am.
Alas! Why must I think how oft we two
Have sate[1] together near the river springs,
Under the green pavilion which the willow
Spreads on the floor of the unbroken fountain,
Strewn by the nurslings that linger there?[2]
Over that islet paved with flowers and moss,
While the musk-rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow,
Showered on us, and the dove mourned in the pine,
Sad prophetess of sorrows not her own,
The crane returned to her unfrozen haunt,
And the false cuckoo bade the Spring good morn;
And on a wintry bough the widowed bird,
Hid in the deepest night of ivy-leaves,
Renewed the vigils of a sleepless sorrow.
I, left like her, and leaving one like her,
Alike abandoned and abandoning
(Oh! unlike her in this!) the gentlest youth,
Whose love had made my sorrows dear to him,
Even as my sorrow made his love to me!

INDIAN.

One curse of Nature stamps in the same mould
The features of the wretched; and they are

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems* and first edition of 1839; but *sat* in the second.

[2] Knowing the nature of the rough notes from which these passages have been extracted, I have felt at liberty to punctuate lines 65 to 69 as the sense seems to me to require. I presume the same liberty has been employed by Mr. Garnett and Mr. Rossetti; and as Shelley's MSS., even when more than rough draughts, are seldom punctuated so as to accord completely with his obvious intention, an editor must attempt, somehow, to fulfil that intention. My innovation here is the insertion of a note of interrogation at the end of line 65, and the substitution of a comma for a full stop at the end of line 69.

As like as violet to violet,
When memory, the ghost, their odours keeps
'Mid the cold relics of abandoned joy.—
Proceed.

LADY.

He was a simple innocent boy.
I loved him well, but not as he desired;
Yet even thus he was content to be:—
A short content, for I was . . .

INDIAN [*Aside*].

God of heaven!
From such an islet, such a river-spring . . .!
I dare not ask her if there stood upon it
A pleasure-dome[1] surmounted by a crescent,
With steps to the blue water. [*Aloud*] It may be
That Nature masks in life several copies
Of the same lot, so that the sufferers
May feel another's sorrow as their own,
And find in friendship what they lost in love.
That cannot be: yet it is strange that we,
From the same scene, by the same path to this
Realm of abandonment . . . But speak! your breath—
Your breath is like soft music, your words are
The echoes of a voice which on my heart
Sleeps like a melody of early days.
But as you said—

LADY.

He was so awful, yet
So beautiful in mystery and terror,
Calming me as the loveliness of heaven
Soothes the unquiet sea:—and yet not so,
For he seemed stormy, and would often seem
A quenchless sun masked in portentous clouds;

[1] Compare with Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*,—
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

For such his thoughts, and even his actions were;
But he was not of them, nor they of him,
But as they hid his splendour from the earth.
Some said he was a man of blood and peril,
And steeped in bitter infamy to the lips.
More need was there I should be innocent,
More need that I should be most true and kind,
And much more need that there should be found one
To share remorse, and scorn and solitude,
And all the ills that wait on those who do
The tasks of ruin in the world of life.
He fled, and I have followed him.

INDIAN.

Such a one
Is he who was the winter of my peace.
But, fairest stranger, when didst thou depart
From the far hills where rise the springs of India,
How didst thou pass the intervening sea?

LADY.

If I be sure I am not dreaming now,
I should not doubt to say it was a dream.
Methought a star came down from heaven,[1]
And rested 'mid the plants of India,
Which I had given a shelter from the frost
Within my chamber. There the meteor lay,
Panting forth light among the leaves and flowers,
As if it lived, and was outworn with speed;

[1] Mr. Garnett (*Relics of Shelley*, p. 14) observes that this episode of the Magic Plant "was obviously suggested by the pleasure Shelley received from the plants grown in-doors in his Pisan dwelling, which, he says, in a letter written in January, 1822, 'turn the sunny winter into spring.'" Mr. Garnett also refers to the poem of *The Zucca*, as having been "composed about the same time."

Or that it loved, and passion made the pulse
Of its bright life throb like an anxious heart,
Till it diffused itself, and all the chamber
And walls seemed melted into emerald fire
That burned not; in the midst of which appeared
A spirit like a child, and laughed aloud
A thrilling peal of such sweet merriment
As made the blood tingle in my warm feet:
Then bent over a vase, and murmuring
Low, unintelligible melodies,
Placed something in the mould like melon-seeds,
And slowly faded, and in place of it
A soft hand issued from the veil of fire,
Holding a cup like a magnolia flower,
And poured upon the earth within the vase
The element with which it overflowed,
Brighter than morning light, and purer than
The water of the springs of Himalah.

INDIAN.

You waked not?

LADY.

Not until my dream became
Like a child's legend on the tideless sand,
Which the first foam erases half, and half
Leaves legible. At length I rose, and went,
Visiting my flowers from pot to pot, and thought
To set new cuttings in the empty urns,
And when I came to that beside the lattice,
I saw two little dark-green leaves
Lifting the light mould at their birth, and then
I half-remembered my forgotten dream.
And day by day, green as a gourd in June,
The plant grew fresh and thick, yet no one knew

What plant it was; its stem and tendrils seemed
Like emerald snakes, mottled and diamonded
With azure mail and streaks of woven silver;
And all the sheaths that folded the dark buds
Rose like the crest of cobra-di-capel,
Until the golden eye of the bright flower,
Through the dark lashes of those veinèd lids,
Disencumbered of their silent sleep,
Gazed like a star into the morning light.
Its leaves were delicate, you almost saw
The pulses
With which the purple velvet flower was fed
To overflow, and like a poet's heart
Changing bright fancy to sweet sentiment,
Changed half the light to fragrance. It soon fell,
And to a green and dewy embryo-fruit
Left all its treasured beauty. Day by day
I nursed the plant, and on the double flute
Played to it on the sunny winter days
Soft melodies, as sweet as April rain
On silent leaves, and sang those words in which
Passion makes Echo taunt the sleeping strings;
And I would send tales of forgotten love
Late into the lone night, and sing wild songs
Of maids deserted in the olden time,
And weep like a soft cloud in April's bosom
Upon the sleeping eyelids of the plant,
So that perhaps it dreamed that Spring was come,
And crept abroad into the moonlight air,
And loosened all its limbs, as, noon by noon,
The sun averted less his oblique beam.

INDIAN.

And the plant died not in the frost?

LADY.

It grew;
And went out of the lattice which I left
Half open for it, trailing its quaint spires
Along the garden and across the lawn,
And down the slope of moss and through the tufts
Of wild-flower roots, and stumps of trees o'ergrown
With simple lichens, and old hoary stones,
On to the margin of the glassy pool,
Even to a nook of unblown violets
And lilies-of-the-valley yet unborn,
Under a pine with ivy overgrown.
And there its fruit lay like a sleeping lizard
Under the shadows; but when Spring indeed
Came to unswathe her infants, and the lilies
Peeped from their bright green masks to wonder at
This shape of autumn couched in their recess,
Then it dilated, and it grew until
One half lay floating on the fountain wave,
Whose pulse, elapsed in unlike sympathies,
Kept time
Among the snowy water-lily buds.
Its shape was such as summer melody
Of the south wind in spicy vales might give
To some light cloud bound from the golden dawn
To fairy isles of evening, and it seemed
In hue and form that it had been a mirror
Of all the hues and forms around it and
Upon it pictured by the sunny beams
Which, from the bright vibrations of the pool,
Were thrown upon the rafters and the roof
Of boughs and leaves, and on the pillared stems
Of the dark sylvan temple, and reflections
Of every infant flower and star of moss

And veined leaf in the azure odorous air.
And thus it lay in the Elysian calm
Of its own beauty, floating on the line
Which, like a film in purest space, divided
The heaven beneath the water from the heaven
Above the clouds; and every day I went
Watching its growth and wondering;
And as the day grew hot, methought I saw
A glassy vapour dancing on the pool,
And on it little quaint and filmy shapes,
With dizzy motion, wheel and rise and fall,
Like clouds of gnats with perfect lineaments.

* * * * * *

O friend, sleep was a veil uplift from heaven—
As if heaven dawned upon the world of dream—
When darkness rose on the extinguished day
Out of the eastern wilderness.

INDIAN.

I too
Have found a moment's paradise in sleep
Half compensate a hell of waking sorrow.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

[It would seem as if some proposal as to *Charles the First* had emanated from Mr. Ollier; for in a letter to that gentleman dated "Pisa, Feb. 22nd, 1821" (*Shelley Memorials*, pp. 154-5), Shelley writes thus: "I doubt about *Charles the First*; but, if I do write it, it shall be the birth of severe and high feelings. You are very welcome to it on the terms you mention, and, when once I see and feel that I can write it, it is already written." In another letter to Mr. Ollier, dated "September 25th, 1821," and also published in the *Shelley Memorials* (p. 159), we read,—"*Charles the First* is conceived, but not born. Unless I am sure of making something good, the play will not be written. Pride, that ruined Satan, will kill *Charles the First*, for his midwife would be only *less than him whom thunder has made greater*." He does not mention to Mr. Ollier the misadventure to which he had alluded, in writing, on the 5th of June 1821, to Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne,—in the following terms: "My unfortunate box! it contained a chaos of the elements of Charles I. If the idea of the *creator* had been packed up with them, it would have shared the same fate; and that, I am afraid, has undergone another sort of shipwreck" (*Essays &c.*, 1840, Vol. II, p. 294). Again on the 10th of April 1822, he writes to Mr. Gisborne (*Ibid.*, p. 339)—"I have done some of Charles I.; but although the poetry succeeded very well, I cannot seize on the conception of the subject as a whole, and seldom now touch the canvas." He had already, in January 1822, written to Peacock, "I am now engaged on *Charles the First*, and a devil of a nut it is to crack" (*Fraser's Magazine*, March 1860, p. 318). Mrs. Shelley records in her note on the Poems of 1822 that Shelley believed the subject of Charles I. to be "adapted for a drama," and that he had recommended it to her, when he had encouraged her "to attempt a play." She adds that he "proceeded slowly, and threw it aside for. . . 'The Triumph of Life,' on which he was employed at the last." An explanation of this languid procedure may be found in Shelley's letter to Godwin dated "July 25th, 1818" (*Essays &c.*, Vol. II, p. 127): he writes "I am unfortunately little skilled in English history, and the interest which it excites in me is so feeble, that I find it a duty to attain merely to that general knowledge of it which is indispensable." The fragments given to the world by Mrs. Shelley occupy but twelve pages of the *Posthumous Poems*; and it is to Mr. Rossetti that we are indebted for deciphering and arranging the bulk of the fragments in their present form, and also for certain emendations and additions obtained by close scrutiny of the passages which Mrs. Shelley did publish. Mr. Rossetti's modest expression "not without some trouble" scarcely represents the labour and ingenuity required for such a task as this of transcribing from one of Shelley's chaotic note-books. In regard to the speakers' designations and the heading of scenes, I have followed Mr. Rossetti where his edition differs from Mrs. Shelley's, because I presume that he, having worked upon the larger mass of the fragments, found good reason for the changes; but in the details of the text I have adopted whichever seemed most Shelley-like,—knowing, from the nature of the source from which the text is derived, that much in the way of punctuation &c., must have been supplied conjecturally by one editor as by the other.—H. B. F.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING CHARLES I.

QUEEN HENRIETTA.

LAUD, Archbishop of Canterbury.

WENTWORTH, Earl of Strafford.

LORD COTTINGTON.

LORD WESTON.

LORD COVENTRY.

WILLIAMS, Bishop of Lincoln.

Secretary LYTTELTON.

JUXON.

ST. JOHN.

ARCHY, the Court Fool.

HAMPDEN.

PYM.

CROMWELL.

CROMWELL'S DAUGHTER.

SIR HARRY VANE the younger.

LEIGHTON.

BASTWICK.

PRYNNE.

Gentlemen of the Inns of Court, Citizens, Pursuivants, Marshalsmen, Law Students, Judges, Clerk.

[The list of Dramatis Personæ given on the preceding page is certainly not a complete list of all the persons who would have figured in the tragedy, had it been finished; but it seemed to me that it would be useful to insert such a list of the persons who actually do appear (either speaking or spoken to) in the existing fragments. I need hardly say that there is no authority for such a list except the fragments as here given from Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions, and the records of History. The only innovations I have consciously made, without separate specification, on the portions of the play deciphered by Mr. Rossetti, are the substitution of a small *h* for a capital in *his* and *he* when applied to God, and the spelling of *aye* with a final *e*. These changes I believe to accord with Shelley's practice; and, as regards *aye*, there is the authority of the *Posthumous Poems*, the word being so printed in that volume in what is line 149 of Scene I in the present edition. I presume the words here and there placed within square brackets are supplied by Mr. Rossetti, to fill actual gaps, and that the words which he has marked as doubtful by a parenthetic note of interrogation represent, not gaps, but indistinct words in the MS. It will be in the recollection of some readers that, when Alfieri dedicated his tragedy of *Agis* to the "unfortunate and dead king" Charles I., he drew a parallel and a distinction between the Spartan and the English monarch. "The designs of Agis, generous and sublime, were afterwards happily prosecuted, and with much glory to himself, by Cleomenes, his successor, who found the whole prepared. Your designs," says the modern Italian to Charles, "common to the herd of monarchs, were, and are, perpetually attempted by many other princes, and also carried into effect, but uniformly without fame. In my opinion, one can in no way make a tragedy of your tragical death, the cause of it not being sublime: . . ." It might be an interesting speculation, how far the feeling of the truth of this position deterred Shelley from the more active prosecution of his design.—H. B. F.]

CHARLES THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

THE MASK OF THE INNS OF COURT.[1]

A PURSUIVANT.

Place, for the Marshal of the Mask![2]

FIRST CITIZEN.[3]

What thinkest thou of this quaint mask which turns,
Like morning from the shadow of the night,
The night to day, and London to a place
Of peace and joy?

SECOND CITIZEN.

And Hell to Heaven.
Eight years are gone,
And they seem hours, since in this populous street
I trod on grass made green by summer's rain,
For the red plague kept state within that palace
Where now reigns vanity—in nine years more
The roots will be refreshed with civil blood;

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions this scene is headed *Act I. Scene I.—The Pageant to celebrate the arrival of the Queen.*

[2] *Masque* in previous editions; but as Shelley certainly spells the word *Mask* in the heading of *The Mask of Anarchy*, it has seemed to me safe to adopt that spelling throughout this fragment.

[3] In Mrs. Shelley's editions these persons of the drama figure as *First Speaker*, *Second Speaker*, and *Third Speaker* (*a Youth.*).

And thank the mercy of insulted Heaven
That sin and wrongs wound as an orphan's cry,
The patience of the great avenger's ear.

A YOUTH.

Yet, father, 'tis a happy sight to see,
Beautiful, innocent, and unforbidden
By God or man;—'tis like the bright procession
Of skiey visions in a solemn dream
From which men wake as from a paradise,
And draw new strength to tread the thorns of life.
If God be good, wherefore should this be evil?
And if this be not evil, dost thou not draw
Unseasonable poison from the flowers
Which bloom so rarely in this barren world?
O, kill these bitter thoughts which make the present
Dark as the future!—

* * * * *

When Avarice and Tyranny, vigilant Fear,
And open-eyed Conspiracy lie sleeping
As on Hell's threshold; and all gentle thoughts
Waken to worship him who giveth joys
With his own gift.

SECOND CITIZEN.

How young art thou in this old age of time!
How green in this grey world! Canst thou discern[1]
The signs of seasons, yet perceive no hint
Of change in that stage-scene in which thou art
Not a spectator but an actor? or
Art thou a puppet moved by [enginery]?[2]

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions this passage reads as follows:—

Canst thou not think
Of change in that low scene, in which thou art
Not a spectator but an actor?
The day that dawns &c.

[2] I presume Mr. Rossetti did not find this word *enginery* in the Note-book, as he gives it in brackets. It is, however, in that case, a very plausible suggestion.

The day that dawns in fire will die in storms,
Even though the noon be calm. My travel's done,—
Before the whirlwind wakes I shall have found
My inn of lasting rest; but thou must still
Be journeying on in this inclement air.
Wrap thy old cloak about thy back;
Nor leave the broad and plain and beaten road,
Although no flowers smile on the trodden dust,
For the violet paths of pleasure. This Charles the First
Rose like the equinoctial sun, . . .
By vapours, through whose threatening ominous veil
Darting his altered influence he has gained
This height of noon—from which he must decline
Amid the darkness of conflicting storms,
To dank extinction and to latest night. . .
There goes the apostate Strafford; he whose titles. . .
whispered aphorisms
From Machiavel and Bacon: and, if Judas
Had been as brazen and as bold as he. . .

FIRST CITIZEN.

That[1] is the Archbishop.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Rather say the Pope:
London will be soon his Rome: he walks
As if he trod upon the heads of men.
He looks elate, drunken with blood and gold;—
Beside him moves the Babylonian woman
Invisibly, and with her as with his shadow,
Mitred adulterer! he is joined in sin,
Which turns Heaven's milk of mercy to revenge.

[1] In previous editions, the word *That* has stood alone as the end of a lost line, thus—

That
Is the Archbishop.

It seems to me preferable to place the words as in the text, as forming, with the opening half-line of the next speech, a more characteristic line, and presenting a less fragmentary appearance.

THIRD CITIZEN[1] (*lifting up his eyes*).

Good Lord! rain it down upon him!...
Amid her ladies walks the papist queen,
As if her nice feet scorned our English earth.
The Canaanitish Jezebel! I would be
A dog if I might tear her with my teeth!
There's old Sir Henry Vane, the Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Essex, and Lord Keeper Coventry,
And others who make[2] base their English breed
By vile participation of their honours
With papists, atheists, tyrants, and apostates.
When lawyers mask 'tis time for honest men
To strip the vizor from their purposes.
A seasonable time for maskers this!
When Englishmen and Protestants should sit
dust on their dishonoured heads,
To avert the wrath of him whose scourge is felt
For the great sins which have drawn down from Heaven
and foreign overthrow.
The remnant of the martyred saints in Rochefort
Have been abandoned by their faithless allies
To that idolatrous and adulterous torturer
Lewis of France,—the Palatinate is lost...

Enter LEIGHTON (*who has been branded in the face*) *and* BASTWICK.

Canst thou be—art thou...?

LEIGHTON.

I *was* Leighton: what
I *am* thou seest. And yet turn thine eyes,

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *Another Citizen.*

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's collected editions, and Mr. Rossetti's, we read *made*,—but *make* in the *Posthumous Poems*. This seems to me a very much better reading.

And with thy memory look on thy friend's mind,
Which is unchanged, and where is written deep
The sentence of my judge.

THIRD CITIZEN.

Are these the marks with which
Laud thinks to improve the image of his Maker
Stamped on the face of man? Curses upon him,
The impious tyrant!

SECOND CITIZEN.

It is said besides
That lewd and papist drunkards may profane
The Sabbath with their...
And has permitted that most heathenish custom
Of dancing round a pole dressed up with wreaths
On May-day.
A man who thus twice crucifies his God
May well his brother.—In my mind, friend,
The root of all this ill is prelacy.
I would cut up the root.

THIRD CITIZEN.

And by what means?

SECOND CITIZEN.

Smiting each Bishop under the fifth rib.

THIRD CITIZEN.

You seem to know the vulnerable place
Of these same crocodiles.

SECOND CITIZEN.

I learnt it in
Egyptian bondages,[1] sir. Your worm of Nile
Betrays not with its flattering tears like they;
For, when they cannot kill, they whine and weep.
Nor is it half so greedy of men's bodies
As they of soul and all; nor does it wallow
In slime as they in simony and lies
And close lusts of the flesh.

A MARSHALSMAN.[2]

Give place, give place!
You torch-bearers, advance to the great gate,
And then attend the Marshal of the Mask
Into the Royal presence.

A LAW STUDENT.

What thinkest thou
Of this quaint show of ours, my agèd friend?
Even now we see the redness of the torches
Inflame the night to the eastward, and the clarions
Gasp[3] to us on the wind's wave. It comes!
And their sounds, floating hither round the pageant,
Rouse up the astonished air.

FIRST CITIZEN.

I will not think but that our country's wounds
May yet be healed—The king is just and gracious,

[1] I cannot but think we should read *bondage*. If, as I presume to be the case, Mr. Rossetti found *bondages* in the note-book, I should suppose the final *s* to be a slip of the pen (or pencil).

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *Fourth Speaker* (*a pursuivant*),—the next speech being assigned to *Fifth Speaker* (*a law student*).

[3] Mr. Rossetti seems to have some doubt as to this word, as he places a note of interrogation after it, in a parenthesis. I should imagine, however, that he had deciphered it rightly.

Though wicked counsels now pervert his will:
These once cast off—

SECOND CITIZEN.

As adders cast their skins
And keep their venom, so kings often change;
Councils and counsellors hang on one another,
Hiding the loathsome...,
Like the base patchwork of a leper's rags.

THE YOUTH.

O, still those dissonant thoughts!—List how the music[1]
Grows on the enchanted air! And see, the torches
Restlessly flashing, and the crowd divided
Like waves before an admiral's prow!

A MARSHALSMAN.[2]

Give place
To the Marshal of the Mask!

A PURSUIVANT.

Room for the King!

THE YOUTH.

How glorious! See those thronging chariots
Rolling, like painted clouds before the wind,
Behind their solemn steeds: how some are shaped
Like curvèd shells[3] dyed by the azure depths

[1] This is Mr. Rossetti's reading. In Mrs. Shelley's editions we read *List, loud music.*

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions *Another Speaker.*

[3] In Mr. Rossetti's edition, *curved sea-shells*: in Mrs. Shelley's we read the passage thus:

Some are
Like curved shells &c.

and I should imagine she had authority for rejecting the word *sea*, which is not wanted either for sense or for sound.

Of Indian seas; some like the new-born moon;
And some like cars in which the Romans climbed
(Canopied by Victory's eagle wings outspread)
The Capitolian—See how gloriously
The mettled horses in the torchlight stir
Their gallant riders, while they check their pride,
Like shapes of some diviner element
Than English air, and beings nobler than
The envious and admiring multitude.

SECOND CITIZEN.

Aye, there they are—
Nobles, and sons of nobles, patentees,
Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic crows.
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.
These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not, neither do they spin,—unless
It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves
The tithe that will support them till they crawl
Back to her cold hard bosom. Here is health
Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,
Waste by lame famine, wealth by squalid want,
And England's sin by England's punishment.
And, as the effect pursues the cause foregone,
Lo, giving substance to my words, behold
At once the sign and the thing signified—
A troop of cripples, beggars, and lean outcasts,
Horsed upon stumbling jades,[1] carted with dung,

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *shapes*: in Mr. Rossetti's, *jades*.

Dragged for a day from cellars and low cabins
And rotten hiding-holes, to point the moral
Of this presentment,[1] and bring up the rear
Of painted pomp with misery![2]

THE YOUTH.

'Tis but
The anti-mask, and serves as discords do
In sweetest music. Who would love May flowers
If they succeeded not to Winter's flaw;
Or day unchanged by night; or joy itself
Without the touch of sorrow?

SECOND CITIZEN.

I and thou . . .

A MARSHALSMAN.

Place, give place!

[1] This word is *presentiment* in the editions of 1824 and 1839; but *presentment* in some of the later ones, and in Mr. Rossetti's.

[2] Mr. Rossetti omits the words *Of painted pomp with misery*, and sets the note of exclamation after *rear*; but as the omitted words are in Mrs. Shelley's editions, it can hardly be doubted that, fitting both sense and metre as they do, she had some authority for them.

SCENE II.

A CHAMBER IN WHITEHALL. ENTER[1] THE KING, QUEEN, LAUD, LORD STRAFFORD, LORD COTTINGTON, AND OTHER LORDS; ARCHY; ALSO ST. JOHN, WITH SOME GENTLEMEN OF THE INNS OF COURT.

KING.

Thanks, gentlemen. I heartily accept
This token of your service: your gay mask
Was performed gallantly. And it shows well
When subjects twine such flowers of observance[2]
With the sharp thorns that deck the English crown.
A gentle heart enjoys what it confers,
Even as it suffers that which it inflicts,
Though Justice guides the stroke.
Accept my hearty thanks.

QUEEN.

And, gentlemen,
Call your poor Queen your debtor. Your quaint pageant
Rose on me like the figures of past years,
Treading their still path back to infancy,
More beautiful and mild as they draw nearer
The quiet cradle. I could have almost wept
To think I was in Paris, where these shows

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions this direction is simply "*Enter the* KING, QUEEN, LAUD, WENTWORTH, *and* ARCHY."

[2] Mr. Rossetti marks this word as doubtful. It seems right.

Are well devised—such as I was ere yet
My young heart shared a portion of the burthen,[1]
The careful weight, of this great monarchy.
There, gentlemen, between the sovereign's pleasure
And that which it regards, no clamour lifts
Its proud interposition.
In Paris ribald censurers dare not move
Their poisonous tongues against these sinless sports;
And *his* smile
Warms those who bask in it, as ours would do
If . . . Take my heart's thanks: add them, gentlemen,
To those good words which, were he King of France,
My royal lord would turn to golden deeds.

ST JOHN.

Madam, the love of Englishmen can make
The lightest favour of their lawful king
Outweigh a despot's.—We humbly take our leaves,
Enriched by smiles which France can never buy.

[*Exeunt* ST JOHN *and the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court.*

KING.

My Lord Archbishop,
Mark you what spirit sits in St John's eyes?
Methinks it is too saucy for this presence.

ARCHY.

Yes, pray your Grace look: for, like an unsophisticated . . . sees everything upside down, you who are wise will

[1] It is thus that Mr. Rossetti gives this line. In Mrs. Shelley's editions we read
My young heart shared with [ ] the task,
which seems to me indicative of a better reading than that of the text, if it could be recovered from the chaos of interlineation and erasure which possibly gives rise to the variation,—or from some other note-book or MS. than that from which Mr. Rossetti worked.

discern the shadow of an idiot in lawn sleeves and a rochet setting springes to catch woodcocks in haymaking time. Poor Archy, whose owl-eyes are tempered to the error of his age, and because he is a fool, and by special ordinance of God forbidden ever to see himself as he is, sees now in that deep eye a blindfold devil sitting on the ball, and weighing words out between king and subjects. One scale is full of promises, and the other full of protestations: and then another devil creeps behind the first out of the dark windings [of a] pregnant lawyer's brain, and takes the bandage from the other's eyes, and throws a sword into the left-hand scale, for all the world like my Lord Essex's there.

STRAFFORD.

A rod in pickle for the Fool's back!

ARCHY.

Aye, and some are now smiling whose tears will make the brine; for the Fool sees...

STRAFFORD.

Insolent! You shall have your coat turned and be whipped out of the palace for this.

ARCHY.

When all the fools are whipped, and all the protestant writers, while the knaves are whipping the fools ever since a thief was set to catch a thief. If all turncoats were whipped out of palaces, poor Archy would be disgraced in good company. Let the knaves whip the fools, and all the fools laugh at it. [Let the] wise and goodly slit each other's noses and ears (having no need of any sense of discernment in their craft); and the knaves, to marshal them, join in a

procession to Bedlam, to entreat the madmen to omit their sublime Platonic contemplations, and manage the state of England. Let all the honest men who lie pinched[1] up at the prisons or the pillories, in custody of the pursuivants of the High-Commission Court, marshal them.

Enter Secretary LYTTELTON, *with papers.*

KING (*looking over the papers*).

These stiff Scots
His Grace of Canterbury must take order
To force under the Church's yoke.—You, Wentworth,
Shall be myself in Ireland, and shall add
Your wisdom, gentleness, and energy,
To what in me were wanting.—My Lord Weston,
Look that those merchants draw not without loss
Their bullion from the Tower; and, on the payment
Of shipmoney, take fullest compensation
For violation of our royal forests,
Whose limits, from neglect, have been o'ergrown
With cottages and cornfields. The uttermost
Farthing exact from those who claim exemption
From knighthood: that which once was a reward
Shall thus be made a punishment, that subjects
May know how majesty can wear at will
The rugged mood.—My Lord of Coventry,
Lay my command upon the Courts below
That bail be not accepted for the prisoners
Under the warrant of the Star Chamber.
The people shall not find the stubbornness
Of Parliament a cheap or easy method
Of dealing with their rightful sovereign:

[1] Mr. Rossetti marks this word as doubtful.

And doubt not this, my Lord of Coventry,
We will find time and place for fit rebuke.—
My Lord of Canterbury.

ARCHY.

The fool is here.

LAUD.

I crave permission of your Majesty
To order that this insolent fellow be
Chastised: he mocks the sacred character,
Scoffs at the state,[1] and—

KING.

What, my Archy?
He mocks and mimics all he sees and hears,
Yet with a quaint and graceful license—Prithee
For this once do not as Prynne would, were he
Primate of England. With your Grace's leave,
He lives in his own world; and, like a parrot
Hung in his gilded prison from the window
Of a queen's bower over the public way,
Blasphemes with a bird's mind:—his words, like arrows
Which know no aim beyond the archer's wit,
Strike sometimes what eludes philosophy.—
[*To Archy*[2]] Go, sirrah, and repent of your offence
Ten minutes in the rain: be it your penance
To bring news how the world goes there.

[*Exit* ARCHY.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *stake*. Mr. Garnett gave the emendation *state*, in the *Relics* (p. 95).

[2] The part of this speech which is addressed to Archy is assigned to the Queen in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but Mr. Rossetti, no doubt rightly, adds it to the King's speech.

Poor Archy!
He weaves about himself a world of mirth
Out of the[1] wreck of ours.

LAUD.

I take with patience, as my Master did,
All scoffs permitted from above.

KING.

My lord,
Pray overlook these papers. Archy's words
Had wings, but these have talons.

QUEEN.

And the lion
That wears them must be tamed. My dearest lord,
I see the new-born courage in your[2] eye
Armed to strike dead the spirit of the time,
Which spurs to rage the many-headed beast.
Do thou persist: for, faint but in resolve,
And it were better thou hadst still remained
The slave of thine own slaves, who tear like curs
The fugitive, and flee from the pursuer;
And Opportunity, that empty wolf,
Flies at his throat who falls. Subdue thy actions
Even to the disposition of thy purpose,
And be that tempered as the Ebro's steel;
And banish weak-eyed Mercy to the weak,
Whence she will greet thee with a gift of peace,
And not betray thee with a traitor's kiss,
As when she keeps the company of rebels,
Who think that she is Fear. This do, lest we

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *this*. but *your* in Mrs. Shelley's.
[2] In Mr. Rossetti's edition, *thine*;

Should fall as from a glorious pinnacle
In a bright dream, and wake as from a dream
Out of our worshipped state.

KING.

Beloved friend,
God is my witness that this weight of power,
Which he sets me my earthly task to wield
Under his law, is my delight and pride
Only because thou lovest that and me.
For a king bears the office of a God
To all the under world; and to his God
Alone he must deliver up his trust,
Unshorn of its permitted attributes.
[It seems] now as the baser elements
Had mutinied against the golden sun
That kindles them to harmony, and quells
Their self-destroying rapine. The wild million
Strike at the eye that guides them; like as humours
Of the distempered body that conspire
Against the spirit of life throned in the heart,—
And thus become the prey of one another,
And last of death....

STRAFFORD.

That which would be ambition in a subject
Is duty in a sovereign; for on him,
As on a keystone, hangs the arch of life,
Whose safety is its strength. Degree and form,
And all that makes the age of reasoning man
More memorable than a beast's, depend on this—[1]

[1] In Mr. Rossetti's edition these two lines stand thus —

More memorable than a beast's, depend
On this—that Right should fence itself inviolably

but even if (as I know no reason for doubting) they stand so in the note-book, I think Shelley would infallibly have rearranged the words in

That Right should fence itself inviolably
With power; in which respect the state of England
From usurpation by the insolent commons
Cries for reform.
Get treason, and spare treasure. Fee with coin
The loudest murmurers; feed with jealousies
Opposing factions,—be thyself of none;
And borrow gold of many, for those who lend
Will serve thee till thou payest them; and thus
Keep the fierce spirit of the hour at bay,
Till time, and its coming generations
Of nights and days unborn, bring some one chance,

* * * * *

Or war or pestilence or Nature's self,
By some distemperature or terrible sign,
Be as an arbiter betwixt themselves.
Nor let your Majesty
Doubt here the peril of the unseen event.
How did your brother kings, coheritors
In your high interest in the subject earth,
Rise past such troubles to that height of power
Where now they sit, and awfully serene
Smile on the trembling world? Such popular storms
Philip the second of Spain, this Lewis of France,
And late the German head of many bodies,
And every petty lord of Italy,
Quelled or by arts or arms. Is England poorer
Or feebler? or art thou who wield'st her power
Tamer than they? or shall this island be—
[Girdled] by its inviolable waters—

transcription; because, however jotted down, the rhythm and metre in his mind were pretty sure to be good; and both lines are marred by the arrangement of Mr. Rossetti's edition, —the first by poverty, and the second by redundancy. As given in the text, the lines both take a characteristic form,—the treatment of *memorable* as equivalent to two heavy syllables being Shelley-like.

To the world present and the world to come
Sole pattern of extinguished monarchy?
Not if thou dost as I would have thee do.

KING.

Your words shall be my deeds:
You speak the image of my thought. My friend
(If kings can have a friend, I call thee so),
Beyond the large commission which belongs[1]
Under the great seal of the realm, take this:
And, for some obvious reasons, let there be
No seal on it, except my kingly word
And honour as I am a gentleman.
Be—as thou art within my heart and mind—
Another self, here and in Ireland:
Do what thou judgest well, take amplest license,
And stick not even at questionable means.
Hear me, Wentworth. My word is as a wall
Between thee and this world thine enemy—
That hates thee, for thou lovest me.

STRAFFORD.

I own
No friend but thee, no enemies but thine:
Thy lightest thought is my eternal law.
How weak, how short, is life to pay . .

KING.

Peace, peace!
Thou ow'st me nothing yet.—
[*To* LAUD]
My lord, what say
Those papers?

[1] Mr. Rossetti marks this word as doubtful.

LAUD.

Your Majesty has ever interposed,
In lenity towards your native soil,
Between the heavy vengeance of the Church
And Scotland. Mark the consequence of warming
This brood of northern vipers in your bosom.
The rabble, instructed no doubt
By Loudon, Lindsay, Hume, and false Argyll,
(For the waves never menace heaven until
Scourged by the wind's invisible tyranny)
Have in the very temple of the Lord
Done outrage to his chosen ministers.
They scorn the liturgy of the holy Church,
Refuse to obey her canons, and deny
The apostolic power with which the Spirit
Has filled its elect vessels, even from him
Who held the keys with power to loose and bind,
To him who now pleads in this royal presence.—
Let ampler powers and new instructions be
Sent to the High Commissioners in Scotland.
To death, imprisonment, and confiscation,
Add torture, add the ruin of the kindred
Of the offender, add the brand of infamy,
Add mutilation: and if this suffice not,
Unleash the sword and fire, and in their thirst
They may lick up that scum of schismatics.
I laugh at those weak rebels who, desiring
What we possess, still prate of christian peace,
As if those dreadful arbitrating messengers[1]
Which play the part of God 'twixt right and wrong,
Should be let loose against the[2] innocent sleep
Of templed cities and the smiling fields,

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *dreadful messengers of wrath.*

[2] The word *the* is wanting in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

For some poor argument of policy
Which touches our own profit or our pride,
Where it indeed[1] were christian charity
To turn the cheek even to the smiter's hand:
And, when our great Redeemer, when our God,
When he who gave, accepted, and retained,
Himself in propitiation of our sins,
Is scorned in his immediate ministry,[2]
With hazard of the inestimable loss
Of all the truth and discipline which is
Salvation to the extremest generation
Of men innumerable, they talk of peace!
Such peace as Canaan found, let Scotland now:
For, by that Christ who came to bring a sword,
Not peace, upon the earth, and gave command
To his disciples at the passover
That each should sell his robe and buy a sword,—
Once strip that minister of naked wrath,
And it shall never sleep in peace again
Till Scotland bend or break.

KING.

My Lord Archbishop,
Do what thou wilt and what thou canst in this.
Thy earthly even as thy heavenly King
Gives thee large power in his unquiet realm.
But we want money, and my mind misgives me
That for so great an enterprise, as yet,
We are unfurnished.

STRAFFORD.

Yet it may not long
Rest on our wills.

[1] So in the *Posthumous Poems* and Mr. Rossetti's edition; but *indeed it* in Mrs. Shelley's collected editions.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *ministers*.

COTTINGTON.

The expenses
Of gathering shipmoney, and of distraining
For every petty rate (for we encounter
A desperate opposition inch by inch
In every warehouse and on every farm),
Have swallowed up the gross sum of the imposts;
So that, though felt as a most grievous scourge
Upon the land, they stand us in small stead
As touches the receipt.

STRAFFORD.

'Tis a conclusion
Most arithmetical: and thence you infer
Perhaps the assembling of a parliament.
Now, if a man should call his dearest enemies
To sit in licensed judgment on his life,
His Majesty might wisely take that course.

[*Aside to* COTTINGTON]

It is enough to expect from these lean imposts
That they perform the office of a scourge,
Without more profit.

[*Aloud*]

Fines and confiscations,
And a forced loan from the refractory city,
Will fill our coffers: and the golden love
Of loyal gentlemen and noble friends
For the worshipped father of our common country,
With contributions from the catholics,
Will make Rebellion pale in our excess.
Be these the expedients until time and wisdom
Shall frame a settled state of government.

LAUD.

And weak expedients they! Have we not drained
All, till the which seemed
A mine exhaustless?

STRAFFORD.

And the love which *is*,
If loyal hearts could turn their blood to gold.

LAUD.

Both now grow barren: and I speak it not
As loving parliaments, which, as they have been
In the right hand of bold bad mighty kings
The scourges of the bleeding Church, I hate.
Methinks they scarcely can deserve our fear.

STRAFFORD.

O my dear liege, take back the wealth thou gavest:
With that, take all I held, but as in trust
For thee, of mine inheritance: leave me but
This unprovided body for thy service,
And a mind dedicated to no care
Except thy safety:—but assemble not
A parliament. Hundreds will bring, like me,
Their fortunes, as they would their blood, before . . .

KING.

No! thou who judgest them art but one. Alas!
We should be too much out of love with heaven,
Did this vile world show many such as thee,
Thou perfect just and honourable man!
Never shall it be said that Charles of England
Stripped those he loved for fear of those he scorns;

Nor will he so much misbecome his throne
As to impoverish those who most adorn
And best defend it. That you urge, dear Strafford,
Inclines me rather . . .

QUEEN.

To a parliament?
Is this thy firmness? and thou wilt preside
Over a knot of censurers,
To the unswearing of thy best resolves,
And choose the worst, when the worst comes too soon?
Plight not the worst before the worst must come.
Oh wilt thou smile whilst our ribald foes,
Dressed in their own usurped authority,
Sharpen their tongues on Henrietta's fame?
It is enough! Thou lovest me no more!

[*Weeps.*]

KING.

Oh Henrietta!

[*They talk apart.*]

COTTINGTON [*to* LAUD].

Money we have none:
And all the expedients of my Lord of Strafford
Will scarcely meet the arrears.

LAUD.

Without delay
An army must be sent into the north;
Followed by a Commission of the Church,
With amplest power to quench in fire and blood,
And tears and terror, and the pity of hell,

The intenser wrath of Heresy. God will give
Victory; and victory over Scotland give
The lion England tamed into our hands.
That will lend power, and power bring gold.

COTTINGTON.

Meanwhile
We must begin first where your Grace leaves off.
Gold must give power, or...

LAUD.

I am not averse
From[1] the assembling of a parliament.
Strong actions and smooth words might teach them soon
The lesson to obey. And are they not
A bubble fashioned by the monarch's mouth,
The birth of one light breath? If they serve no purpose,
A word dissolves them.

STRAFFORD.

The engine of parliaments[2]
Might be deferred until I can bring over
The Irish regiments: they will serve to assure
The issue of the war against the Scots.
And, this game won—which if lost, all is lost—
Gather these chosen leaders of the rebels,
And call them, if you will, a parliament.

KING.

Oh be our feet still tardy to shed blood,
Guilty though it may be! I would still spare

[1] I very much doubt this preposition. I think Shelley would have written *averse to the assembling* &c.

[2] This phrase seems to me almost inconceivable. The word deciphered as *engine* would, I fancy, be a mono-

The stubborn country of my birth, and ward
From countenances which I loved in youth
The wrathful Church's lacerating hand.

[*To* LAUD]

Have you o'erlooked the other articles?

[*Re-enter* ARCHY.]

LAUD.

Hazlerig, Hampden, Pym, young Harry Vane,
Cromwell, and other rebels of less note,
Intend to sail with the next favouring wind
For the Plantations.

ARCHY.

Where they think to found
A commonwealth like Gonzalo's[1] in the play,
Gynæcocœnic and pantisocratic.

KING.

What's that, sirrah?

ARCHY.

New devil's politics.
Hell is the pattern of all commonwealths:
Lucifer was the first republican.
Will you hear Merlin's prophecy, how three posts[2]

"In one brainless skull, when the whitethorn is full,
Shall sail round the world, and come back again:

syllable, and the *s* in *parliaments* strikes me as wrong. It is somewhat wild to speculate on this; but, if Shelley hurriedly wrote *mime* with a *y* instead of an *i*, it would look very like *engine*; and *the mime of parliament* seems a possible expression here.

[1] Mr. Rossetti is of course right in substituting here the name *Gonzalo* for *Gonzaga*, which Shelley had written,—the reference being clearly to a speech of Gonzalo in *The Tempest*.

[2] Mr. Rossetti gives the word *posts* with a note of interrogation: *poets* seems more probable.

Shall sail round the world in a brainless skull,
And come back again when the moon is at full:"—
When, in spite of the Church,
They will hear homilies of whatever length
Or form they please.

COTTINGTON.[1]

So please your Majesty to sign this order
For their detention.

ARCHY.

If your Majesty were tormented night and day by fever, gout, rheumatism, and stone, and asthma, &c., and you found these diseases had secretly entered into a conspiracy to abandon you, should you think it necessary to lay an embargo on the port by which they meant to dispeople your unquiet kingdom of man[2]?

KING.

If fear were made for kings, the Fool mocks wisely;
But in this case.. [*writing*] Here, my lord, take the warrant,
And see it duly executed forthwith.—
That imp of malice and mockery shall be punished.

[*Exeunt all but* KING, QUEEN, *and* ARCHY.]

ARCHY.

Aye, I am the physician of whom Plato prophesied, who was to be accused by the confectioner before a jury of children, who found him guilty without waiting for the summing-up, and hanged him without benefit of clergy. Thus Baby Charles, and the Twelfth-night Queen of Hearts,

[1] Mr. Rossetti marks this speaker's name as doubtful.

[2] So in Mr. Rossetti's edition; but it may, I think, be questioned whether *them* is not the word: the two words are often absolutely indistinguishable in Shelley's rough MSS.

and the overgrown schoolboy Cottington, and that little urchin Laud—who would reduce a verdict of "guilty, death," by famine, if it were impregnable by composition—all impannelled against poor Archy for presenting them bitter physic the last day of the holidays.

QUEEN.

Is the rain over, sirrah?

KING.

When it rains
And the sun shines, 'twill rain again to-morrow:
And therefore never smile till you've done crying.

ARCHY.

But 'tis all over now: like the April anger of woman, the gentle sky has wept itself serene.

QUEEN.

What news abroad? how looks the world this morning?

ARCHY.

Gloriously as a grave covered with virgin flowers. There's a rainbow in the sky. Let your Majesty look at it, for

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;"

and the flocks of which you are the pastor are scattered among the mountain-tops, where every drop of water is a flake of snow, and the breath of May pierces like a January blast.

KING.

The sheep have mistaken the wolf for their shepherd, my poor boy; and the shepherd, the wolves for their watchdogs.

QUEEN.

But the rainbow was a good sign, Archy: it says that the waters of the deluge are gone, and can return no more.

ARCHY.

Aye, the salt-water one: but that of tears and blood must yet come down, and that of fire follow, if there be any truth in lies.—The rainbow hung over the city with all its shops, .. and churches, from north to south, like a bridge of congregated lightning pieced by the masonry of heaven—like a balance in which the angel that distributes the coming hour was weighing that heavy one whose poise is now felt in the lightest hearts, before it bows the proudest heads under the meanest feet. 426

QUEEN.

Who taught you this trash, sirrah?

ARCHY.

A torn leaf out of an old book trampled in the dirt.—But for the rainbow. It moved as the sun moved, and .. until the top of the Tower .. of a cloud through its left-hand tip, and Lambeth Palace look as dark as a rock before the other. Methought I saw a crown figured upon one tip, and a mitre on the other. So, as I had heard treasures were found where the rainbow quenches its points upon the earth, I set off, and at the Tower——. But I shall not tell your Majesty what I found close to the closet-window on which the rainbow had glimmered. 436

KING.

Speak: I will make my Fool my conscience.

ARCHY.

Then conscience is a fool.—I saw there a cat caught in a rat-trap. I heard the rats squeak behind the wainscots: it seemed to me that the very mice were consulting on the manner of her death.

QUEEN.

Archy is shrewd and bitter.

ARCHY.

Like the season,
so blow the winds.—But at the other end of the rainbow, where the grey rain was tempered along the grass and leaves by a tender interfusion of violet and gold in the meadows beyond Lambeth, what think you that I found instead of a mitre?

KING.

Vane's wits perhaps.

ARCHY.

Something as vain. I saw
a gross vapour hovering in a stinking ditch over the carcass of a dead ass, some rotten rags, and broken dishes—the wrecks of what once administered to the stuffing-out and the ornament of a worm of worms. His Grace of Canterbury expects to enter the New Jerusalem some Palm Sunday in triumph on the ghost of this ass.

QUEEN.

Enough, enough! Go desire Lady Jane
She place my lute, together with the music

Mari received last week from Italy,
In my boudoir, and . . [*Exit* ARCHY.]

KING.

I'll go in.

QUEEN.

My beloved lord,
Have you not noted that the Fool of late
Has lost his careless mirth, and that his words
Sound like the echoes of our saddest fears?
What can it mean? I should be loth to think
Some factious slave had tutored him.

KING.

Oh no!
He is but Occasion's pupil. Partly 'tis[1]
That our minds piece the vacant intervals
Of his wild words with their own fashioning;
As in the imagery of summer clouds,
Or coals of[2] the winter fire, idlers find
The perfect shadows of their teeming thoughts:
And partly, that the terrors of the time
Are sown by wandering Rumour in all spirits;
And in the lightest and the least, may best
Be seen the current of the coming wind.

QUEEN.

Your brain is overwrought with these deep thoughts.
Come, I will sing to you; let us go try
These airs from Italy; and, as we pass
The gallery, we'll decide where that Correggio

[1] Mrs. Shelley reads *It partly is.* [2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *in.*

Shall hang—the Virgin Mother
With her child, born the King of heaven and earth,
Whose reign is men's salvation. And you shall see
A cradled miniature of yourself asleep,
Stamped on the heart by never-erring love;
Liker than any Vandyke ever made,
A pattern to the unborn age of thee,
Over whose sweet beauty I have wept for joy
A thousand times, and now should weep for sorrow,
Did I not think that after we were dead
Our fortunes would spring high in him, and that
The cares we waste upon our heavy crown
Would make it light and glorious as a wreath
Of heaven's beams for his dear innocent brow.

KING.

Dear Henrietta!

SCENE III.

THE STAR CHAMBER. LAUD, JUXON, STRAFFORD, AND OTHERS, AS JUDGES. PRYNNE AS A PRISONER, AND THEN BASTWICK.

LAUD.

Bring forth the prisoner Bastwick: let the clerk
Recite his sentence.

CLERK.

"That he pay five thousand
Pounds to the king, lose both his ears, be branded
With red-hot iron on the cheek and forehead,

And be imprisoned within Lancaster Castle
During the pleasure of the Court."

LAUD.

Prisoner,
If you have aught to say wherefore this sentence
Should not be put into effect, now speak.

JUXON.

If you have aught to plead in mitigation,
Speak.

BASTWICK.

Thus, my lords. If, like the prelates, I
Were an invader of the royal power,
A public scorner of the word of God,
Profane, idolatrous, popish, superstitious,
Impious in heart and in tyrannic act,
Void of wit, honesty, and temperance;
If Satan were my lord, as theirs,—our God
Pattern of all I should avoid to do;
Were I an enemy of my God and King
And of good men, as ye are;—I should merit
Your fearful state and gilt prosperity,
Which, when ye wake from the last sleep, shall turn
To cowls and robes of everlasting fire.
But, as I am, I bid ye grudge me not
The only earthly favour ye can yield,
Or I think worth acceptance at your hands,—
Scorn, mutilation, and imprisonment.
Even as my Master did,
Until Heaven's kingdom shall descend on earth,
Or earth be like a shadow in the light

Of heaven absorbed—some few tumultuous years
Will pass, and leave no wreck of what opposes
His will whose will is power.[1]

LAUD.

Officer, take the prisoner from the bar,
And be his tongue slit for his insolence.

BASTWICK.

While this hand holds a pen . . .

LAUD.

Be his hands . . .

JUXON.

Stop!
Forbear, my lord! The tongue, which now can speak
No terror, would interpret, being dumb,
Heaven's thunder to our harm; . . .
And hands, which now write only their own shame,
With bleeding stumps might sign our blood away.

LAUD.

Much more such "mercy" among men would be,
Did all the ministers of Heaven's revenge

[1] These lines (27 to 32) are from *Relics of Shelley*, p. 91; and Mr. Rossetti was probably right in inserting them here. He says, however, that he could find no trace of them in the note-book; and, as Mr. Garnett positively assigns them to *Charles the First*, he must, when he examined Sir Percy Shelley's MSS., before issuing the *Relics* in 1862, have come upon something unmistakably appertaining to *Charles the First*, separate from the note-book in question. This fact indicates, at the least, a probability that Mrs. Shelley had other authority, for some of her readings, than this particular note-book. As regards this passage, though I agree with Mr. Rossetti in thinking this the most probable place for it, I regard it as possible that it is a rejected passage for the speech of Laud in Scene II (p. 303),—

I take with patience, as my master did,
All scoffs permitted from above.

Or, again, it might have been for the long speech of Laud in the same scene (p. 307), which may, originally, have been continuous with the shorter one.

Flinch thus from earthly retribution. I
Could suffer what I would inflict.

[*Exit* BASTWICK *guarded.*]

Bring up
The Lord Bishop of Lincoln.—

[*To Strafford*]

Know you not
That, in distraining for ten thousand pounds
Upon his books and furniture at Lincoln,
Were found these scandalous and seditious letters
Sent from one Osbaldistone, who is fled?
I speak it not as touching this poor person;
But of the office which should make it holy,
Were it as vile as it was ever spotless.
Mark too, my lord, that this expression strikes
His Majesty, if I misinterpret not.

Enter BISHOP WILLIAMS *guarded.*

STRAFFORD.

'Twere politic and just that Williams taste
The bitter fruit of his connexion with
The schismatics. But you, my Lord Archbishop,
Who owed your first promotion to his favour,
Who grew beneath his smile——

LAUD.

Would therefore beg
The office of his judge from this High Court,—
That it shall seem, even as it is, that I,
In my assumption of this sacred robe,
Have put aside all worldly preference,
All sense of all distinction of all persons,
All thoughts but of the service of the Church.—
Bishop of Lincoln!

WILLIAMS.

Peace, proud hierarch!
I know my sentence, and I own it just.
Thou wilt repay me less than I deserve,
In stretching to the utmost

* * * * *

SCENE IV.

HAMPDEN, PYM, CROMWELL, his Daughter, and young SIR HARRY VANE.[1]

HAMPDEN.

England, farewell! thou who hast been my cradle,
Shalt never be my dungeon or my grave!
I held what I inherited in thee,
As pawn for that inheritance of freedom
Which thou hast sold for thy despoiler's smile:
How can I call thee England, or my country?—
Does the wind hold?

VANE.

The vanes sit steady
Upon the Abbey towers. The silver lightnings
Of the evening star, spite of the city's smoke,
Tell that the north wind reigns in the upper air.
Mark too that flock of fleecy-wingèd clouds[2]
Sailing athwart St. Margaret's.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *the Younger Vane*. Cromwell's daughter is not mentioned.

[2] In Mr. Rossetti's edition, *fleet of fleecy-wingèd cloud*; but Mrs. Shelley's is surely the better reading, avoiding the accidental play upon the word *fleet*, in the next line.

HAMPDEN.

Hail, fleet herald
Of tempest! that rude pilot who shall guide
Hearts free as his, to realms as pure as thee,
Beyond the shot of tyranny,
Beyond the webs of that swoln spider . . .
Beyond the curses, calumnies, and lies[1]
Of atheist priests! And thou
Fair star, whose beam lies on the wide Atlantic,
Athwart its zones of tempest and of calm,
Bright as the path to a belovèd home,
Oh light us to the isles of the[2] evening land!
Like floating Edens cradled in the glimmer
Of sunset, through the distant mist of years
Touched[3] by departing hope, they gleam! lone regions,
Where power's poor dupes and victims yet have never
Propitiated the savage fear of kings
With purest blood of noblest hearts; whose dew
Is yet unstained with tears of those who wake
To weep each day the wrongs on which it dawns;
Whose sacred silent air owns yet no echo
Of formal blasphemies; nor impious rites
Wrest man's free worship, from the God who loves,
To the poor worm[4] who envies us his love!
Receive, thou young of Paradise,
These exiles from the old and sinful world!

* * * * *

This glorious clime, this firmament, whose lights
Dart mitigated influence through their[5] veil

[1] This word is marked as doubtful in Mr. Rossetti's edition.
[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *the* is here contracted into *th'*.
[3] *Tinged*, in Mrs. Shelley's editions.
[4] *Towards the worm*, in Mrs. Shelley's editions.
[5] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *the*.

Of pale blue atmosphere; whose tears keep green
The pavement of this moist all-feeding earth;
This vaporous horizon, whose dim round
Is bastioned by the circumfluous sea,
Repelling invasion from the sacred towers,
Presses upon me like a dungeon's grate,
A low dark roof, a damp and narrow wall.[1]
The boundless[2] universe
Becomes a cell too narrow for the soul
That owns no[3] master; while the loathliest ward[4]
Of this wide prison, England, is a nest
Of cradling[5] peace built on the mountain tops,—
To which the eagle spirits of the free,
Which range through heaven and earth, and scorn the storm
Of time, and gaze upon the light of truth,
Return to brood on thoughts that cannot die
And cannot be repelled.[6]
Like eaglets floating in the heaven of time,
They soar above their quarry, and shall stoop
Through palaces and temples thunderproof.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *vault*.
[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *mighty*.
[3] Mr. Rossetti substitutes *a master* for *no master*, presumably on the authority of the note-book; but I think the reading of Mrs. Shelley's editions, *no master*, is far finer, and again suggestive of some other source than the note-book. The sense that the free soul is too big for the universe is far more like Shelley's way of thinking than the sense that servility makes the universe too narrow.
[4] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *spot*.
[5] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *cradled*.
[6] In Mrs. Shelley's editions these two lines stand thus:

Return to brood over the [ ] thoughts
That cannot die, and may not be repelled.

SCENE V.[1]

ARCHY.

I'll go live under the ivy that overgrows the terrace, and court the tears shed on its old roots (?), as the [wind ?] plays the song of

"A widow bird sate mourning
Upon a wintry bough."

[*Sings*]

Heigho! the lark and the owl!
One flies the morning, and one lulls[2] the night:—
Only the nightingale, poor fond soul,
Sings like the fool through darkness and light.

"A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound."

[1] Mr. Rossetti says this "fragment of a scene appears to belong to a much later portion of the drama than those which have preceded; perhaps to the period of King Charles's captivity, or even after his death." I give the snatch of prose as given in Mr. Rossetti's edition; but I suspect we should read *count* for *court*. That edition was the first in which the beautiful lyric was coupled with the name of Archy. The two quatrains in inverted commas appeared in the *Posthumous Poems* as *A Song*, among the Miscellaneous Poems, and never, in editions preceding Mr. Rossetti's, as having any connexion with *Charles the First*.

[2] I cannot but think this word is wrong: probably we should read *flies* again.

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

[As already stated, *The Triumph of Life* was the last great work on which Shelley was occupied. Speaking of the boat *Don Juan*, Mrs. Shelley says—"When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him; and much of the 'Triumph of Life' was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him." Mr. Garnett communicated to Miss Blind numerous emendations from the MS., in Sir Percy Shelley's possession; and these were published in *The Westminster Review* (July 1870). What the work would have been, it is hardly possible to imagine; but, with this grand fragment before us, it would be difficult to exaggerate the magnitude of the potential poem which was shaping itself in Shelley's mind at the time of his death.—H. B. F.]

THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE.

SWIFT as a spirit hastening to his task[1]
Of glory and of good, the Sun sprang forth
Rejoicing in his splendour, and the mask

Of darkness fell from the awakened Earth—
The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds, and at the birth

Of light, the Ocean's orison arose,
To which the birds tempered their matin lay.
All flowers in field or forest which unclose

Their trembling eyelids to the kiss of day,
Swinging their censers in the element,
With orient incense lit by the new ray

Burned slow and inconsumably, and sent
Their odorous sighs up to the smiling air;
And, in succession due, did continent,

Isle, ocean, and all things that in them wear
The form and character of mortal mould,
Rise as the Sun[2] their father rose, to bear

[1] In the MS. of *The Triumph of Life* there is a cancelled opening, as follows:

Out of the eastern shadow of the Earth
Amid the clouds upon its margin grey,
Scattered by night to swathe in its bright birth
In gold and fleecy snow the infant Day,
The glorious Sun arose, beneath his light
The earth and all.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *sun*, with a small *s*.

Their portion of the toil, which he of old
Took as his own, and then imposed on them:
But I, whom thoughts which must remain untold

Had kept as wakeful as the stars that gem
The cone of night, now they were laid asleep
Stretched my faint limbs beneath the hoary stem

Which an old chesnut flung athwart the steep
Of a green Apennine: before me fled
The night; behind me rose the day; the deep

Was at my feet, and Heaven above my head,
When a strange trance over my fancy grew
Which was not slumber, for the shade it spread

Was so transparent, that the scene came through
As clear as when a veil of light is drawn
O'er evening hills they glimmer; and I knew

That I had felt the freshness of that dawn,
Bathed[1] in the same cold dew my brow and hair,
And sate as thus upon that slope of lawn

Under the self-same bough, and heard as there
The birds, the fountains and the ocean hold
Sweet talk in music through the enamoured air,
And then a vision on my brain was rolled.

As in that trance of wondrous thought I lay,
This was the tenour of my waking dream:—
Methought I sate beside a public way

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* and the editions of 1839, this word is *Bathed*, and there is a comma at *dawn*; but in some of the later editions (followed

Thick strewn with summer dust, and a great stream
Of people there was hurrying to and fro,
Numerous as gnats upon the evening gleam,

All hastening onward, yet none seemed to know
Whither he went, or whence he came, or why
He made one of the multitude, and so

Was borne amid the crowd, as through the sky
One of the million leaves of summer's bier;
Old age and youth, manhood and infancy

Mixed in one mighty torrent did appear,
Some flying from the thing they feared, and some
Seeking the object of another's fear;

And others as with steps towards the tomb,
Pored on the trodden worms that crawled beneath,
And others mournfully within the gloom

Of their own shadow walked and called it death;
And some fled from it as it were a ghost,
Half fainting in the affliction of vain breath:

But more, with motions which each other crost,
Pursued or shunned[1] the shadows the clouds threw,
Or birds within the noon-day æther[2] lost,

Upon that path where flowers never grew,—
And, weary with vain toil and faint for thirst,
Heard not the fountains, whose melodious dew

by Mr. Rossetti in this) the comma is removed, and *Bathe* is substituted for *Bathed*. I incline to the earlier reading; but either is possible.

[1] In previous editions, *spurned*; but *shunned* in the MS.

[2] In previous editions, *ether*.

Out of their mossy cells for ever burst;
Nor felt the breeze which from the forest told
Of grassy paths and wood-lawns[1] interspersed

With overarching elms and caverns cold,
And violet banks where sweet dreams brood, but they
Pursued their serious folly as of old.

And as I gazed, methought that in the way
The throng grew wilder, as the woods of June
When the south wind shakes the extinguished day,

And a cold glare, intenser than the noon,
But icy cold, obscured with blinding[2] light
The sun, as he the stars. Like the young moon

When on the sunlit limits of the night
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air,
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might

Doth, as the herald of its coming, bear
The ghost of its[3] dead mother, whose dim form[4]
Bends in dark æther[5] from her infant's chair,—

So came a chariot on the silent storm
Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape
So sate within, as one whom years deform,

[1] So in the MS.; but in former editions, *lawn-interspersed* appears as a compound epithet applied to *wood* (or to *paths and wood*, for the punctuation varies).

[2] This word is given in brackets, as if doubtful, in the *Posthumous Poems*; but the brackets are dropped in all later editions.

[3] So in all editions but that of Mr. Rossetti, who substitutes *her* for *its*, "in conformity with the diction of all the rest of this clause."

[4] So in all editions but the *Posthumous Poems*, wherein we read *frown* for *form*.

[5] In former editions, *ether*; and *etherial* in line 92.

Beneath a dusky hood and double cape,
Crouching within the shadow of a tomb;
And o'er what seemed the head a cloud-like crape

Was bent, a dun and faint ætherial gloom
Tempering the light.[1] Upon the chariot beam
A Janus-visaged Shadow did assume

The guidance of that wonder-wingèd team;
The shapes which drew it[2] in thick lightnings
Were lost:—I heard alone on the air's soft stream

The music of their ever-moving wings.
All the four faces of that charioteer
Had their eyes banded; little profit brings

Speed in the van and blindness in the rear,
Nor then avail the beams that quench the sun[3]
Or that with banded eyes could pierce the sphere

Of all that is, has been or will be done;
So ill was the car guided—but it past
With solemn speed majestically on.

The crowd gave way, and I arose aghast,
Or seemed to rise, so mighty was the trance,
And saw, like clouds upon the thunder[4] blast,

[1] This is Mr. Rossetti's reading; and I do not doubt it is right. In Mrs. Shelley's editions we read
Tempering the light upon the chariot beam;
a construction which is hardly tenable.

[2] The word *it* is omitted in the *Posthumous Poems*, but appears in later editions, from 1839 onward.

[3] There is no stop here in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but Mr. Rossetti inserts a colon, and prints *that*, in the next line, in italics. The sense seems to me to be,—"Speed in the van and blindness in the rear are unprofitable; and, under such conditions, the beams which quench the sun or which, the eyes being banded, could pierce the sphere of all that is &c., are of no avail."

[4] So in the MS.; but *thunders blast* in the *Posthumous Poems*, and *thunder's blast* in later editions.

The million with fierce song and maniac dance
Raging around—such seemed the jubilee
As when to greet[1] some conqueror's advance

Imperial Rome poured forth her living sea
From senate-house, and forum, and theatre,
When upon the free

Had bound a yoke, which soon they stooped to bear.
Nor wanted here the just similitude
Of a triumphal pageant, for where'er

The chariot rolled, a captive multitude
Was driven;—all those who had grown old in power
Or misery,—all who had their age subdued

By action or by suffering, and whose hour
Was drained to its last sand in weal or woe,
So that the trunk survived both fruit and flower;—

All those whose fame or infamy must grow
Till the great winter lay the form and name
Of this green earth with them for ever low;—

All but the sacred few who could not tame
Their spirits to the conquerors—but as soon
As they had touched the world with living flame,

Fled back like eagles to their native noon,
Or those who put aside the diadem
Of earthly thrones or gems[2]...

[1] So in the MS.; but *meet* in former editions.

[2] Mr. Rossetti says, "This long sentence is evidently most imperfect. There is no verb to agree with the nominatives 'all those who had grown old in power' &c.; and the lines beginning 'were there' and 'were neither'

Were there, of Athens or Jerusalem,
Were neither mid the mighty captives seen,
Nor mid the ribald crowd that followed them,

Nor those who went before fierce and obscene.
The wild dance maddens in the van, and those
Who lead it—fleet as shadows on the green,

Outspeed the chariot, and without repose
Mix with each other in tempestuous measure
To savage music,[1] wilder as it grows,

They, tortured by their agonizing pleasure,
Convulsed and on the rapid whirlwinds spun
Of that fierce spirit, whose unholy leisure

are—if they have any definite meaning—contradictory the one of the other." I suspect that the sentence is quite perfect. No verb to agree with the nominatives "all those" &c. is wanted beyond what can be found in the sentence, the sense being that a captive multitude was driven, consisting of all those who had done as described in lines 120 to 127,—in fact of all except the sacred few who could not tame their spirits, and "those who put aside the diadem" &c. Shelley would seem to have used *or* loosely instead of *and* in line 132. There should probably be a full stop at *gems*. After that word there is a hiatus, indicated by brackets in Mrs. Shelley's editions; and there is nothing to shew whether the words wanting are for the sentence preceding the hiatus or that following it. I have no doubt, however, that the missing words were little beyond the nominative to *were there*, and that they were omitted till something could be found to rhyme with *soon* and *noon*. It will be observed that only four syllables could have been brought in,—the *terza rima* being complete but for that number of syllables; and I should say the sense intended was that while all those described above were there, no men, either of Athens or of Jerusalem, were seen amid the mighty captives, or amid the ribald crowd that followed them or those that went before. In that case, *were there* and *were neither* would not be contradictory. Mr. Rossetti suggests, as representing the "general drift" of this passage, the following modified lines:

> Fled back like eagles to their native noon;
> *For* those who put aside the diadem
> Of earthly thrones or gems . . . .,
> *Whether* of Athens or Jerusalem,
> Were neither mid the mighty captives seen, &c.

But nothing short of MS. authority could justify the introduction into the text of any words importing either this sense or any other.

[1] Mr. Rossetti places a full-stop at the end of this line. It seems to me that, if such a point is to be introduced, it should be after *music*, as that appears to be the place where the sense closes; but Shelley never hesitated, in a rapid movement, to commence a fresh sense after a comma; and I leave this line as in Mrs. Shelley's editions. The sense intended is probably that the people mix in tempestuous measure to savage music, and that, as the music grows wilder they throw back their heads, &c.

Was soothed by mischief since the world begun,
Throw back their heads and loose their streaming hair;
And in their dance round her who dims the sun,

Maidens and youths fling their wild arms in air
As their feet twinkle; they recede, and now
Bending within each other's atmosphere,

Kindle invisibly—and as they glow,
Like moths by light attracted and repelled,
Oft to their bright destruction come and go,

Till like two clouds into one vale impelled
That shake the mountains when their lightnings mingle
And die in rain—the fiery band which held

Their natures, snaps—while[1] the shock still may tingle;
One falls and then another in the path
Senseless—nor is the desolation single,

Yet ere I can say *where*—the chariot hath
Past over them—nor other trace I find
But as of foam after the ocean's wrath

Is spent upon the desert[2] shore;—behind,
Old men and women foully disarrayed,
Shake their gray hairs in the insulting wind,

And follow in the dance, with limbs decayed,[3]
Seeking to reach the light which leaves them still
Farther behind and deeper in the shade.

[1] This word is in the MS., but is omitted from former editions.

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *desart*; but I presume the word is an adjective here.

[3] In the *Posthumous Poems* this line stands thus :—

To seek to [ ], to strain with limbs decayed,

but in later editions it is as in the text; and *Seeking* is substituted for *Limping* as the initial word of the next line. I do not agree with Mr. Rossetti that the original word *Limp-*

But not the less with impotence of will
They wheel, though ghastly shadows interpose
Round them and round each other, and fulfil

Their work, and in the dust from whence they rose
Sink, and corruption veils them as they lie,
And past in these performs what in those.

Struck to the heart by this sad pageantry,
Half to myself I said—And what is this?
Whose shape is that within the car? And why—

I would have added—is all here amiss?—
But a voice answered—"Life!"—I turned, and knew
(O Heaven, have mercy on such wretchedness!)

That what I thought was an old root which grew
To strange distortion out of the hill side,
Was indeed one of those[1] deluded crew,

And that the grass, which methought hung so wide
And white, was but his thin discoloured hair,
And that the holes he vainly sought to hide,

Were or had been eyes:—"If thou canst, forbear
To join the dance, which I had well forborne!"
Said the grim Feature (of my thought aware).[2]

ing is "distinctly the finer"; because I do not doubt that Shelley removed it on technical grounds, preferring the triple assonance of *seeking, reach,* and *leaves* to the triple alliteration of *Limping, light,* and *leaves.*

[1] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions. Mr. Rossetti substitutes *that.*

[2] I cannot but think with Mr. Rossetti that there is good ground for repunctuating this passage, which stands thus in Mrs. Shelley's editions:

Said the grim Feature of my thought:
"Aware, . . .

Mr. Rossetti mentions that the emendation originates with Mr. Browning, and characterizes it as "a most manifest improvement, though the word 'feature' is anyhow strange in this connexion." But surely the word is not much stranger than other obsolete words used by Shelley. I have no

"I will unfold that which to this deep scorn
Led me and my companions, and relate
The progress of the pageant since the morn;

"If thirst of knowledge shall not then abate,
Follow it thou even to the night, but I
Am weary."—Then like one who with the weight

Of his own words is staggered, wearily
He paused; and ere he could resume, I cried:
"First, who art thou?"—"Before thy memory,

"I feared, loved, hated, suffered, did and died,
And if the spark with which Heaven lit my spirit
Had been with purer nutriment[1] supplied,

"Corruption would not now thus much inherit
Of what was once Rousseau,—nor this disguise
Stain[2] that which ought to have disdained to wear it;

"If I have been extinguished, yet there rise
A thousand beacons from the spark I bore"—
"And who are those chained to the car?"—"The wise,

"The great, the unforgotten,—they who wore
Mitres and helms and crowns, or wreaths of light,
Signs of thought's empire over thought—their lore

"Taught them not this, to know themselves; their might
Could not repress the mystery within,
And for the morn of truth they feigned, deep night

doubt that he used *feature* in its primitive sense of *shaping, facture* (*factura*), very nearly as an equivalent for *creature*; and in that sense, with various slight shades of difference, it is to be found in Chaucer, Ben Jonson, and Milton,—the last-named using the precise words of the text. See Appendix on Certain Words.

[1] So in the MS., but *sentiment* in former editions.

[2] *Stained* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

"Caught them ere evening."—"Who is he with chin
Upon his breast, and hands crost on his chain?"—
"The child of a fierce hour; he sought to win

"The world, and lost all that it did contain
Of greatness, in its hope destroyed; and more
Of fame and peace than virtue's self can gain

"Without the opportunity which bore
Him on its eagle pinions to the peak
From which a thousand climbers have before

"Fallen, as Napoleon fell."—I felt my cheek
Alter, to see the shadow pass away,
Whose grasp had left the giant world so weak,

That every pigmy kicked it as it lay;
And much I grieved to think how power and will
In opposition rule our mortal day,

And why God made irreconcilable
Good and the means of good; and for despair
I half disdained mine eyes' desire to fill

With the spent vision of the times that were
And scarce have ceased to be.—"Dost thou behold,"
Said my guide,[1] "those spoilers spoiled, Voltaire,

"Frederick, and Paul, Catherine, and Leopold,
And hoary anarchs, demagogues, and sage—
names[2] which the world thinks always old,

[1] So in all editions; but probably we should read *Said then my guide.*
[2] In the *Posthumous Poems* we read *name*, and the word *which* is omitted. Other editions give the reading of the text.

"For in the battle Life[1] and they did wage,
She remained conqueror. I was overcome
By my own heart alone, which neither age,

"Nor tears, nor infamy, nor now the tomb
Could temper to its object."—"Let them pass,"
I cried, "the world and its mysterious doom

"Is not so much more glorious than it was,
That I desire to worship those who drew
New figures on its false and fragile glass

"As the old faded."—"Figures ever new
Rise on the bubble, paint them as you may;
We have but thrown, as those before us threw,

"Our shadows on it as it past away.
But mark how[2] chained to the triumphal chair
The mighty phantoms of an elder day;

"All that is mortal of great Plato there
Expiates the joy and woe his master knew not;
The star that ruled his doom was far too fair,

"And life, where long that flower of Heaven grew not,
Conquered that heart by love, which gold, or pain,
Or age, or sloth, or slavery could subdue not.

"And near him[3] walk the twain,
The tutor and his pupil, whom Dominion
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *life*, with a small *l*.

[2] It seems likely that we should read *now* for *how*; the expression *mark how chained* is certainly strained and improbable.

[3] The word *him*, omitted from the *Posthumous Poems*, appears in Mrs. Shelley's other editions.

"The world was darkened beneath either pinion
Of him whom from the flock of conquerors
Fame singled out[1] for her thunder-bearing minion;

"The other long outlived both woes and wars,
Throned in the thoughts of men, and still had kept
The jealous key of truth's eternal doors,

"If Bacon's eagle spirit had not leapt
Like lightning out of darkness—he compelled
The Proteus shape of Nature as it slept

"To wake, and lead him to the caves that held
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.
See the great bards of elder time, who quelled

"The passions which they sung, as by their strain
May well be known: their living melody
Tempers its own contagion to the vein

"Of those who are infected with it—I
Have suffered what I wrote, or viler pain![2]
And so my words have seeds of misery—

"Even as the deeds of others, not as theirs."
And then[3] he pointed to a company,

[1] I think this word *out*, which distorts the metre, should probably be omitted.

[2] The note of exclamation is here in the *Posthumous Poems*; but in the first edition of 1839 it is at the end of the next line.

[3] The words

Even as the deeds of others, not as theirs.
And then—

which are not in any of Mrs. Shelley's editions, are from the MS. Mrs. Shelley states that there is "a chasm here in the MS. which it is impossible to fill. It appears from the context, that other shapes pass, and that Rousseau still stood beside the dreamer." There is now, I think, nothing wanting,—the sense being complete, and the metre only defective by reason of two redundant rhymes. If there is really still a chasm, it is very remarkable that line 282 on one side of it should rhyme with lines 276, 278, and 280 on the other.

'Midst whom I quickly recognized the heirs
Of Cæsar's crime, from him to Constantine;
The anarch chiefs, whose force and murderous snares

Had founded many a sceptre-bearing line,
And spread the plague of gold and blood abroad:
And Gregory and John, and men divine,

Who rose like shadows between man and God;
Till that eclipse, still hanging over heaven,
Was worshipped by the world o'er which they strode,

For the true sun it quenched—"Their power was given
But to destroy," replied[1] the leader:—"I
Am one of those who have created, even

"If it be but a world of agony."—
"Whence camest[2] thou? and whither goest thou?
How did thy course begin?" I said, "and why?

"Mine eyes are sick of this perpetual flow
Of people, and my heart sick of one sad thought—
Speak!"—"Whence I am, I partly seem to know,

"And how and by what paths I have been brought
To this dread pass, methinks even thou mayst guess;—
Why this should be, my mind can compass not;

"Whither the conqueror hurries me, still less;—
But follow thou, and from spectator turn
Actor or victim in this wretchedness,

[1] This word *replied* is suspicious, as there was nothing to reply to.

[2] So in the MS., but *comest* in previous editions.

"And what thou wouldst be taught I then may learn
From thee. Now listen:—In the April prime,
When all the forest tips began to burn

"With kindling green, touched by the azure clime
Of the young season,[1] I was laid asleep
Under a mountain, which from unknown time

"Had yawned into a cavern, high and deep;
And from it came a gentle rivulet,
Whose water, like clear air, in its calm sweep

"Bent the soft grass, and kept for ever wet
The stems of the sweet flowers, and filled the grove
With sounds, which whoso hears must needs forget

"All pleasure and all pain, all hate and love,
Which they[2] had known before that hour of rest;
A sleeping mother then would dream not of

"Her only child who died upon the[3] breast
At eventide—a king would mourn no more
The crown of which his brows were dispossest

"When the sun lingered o'er his ocean floor,
To gild his rival's new prosperity.
Thou wouldst forget thus vainly to deplore

"Ills, which if ills can find no cure from thee,
The thought of which no other sleep will quell,
Nor other music blot from memory,

[1] So in the MS., but *year's dawn* instead of *season* in former editions.
[2] So in all editions but that of Mr. Rossetti, who substituted *he* for *they*.
[3] So in the MS., but *her* in previous editions.

"So sweet and deep is the oblivious spell;
And whether life had been before that sleep
The heaven which I imagine, or a hell

"Like this harsh world in which I wake to weep,
I know not. I arose, and for a space
The scene of woods and waters seemed to keep,

"Though it was now broad day, a gentle trace
Of light diviner than the common sun
Sheds on the common earth, and all the place

"Was filled with magic sounds woven into one
Oblivious melody, confusing sense
Amid the gliding waves and shadows dun;

"And, as I looked, the bright omnipresence
Of morning through the orient cavern flowed,
And the sun's image radiantly intense

"Burned on the waters of the well that glowed
Like gold, and threaded all the forest's maze
With winding paths of emerald fire; there stood

"Amid the sun, as he amid the blaze
Of his own glory, on the vibrating
Floor of the fountain, paved with flashing rays,

"A Shape all light, which with one hand did fling
Dew on the earth, as if she were the dawn,
And the invisible rain did ever sing

"A silver music on the mossy lawn;
And still before me on the dusky grass,
Iris her many-coloured scarf had drawn:

"In her right hand she bore a crystal glass,
Mantling with bright Nepenthe; the fierce splendour
Fell from her as she moved under the mass

"Of the deep cavern, and with palms so tender,[1]
Their tread broke not the mirror of its billow,
Glided along the river, and did bend her[2]

"Head under the dark boughs, till like a willow,
Her fair hair swept the bosom of the stream
That whispered with delight to be its pillow.

"As one enamoured is upborne in dream
O'er lily-paven lakes 'mid silver mist,
To wondrous music, so this shape might seem

"Partly to tread the waves with feet which kissed
The dancing foam; partly to glide along
The air which roughened the moist amethyst,

"Or the faint morning beams that fell among
The trees, or the soft shadows of the trees;
And her feet, ever to the ceaseless song

"Of leaves, and winds, and waves, and birds, and bees,
And falling drops, moved in[3] a measure new
Yet sweet, as on the summer evening breeze,

"Up from the lake a shape of golden dew
Between two rocks, athwart the rising moon,
Dances i' the wind, where never eagle flew;

[1] So in the MS.; but in previous editions,
Out of the deep cavern, with palms so tender.

[2] So in the MS., but *She glided* &c., in previous editions. Mrs. Shelley placed a semi-colon, Mr. Rossetti a full-stop, at the end of line 362.

[3] So in the MS.; but *to* in former editions.

"And still her feet, no less than the sweet tune
To which they moved, seemed as they moved to blot
The thoughts of him who gazed on them; and soon

"All that was, seemed as if it had been not;
And all the gazer's mind was strewn beneath
Her feet like embers; and she, thought by thought,

"Trampled its sparks into the dust of death;
As day upon the threshold of the east
Treads out the lamps of night, until the breath

"Of darkness re-illumine even the least
Of heaven's living eyes—like day she came,
Making the night a dream; and ere she ceased

"To move, as one between desire and shame
Suspended, I said—If, as it doth seem,
Thou comest from the realm without a name,

"Into this valley of perpetual dream,
Show whence I came, and where I am, and why—.
Pass not away upon the passing stream.

"Arise and quench thy thirst, was her reply.
And[1] as a shut lily stricken by the wand
Of dewy morning's vital alchemy,

"I rose; and, bending at her sweet command,
Touched with faint lips the cup she raised,
And suddenly my brain became as sand

[1] I strongly suspect that this word, if not struck out, was meant to be; and the full-stop at the end of the previous line lends some additional probability to such a supposition. The metre would be right if we read

As a shut lily, &c.

"Where the first wave had more than half erased
The track of deer on desert Labrador;
Whilst the wolf, from which they fled amazed,

"Leaves his stamp visibly upon the shore,
Until the second bursts;—so on my sight
Burst a new vision, never seen before,

"And the fair shape waned in the coming light,
As veil by veil the silent splendour drops
From Lucifer, amid the chrysolite

"Of sun-rise, ere it tinge the mountain tops;
And as the presence of that fairest planet,
Although unseen, is felt by one who hopes

"That his day's path may end as he began it,
In that star's smile, whose light is like the scent
Of a jonquil when evening breezes fan it,

"Or the soft note in which his dear lament
The Brescian[1] shepherd breathes, or the caress
That turned his weary slumber to content;

"So knew I in that light's severe excess
The presence of that shape which on the stream
Moved, as I moved along the wilderness,

"More dimly than a day-appearing dream,
The ghost of a forgotten form of sleep;
A light of heaven, whose half-extinguished beam

[1] Mrs. Shelley says "The favourite song, 'Stanco di pascolar le peccorelle,' [sic] is a Brescian national air."

"Through the sick day in which we wake to weep,
Glimmers, for ever sought, for ever lost;
So did that shape its obscure tenour keep

"Beside my path, as silent as a ghost;
But the new Vision, and the cold bright car,
With solemn speed and stunning music, crost

"The forest, and as if from some dread war
Triumphantly returning, the loud million
Fiercely extolled the fortune of her star.

"A moving arch of victory, the vermilion
And green and azure plumes of Iris had
Built high over her wind-wingèd pavilion,

"And underneath ætherial[1] glory clad
The wilderness, and far before her flew
The tempest of the splendour, which forbade

"Shadow to fall from leaf and stone; the crew
Seemed in that light, like atomies to dance
Within a sunbeam;—some upon the new

"Embroidery of flowers, that did enhance
The grassy vesture of the desart, played,
Forgetful of the chariot's swift advance;

"Others stood gazing, till within the shade
Of the great mountain its light left them dim;
Others outspeeded it; and others made

[1] In the Posthumous Poems *etherial*: in later editions *ethereal*.

"Circles around it, like the clouds that swim
Round the high moon in a bright sea of air;
And more did follow, with exulting hymn,

"The chariot and the captives fettered there:—
But all like bubbles on an eddying flood
Fell into the same track at last, and were

"Borne onward.—I among the multitude
Was swept—me, sweetest flowers delayed not long;
Me, not the shadow nor the solitude;

"Me, not that falling stream's Lethean song;
Me, not the phantom of that early[1] form,
Which moved upon its motion—but among

"The thickest billows of that living storm
I plunged, and bared my bosom to the clime
Of that cold light, whose airs too soon deform.

"Before the chariot had begun to climb
The opposing steep of that mysterious dell,
Behold a wonder worthy of the rhyme

"Of him who[2] from the lowest depths of hell,
Through every paradise and through all glory,
Love led serene, and who returned to tell

"The words of hate and awe;[3] the wondrous story
How all things are transfigured except Love;
For deaf as is a sea, which wrath makes hoary,

[1] This word seems to me very suspicious: it might be an error of the press, or of transcription, for *aëry*.

[2] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but *whom* in Mr. Rossetti's. I doubt whether Shelley would not have deliberately retained *who*.

[3] So in the MS., but *care* in previous editions. Mr. Rossetti changed the sense of the line thus—

Who returned to tell
The world of hate and care the wondrous story
How all things, &c.

But the MS. does not support this conjectural reading.

"The world can hear not the sweet notes that move
The sphere whose light is melody to lovers—
A wonder worthy of his rhyme.—The[1] grove

"Grew dense with shadows to its inmost covers,
The earth was grey with phantoms, and the air
Was peopled with dim forms, as when there hovers

"A flock of vampire-bats before the glare
Of the tropic sun, bringing, ere evening,
Strange night upon some Indian isle;[2]—thus were

"Phantoms diffused around; and some did fling
Shadows of shadows, yet unlike themselves,
Behind them; some like eaglets on the wing

"Were lost in the white day; others like elves
Danced in a thousand unimagined shapes
Upon the sunny streams and grassy shelves;

"And others sate chattering like restless apes
On vulgar hands, ...
Some made a cradle of the ermined capes

"Of kingly mantles; some across the tiar[3]
Of pontiffs sate like vultures;[4] others played
Under the crown which girt with empire

[1] Mr. Rossetti is certainly right in making this a new sentence. In Mrs. Shelley's editions there is only a dash between *rhyme* and *the*.

[2] In previous editions, *vale*; but *isle* in the MS. Miss Blind says (*Westminster Review*, July 1870, p. 81) "The correction is significant from the fact that these countless swarms of bats are found in the Indian Archipelago, not upon the continent. The idea was probably suggested to Shelley by Trelawny's narratives of his adventures in these regions."

[3] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *tire*: Mr. Rossetti substitutes *tiar*,—rightly, I presume.

[4] So in the MS., but *rode, like demons*, in previous editions.

"A baby's or an ideot's brow, and made
Their nests in it. The old anatomies
Sate hatching their bare broods under the shade

"Of dæmon[1] wings, and laughed from their dead eyes
To re-assume the delegated power,
Arrayed in which those worms did monarchize,

"Who made this earth their charnel. Others more
Humble, like falcons, sate upon the fist
Of common men, and round their heads did soar;

"Or like small gnats and flies, as thick as mist
On evening marshes, thronged about the brow
Of lawyers, statesmen,[2] priest and theorist;—

"And others, like discoloured flakes of snow
On fairest bosoms and the sunniest hair,
Fell, and were melted by the youthful glow

"Which they extinguished; and, like tears, they were
A veil to those[3] from whose faint lids they rained
In drops of sorrow. I became aware

"Of whence those forms proceeded which thus stained
The track in which we moved. After brief space,
From every form the beauty slowly waned;

"From every firmest limb and fairest face
The strength and freshness fell like dust, and left
The action and the shape without the grace

[1] In former editions, *demon*.
[2] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions: Mr. Rossetti, I think wrongly, substituted *lawyer, statesman*.
[3] Mr. Rossetti suggests the substitution of *eyes* for *those*. The text seems to me better as it is.

"Of life. The marble brow of youth was cleft
With care; and in those eyes where once hope shone,
Desire, like a lioness bereft

"Of her last cub, glared ere it died; each one
Of that great crowd sent forth incessantly
These shadows, numerous as the dead leaves blown

"In autumn evening from a poplar tree.
Each like himself and like each other were[1]
At first; but some distorted seemed to be

"Obscure clouds, moulded by the casual air;
And of this stuff the car's creative ray
Wrought[2] all the busy phantoms that were there,

"As the sun shapes the clouds; thus on the way
Mask after mask fell from the countenance
And form of all; and long before the day

"Was old, the joy which waked like heaven's glance
The sleepers in the oblivious valley, died;
And some grew weary of the ghastly dance,

"And fell, as I have fallen, by the way-side;—
Those soonest from whose forms most shadows past,
And least of strength and beauty did abide.

"Then, what is life? I cried."—

[1] Mr. Rossetti alters this line to
Each like himself, and each like other, were. . .
but he does not claim to have any authority for so doing.

[2] So in the MS., but *Wrapt* in former editions.

MISCELLANEOUS POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

[With *The Triumph of Life* Shelley's career ends,—with the solemnly appropriate words "Then, what is life? I cried"; and here closes the second chronological division of this edition. The series of mature works published by him has been followed by the series of principal mature works which he left behind him unpublished; and it now remains, before passing to his translations and *juvenilia*, to classify as best I may those of his smaller posthumous poems that are left from the collections printed in his own volumes. The plan will of course be still chronological; but the poems can hardly be arranged quite as in other editions for want of those already published in Volumes I and II of this edition, in the places assigned to them by Shelley, and on account of the new material discovered of late years. This seems an appropriate point at which to introduce Mrs. Shelley's Preface to the volume of *Posthumous Poems* published in 1824,—which she herself reprinted, in later editions, immediately before the Translations. In the reprint, the preface was scarcely altered,—a few corrections in orthography and punctuation, and the omission of the word *Mr.* some half a dozen times (so as to read *Shelley* for *Mr. Shelley*, and so on) being the extent of the variations.—H. B. F.]

MRS. SHELLEY'S PREFACE TO THE POSTHUMOUS POEMS, 1824.

In nobil sangue, vita umile e queta,
Ed in alto intelletto un puro core;
Frutto senile in sul giovenil fiore,
E in aspetto pensoso, anima lieta.

PETRARCA.

IT had been my wish, on presenting the public with the Posthumous Poems of SHELLEY, to have accompanied them by a biographical notice: as it appeared to me, that at this moment, a narration of the events of my husband's life would come more gracefully from other hands than mine, I applied to LEIGH HUNT. The distinguished friendship that SHELLEY felt for him, and the enthusiastic affection with which LEIGH HUNT clings to his friend's memory, seemed to point him out as the person best calculated for such an undertaking. His absence from this country, which prevented our mutual explanation, has unfortunately rendered my scheme abortive. I do not doubt but that on some other occasion he will pay this tribute to his lost friend, and sincerely regret that the volume which I edit has not been honoured by its insertion.

The comparative solitude in which SHELLEY lived, was the occasion that he was personally known to few; and his fearless enthusiasm in the cause which he considered the most sacred upon earth, the improvement of the moral

and physical state of mankind, was the chief reason why he, like other illustrious reformers, was pursued by hatred and calumny. No man was ever more devoted than he, to the endeavour of making those around him happy; no man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him. The ungrateful world did not feel his loss, and the gap it made seemed to close as quickly over his memory as the murderous sea above his living frame. Hereafter men will lament that his transcendent powers of intellect were extinguished before they had bestowed on them their choicest treasures. To his friends his loss is irremediable: the wise, the brave, the gentle, is gone for ever! He is to them as a bright vision, whose radiant track, left behind in the memory, is worth all the realities that society can afford. Before the critics contradict me, let them appeal to anyone who had ever known him: to see him was to love him; and his presence, like Ithuriel's spear, was alone sufficient to disclose the falsehood of the tale, which his enemies whispered in the ear of the ignorant world.

His life was spent in the contemplation of nature, in arduous study, or in acts of kindness and affection. He was an elegant scholar and a profound metaphysician: without possessing much scientific knowledge, he was unrivalled in the justness and extent of his observations on natural objects; he knew every plant by its name, and was familiar with the history and habits of every production of the earth; he could interpret without a fault each appearance in the sky, and the varied phenomena of heaven and earth filled him with deep emotion. He made his study and reading-room of the shadowed copse, the stream, the lake, and the water-fall. Ill health and continual pain preyed upon his powers, and the solitude in which we lived, particularly on our first arrival in Italy, although congenial to his feelings, must frequently have weighed upon his spirits;

those beautiful and affecting "Lines, written in dejection at Naples," were composed at such an interval; but when in health, his spirits were buoyant and youthful to an extraordinary degree.

Such was his love for nature, that every page of his poetry is associated in the minds of his friends with the loveliest scenes of the countries which he inhabited. In early life he visited the most beautiful parts of this country and Ireland. Afterwards the Alps of Switzerland became his inspirers. "Prometheus Unbound" was written among the deserted and flower-grown ruins of Rome; and when he made his home under the Pisan hills, their roofless recesses harboured him as he composed "The Witch of Atlas," "Adonais," and "Hellas." In the wild but beautiful Bay of Spezia, the winds and waves which he loved became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop to the rocky caves that bordered it, and sitting beneath their shelter wrote "The Triumph of Life," the last of his productions. The beauty but strangeness of this lonely place, the refined pleasure which he felt in the companionship of a few selected friends, our entire sequestration from the rest of the world, all contributed to render this period of his life one of continued enjoyment. I am convinced that the two months we passed there were the happiest which he had ever known: his health even rapidly improved, and he was never better than when I last saw him, full of spirits and joy, embark for Leghorn, that he might there welcome LEIGH HUNT to Italy. I was to have accompanied him, but illness confined me to my room, and thus put the seal on my misfortune. His vessel bore out of sight with a favourable wind, and I remained

awaiting his return by the breakers of that sea which was about to engulf him.

He spent a week at Pisa, employed in kind offices towards his friend, and enjoying with keen delight the renewal of their intercourse. He then embarked with WILLIAMS, the chosen and beloved sharer of his pleasures and of his fate, to return to us. We waited for them in vain; the sea by its restless moaning seemed to desire to inform us of what we would not learn:——but a veil may well be drawn over such misery. The real anguish of those moments transcended all the fictions that the most glowing imagination ever pourtrayed: our seclusion, the savage nature of the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, and our immediate vicinity to the troubled sea, combined to imbue with strange horror our days of uncertainty. The truth was at last known,—a truth that made our loved and lovely Italy appear a tomb, its sky a pall. Every heart echoed the deep lament, and my only consolation was in the praise and earnest love that each voice bestowed and each countenance demonstrated for him we had lost,—not, I fondly hope, for ever: his unearthly and elevated nature is a pledge of the continuation of his being, although in an altered form. Rome received his ashes; they are deposited beneath its weed-grown wall, and "the world's sole monument" is enriched by his remains.

I must add a few words concerning the contents of this volume. "Julian and Maddalo," "The Witch of Atlas," and most of the Translations were written some years ago, and, with the exception of "The Cyclops," and the Scenes from the "Magico Prodigioso," may be considered as having received the author's ultimate corrections. "The Triumph of Life" was his last work, and was left in so unfinished a state that I arranged it in its present form with great difficulty. All his poems which were scattered in periodical works are collected in this volume, and I have

added a reprint of "Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude":—the difficulty with which a copy can be obtained, is the cause of its republication. Many of the Miscellaneous Poems, written on the spur of the occasion, and never retouched, I found among his manuscript books, and have carefully copied: I have subjoined, whenever I have been able, the date of their composition.

I do not know whether the critics will reprehend the insertion of some of the most imperfect among these; but I frankly own, that I have been more actuated by the fear lest any monument of his genius should escape me, than the wish of presenting nothing but what was complete to the fastidious reader. I feel secure that the Lovers of SHELLEY'S Poetry (who know how more than any other poet of the present day every line and word he wrote is instinct with peculiar beauty) will pardon and thank me: I consecrate this volume to them.

The size of this collection has prevented the insertion of any prose pieces. They will hereafter appear in a separate publication.

MARY W. SHELLEY.

London, June 1st, 1824.

POEMS WRITTEN FROM 1814 TO 1816.

[The fortunate discovery of the revised copy of *Queen Mab* which is mentioned in Middleton's *Shelley and His Writings*, and of which a full account will be given in the Appendix, would have been still more fortunate had it been made before the first volume of this edition was printed; for it contains a Second Part of *The Dæmon of the World*; and this might best have been introduced immediately after the "Fragment" so named, which Shelley put forth with *Alastor*, and which it completes. The "Fragment" is in fact Part I of the remodelling, and what I here introduce among the Poems of 1814 to 1816 is Part II. These two parts shew us pretty clearly what the mature Shelley of 1815 considered worth preserving of *Queen Mab*; and it seems to me far better to introduce Part II here, among the mature works, than to give it in the form of extensive notes along with the immature *Queen Mab*, reserved for the appendix of *juvenilia*. Indeed, no ordinary reader could form an idea of the scope of *The Dæmon of the World* if it were left to be picked out from notes, however carefully those might be framed with a view to facilitate this operation; and only a few students would find time to reconstruct the poem in imagination; but there will now be no difficulty in appreciating *The Dæmon of the World* as a whole, for any one who will read Part I of it in the first volume of this edition, and Part II as printed in the present division of this volume.—H. B. F.]

POEMS WRITTEN FROM 1814 TO 1816.

STANZA,[1]

WRITTEN AT BRACKNELL.

THY dewy looks sink in my breast;
Thy gentle words stir poison there;
Thou hast disturbed the only rest
That was the portion of despair!
Subdued to Duty's hard controul,
I could have borne my wayward lot:
The chains that bind this ruined soul
Had cankered then—but crushed it not.

[1] This stanza is from Hogg's *Life of Shelley* (vol. II, p. 516). It is part of a letter from Shelley to Hogg dated "Bracknell, March 16, 1814," written while Shelley was staying at the house of Mrs. Boinville, shortly before the separation from Harriett, and, as Mr. Rossetti says, "under the influence of very gloomy feelings as to his domestic relations and prospects." Mr. Rossetti adds that the person addressed is "apparently" Mrs. Boinville, or her daughter, Mrs. Newton. Shelley introduces the stanza to Hogg by saying "I have written nothing, but one stanza, which has no meaning, and that I have only written in thought:" and he follows it up with the comment, "This is the vision of a delirious and distempered dream, which passes away at the cold clear light of morning. Its surpassing excellence and exquisite perfections have no more reality than the colour of an autumnal sunset."

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT GODWIN.[1]

I.

MINE eyes were dim with tears unshed;
Yes, I was firm—thus wert[2] not thou;—
My baffled looks did fear yet dread
To meet thy looks—I could not know
How anxiously they sought to shine
With soothing pity upon mine.

II.

To sit and curb the soul's mute rage
Which preys upon itself alone;
To curse the life which is the cage
Of fettered grief that dares not groan,
Hiding from many a careless eye
The scornèd load of agony.

III.

Whilst thou alone, then not regarded,
The thou alone should be,
To spend years thus, and be rewarded,
As thou, sweet love, requited me

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, from the *Posthumous Poems* onward, this poem is headed *To* ———, and assigned to the year 1821; but in 1862 Mr. Garnett wrote thus of it in the *Relics of Shelley* (pp. 160-1)—"Much light has been recently thrown upon the feelings which actuated Shelley at this critical period [the period of the separation from Harriett] of his history, by an interesting and unexpected discovery made during the preparation of this volume. It appears that a poem [the poem given above], hitherto referred to the date of 1821, was in fact written in June, 1814, and addressed to Mary .... This poem has hitherto been wholly unintelligible; no one could conjecture either the occasion of its composition or the person to whom it was addressed."

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *did*; but *wert* in later editions.

When none were near—Oh! I did wake
From torture for that moment's sake.

IV.

Upon my heart thy accents sweet
  Of peace and pity fell like dew
On flowers half dead;—thy lips did meet
  Mine tremblingly; thy dark eyes threw
Their[1] soft persuasion on my brain,
Charming away its dream of pain.

V.

We are not happy, sweet! our state
  Is strange and full of doubt and fear;
More need of words that ills abate;—
  Reserve or censure come not near
Our sacred friendship, lest there be
No solace left for thee[2] and me.

VI.

Gentle and good and mild thou art,
  Nor can I[3] live if thou appear
Aught but thyself, or turn thine heart
  Away from me, or stoop to wear
The mask of scorn, although it be
To hide the love thou feel'st[4] for me.

[1] *Thy* in the *Posthumous Poems*, but *Their* in later editions.

[2] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *thou*; but *thee* in later editions.

[3] In the *Posthumous Poems* we read *Nor I can*; but *Nor can I* in the collected editions.

[4] In the *Posthumous Poems* we read *feel* instead of *feel'st*; but the grammar is set right in the editions of 1839. I do not think it possible that Shelley wrote *thou feel*, unless by mere accident; but I do think it likely that he would have deliberately preferred, for the sake of euphony, *should* to *shouldst* and *requited* to *requitedst*, in lines 2 and 4 of stanza III; and as I know of no authority for altering the words as Mr. Rossetti has done, I leave them as Mrs. Shelley left and probably found them.

TO ———.[1]

YET look on me—take not thine eyes away,
Which feed upon the love within mine own,
Which is indeed but the reflected ray
Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.
Yet speak to me—thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear
That thou yet lovest me; yet thou alone
Like one before a mirror, without care
Of aught but thine own features, imaged there;
And yet I wear out life in watching thee;
A toil so sweet at times, and thou indeed
Art kind when I am sick, and pity me.

[1] These lines were first given by Mrs. Shelley in her note on the poems of 1817, in the second edition of 1839. She calls them a "fragment of a song"; but Mr. Rossetti is doubtless right in regarding them as an unfinished sonnet,—though not, I think, in changing *pity* to *pityest* in the last line. Without the remainder we do not know what the construction may have been or what tense *pity* is meant for. Mrs. Shelley says of this fragment, "I do not know the date when it was written, —but it was early." The Early Poems in her editions are, all but one, those published with *Alastor*; and this fragment may perhaps be safely assigned to some time during the years 1814 and 1815: probably 1814 would be the time.

THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD.

SECOND PART.[1]

O HAPPY Earth! reality of Heaven!
To which those restless powers that ceaselessly
Throng through the human universe, aspire;
Thou consummation of all mortal hope!
Thou glorious prize of blindly-working will!
Whose rays, diffused throughout all space and time,
Verge to one point and blend forever there:
Of purest spirits thou pure dwelling-place!
Where care and sorrow, impotence and crime,
Languor, disease, and ignorance dare not come:
O happy Earth, reality of Heaven!

Genius has seen thee in her passionate dreams,
And dim forebodings of thy loveliness
Haunting the human heart, have there entwined
Those rooted hopes, that the proud Power[2] of Evil
Shall not forever on this fairest world
Shake pestilence and war, or that his slaves
With blasphemy for prayer, and human blood

[1] This important poem (or half poem) made out of the last two sections of *Queen Mab*, as the other half is of the first two sections, is now given for the first time from the copy of *Queen Mab* that contains revisions for the fragment heretofore known as *The Dæmon of the World*. See note at page 362. The rearranging and constant verbal alterations leave but little general likeness to the two sections of *Queen Mab*; but beside these differences there are some sixty lines of verse written in the book in the course of the revision. It is, to all intents and purposes, a new poem.

[2] In the original, Shelley had written *God* here; but the word is struck out, and *Power* substituted in his handwriting.

For sacrifice, before his shrine forever
In adoration bend, or[1] Erebus
With all its banded fiends shall not uprise
To overwhelm in envy and revenge
The dauntless and the good, who dare to hurl
Defiance at his throne, girt tho' it be
With Death's omnipotence. Thou hast beheld
His empire, o'er the present and the past;
It was a desolate sight—now gaze on mine,
Futurity. Thou hoary giant Time,[2]
Render thou up thy half-devoured babes,—
And from the cradles of eternity,
Where millions lie lulled to their portioned sleep
By the deep murmuring stream of passing things,
Tear thou that gloomy shroud.—Spirit, behold
Thy glorious destiny!

The Spirit saw[3]
The vast frame of the renovated world
Smile in the lap of Chaos,[4] and the sense
Of hope thro'[5] her fine texture did suffuse

[1] This passage was first written in the book thus :—

Or that its jaws
Conspiring Hell shall gape to swallow all
The dauntless, &c.

but this reading is cancelled by Shelley for that in the text.

[2] Shelley had written *time*, with a small *t*, and afterwards altered it to *Time* with a capital. This is interesting as additional evidence that he did pay attention to such details, and is in favour of the opinion that, where he used a common noun personally, he distinguished it with a capital. But there is a more interesting cancelling in this passage. The original opening of section VIII, *Queen Mab*, stands thus :—

The present and the past thou hast beheld:
It was a desolate sight. Now, Spirit, learn
The secrets of the future.—Time!
Unfold the brooding pinion of thy gloom, ...

In the revised copy Shelley had cancelled the word *Time* and the last line, substituting

mighty time
Relentless sire, inexorable King!

The whole (original and revision) was then cancelled, and the reading of the text supplied.

[3] The word *felt* was written first, and *saw* substituted.

[4] It may be of consequence to recall the close resemblance of this passage to that in *Alastor*,

It was a tranquil spot, that seemed to smile
Even in the lap of horror.

This coincidence of expression may have some weight in fixing 1815 as the date of the revision of *Queen Mab* for *The Dæmon of the World*.

[5] Originally *on* was written here; but *thro'* is substituted by Shelley.

Such varying glow, as summer evening casts[1]
On undulating clouds and deepening lakes.
Like the vague sighings of a wind at even,
That wakes the wavelets of the slumbering sea
And dies on the creation of its breath,
And sinks and rises, fails and swells by fits:
Was the sweet stream of thought that with wild motion
Flowed o'er the Spirit's human sympathies.
The mighty tide of thought had paused awhile,[2]
Which from the Dæmon now like Ocean's stream
Again began to pour.[3]—

To me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep—
Space, matter, time and mind—let the sight
Renew and strengthen all thy failing hope.[4]
All things are recreated, and the flame
Of consentaneous love inspires all life:
The fertile bosom of the earth gives suck
To myriads, who still grow beneath her care,
Rewarding her with their pure perfectness:
The balmy breathings of the wind inhale
Her virtues, and diffuse them all abroad:
Health floats amid the gentle atmosphere,
Glows in the fruits, and mantles on the stream:
No storms deform the beaming brow of heaven,

[1] This line is written

Such varying glows, as summer evenings casts—

the *s* being cancelled at the end of *glows*.

[2] Cancelled MS. reading

The mighty stream of thought had calmly flowed.

[3] Cancelled MS. reading, *flow* for *pour*.

[4] Here there is a most interesting cancelled MS. reading. The passage was written in thus :—

To me is given
The wonders of the human world to keep
Space, matter time and mind—Futurity
Exposes all the treasures to thy sight . . .

The latter words from *Futurity*, are struck through, and the words of the text are written beneath them. It will be seen that I have had to supply a couple of stops ; but the interest here is in the fact that, with all his fastidiousness, the poet ended by converting a metrical line into an unmetrical one. Had he revised the new poem once more, for press, he would probably have supplied some such word as *then*,—reading *let, then, the sight.*

Nor scatter in the freshness of its pride
The foliage of the undecaying[1] trees;
But fruits are ever ripe, flowers ever fair,
And Autumn[2] proudly bears her matron grace,
Kindling a flush on the fair cheek of Spring,[3]
Whose virgin bloom beneath the ruddy fruit
Reflects its tint and blushes into love.

The habitable earth is full of bliss;
Those wastes of frozen billows that were hurled
By everlasting snow-storms round the poles,
Where matter dared nor vegetate nor live,[4]
But ceaseless frost round the vast solitude
Bound its broad zone of stillness, are unloosed;
And fragrant zephyrs there from spicy isles
Ruffle the placid ocean-deep, that rolls
Its broad, bright surges to the sloping sand,
Whose roar is wakened into echoings sweet
To murmur through the heaven-breathing groves
And melodize with man's blest nature there.

The vast tract of the parched and sandy waste[5]
Now teems with countless rills and shady woods,
Corn-fields and pastures and white cottages;
And where the startled wilderness did hear
A savage conqueror stained in kindred blood,
Hymning his victory, or the milder snake

[1] The substitution of *undecaying* for the *ever verdant* of *Queen Mab* indicates a great advance in poetic instinct.

[2] There is no authority for spelling *Autumn* with a capital *A*,—beyond the inference that Shelley would have done so, had he noticed the want of such capital.

[3] The same remark applies to *Spring*.

[4] The *Queen Mab* reading (1813) is

Where matter dared not vegetate or live,

but Mrs. Shelley substituted *nor* for *or* in the first edition of 1839; and Mr. Rossetti does not seem to have cared to restore the better grammar of Shelley's own edition. The new reading has the double advantage of being grammatical and poetic.

[5] Cancelled MS. reading—

The vast tract of the sandy wilderness—

probably rejected on account of the occurrence of the word *wilderness* in the next line but two.

Crushing the bones of some frail antelope
Within his brazen folds—the dewy lawn,
Offering sweet incense to the sun-rise, smiles
To see a babe before his mother's door,
Share with the green and golden basilisk
That comes to lick his feet, his morning's meal.

Those trackless deeps, where many a weary sail
Has seen above the illimitable plain,
Morning on night, and night on morning rise,
Whilst still no land to greet the wanderer spread
Its shadowy mountains on the sun-bright sea,
Where the loud roarings of the tempest-waves
So long have mingled with the gusty wind
In melancholy loneliness, and swept
The desert of those ocean solitudes,
But vocal to the sea-bird's harrowing shriek,
The bellowing monster, and the rushing storm,
Now to the sweet and many-mingling[1] sounds
Of kindliest human impulses respond:
Those lonely realms bright garden-isles begem,
With lightsome clouds and shining seas between,
And fertile vallies, resonant with bliss,
Whilst green woods overcanopy the wave,
Which like a toil-worn labourer leaps to shore,
To meet the kisses of the flowrets there.

Man chief perceives the change, his being notes
The gradual renovation, and defines

[1] This is not a compound epithet in Shelley's edition of *Queen Mab*; nor was any hyphen inserted when he made the revisions for *The Dæmon of the World*. Nevertheless, there can hardly, in this instance, be any doubt that he meant the words for a compound epithet: had he merely meant that the sounds were many, sweet, and mingling, he would surely have written

> Now to the many sweet and mingling sounds . . .

As matters stand it is almost certain that *many-mingling* is used to imply diversity of combination.

Each movement of its progress on his mind.
Man, where the gloom of the long polar night
Lowered o'er the snow-clad rocks and frozen soil,
Where scarce the hardest herb that braves the frost
Basked in the moonlight's ineffectual glow,
Shrank with the plants, and darkened with the night;
Nor where the tropics bound the realms of day
With a broad belt of mingling cloud and flame,
Where blue mists through the unmoving atmosphere
Scattered the seeds of pestilence, and fed
Unnatural vegetation, where the land
Teemed with all earthquake, tempest and disease,
Was man a nobler being; slavery
Had crushed him to his country's bloodstained dust.

Even where the milder zone afforded man
A seeming shelter, yet contagion there,
Blighting his being with unnumbered ills,
Spread like a quenchless fire; nor truth availed
Till late to arrest its progress, or create[1]
That peace which first in bloodless victory waved
Her snowy standard o'er this favoured clime:
There man was long the train-bearer of slaves,
The mimic of surrounding misery,
The jackal of ambition's lion-rage,
The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

Here now the human being stands adorning
This loveliest earth with taintless body and mind;
Blest from his birth with all bland impulses,

[1] Here again the revision is most notable as affecting the question whether Shelley was a careless writer. The lines stand in *Queen Mab* thus

Spread like a quenchless fire; nor truth till late
Availed to arrest its progress, or create . . .

to avoid which accidental couplet among his blank iambics, Shelley has, in the revised copy, made *till late* and *availed*, change places.

Which gently in his noble bosom[1] wake
All kindly passions and all pure desires.
Him, still from hope to hope the bliss pursuing,
Which from the exhaustless lore of human weal
Draws on the virtuous mind, the thoughts that rise
In time-destroying infiniteness, gift
With self-enshrined eternity, that mocks
The unprevailing hoariness of age,
And man, once fleeting o'er the transient scene
Swift as an unremembered vision, stands
Immortal upon earth: no longer now
He slays the beast that sports around his dwelling
And horribly devours its mangled flesh,
Or drinks its vital blood, which like a stream
Of poison thro' his fevered veins did flow
Feeding a plague that secretly consumed[2]
His feeble frame, and kindling in his mind
Hatred, despair, and fear and vain belief,
The germs of misery, death, disease, and crime.
No longer now the wingèd habitants,
That in the woods their sweet lives sing away,
Flee from the form of man; but gather round,
And prune their sunny feathers on the hands
Which little children stretch in friendly sport
Towards these dreadless partners of their play.
All things are void of terror: man has lost
His desolating privilege, and stands
An equal amidst equals: happiness
And science dawn though late upon the earth;
Peace cheers the mind, health renovates the frame;

[1] These two words, *noble bosom*, were meant to be cancelled. They are blotted over; but, as nothing is supplied in place of them, I have no alternative but to leave them undisturbed, merely remarking further that they were doubtless condemned by the Shelley of 1815 as a detestably commonplace expression of the Shelley of some years earlier.

[2] Cancelled MS. reading,—*did eat* for *consumed*.

Disease and pleasure cease to mingle here,
Reason and passion cease to combat there;
Whilst mind unfettered o'er the earth extends
Its all-subduing energies, and wields
The sceptre of a vast dominion there.[1]

Mild is the slow necessity of death:
The tranquil spirit fails beneath its grasp,
Without a groan, almost without a fear,
Resigned in peace to the necessity,
Calm as a voyager to some distant land,
And full of wonder, full of hope as he.
The deadly germs of languor and disease
Waste in the human frame, and Nature gifts
With choicest boons her human worshippers.
How vigorous now the athletic form of age!
How clear its open and unwrinkled brow!
Where neither avarice, cunning, pride, or care,
Had stamped the seal of grey deformity
On all the mingling lineaments of time.
How lovely the intrepid front of youth!
How sweet the smiles of taintless infancy.

Within the massy prison's mouldering courts,
Fearless and free the ruddy children play,
Weaving gay chaplets for their innocent brows
With the green ivy and the red wall-flower,
That mock the dungeon's unavailing gloom;

[1] The end of the eighth section of *Queen Mab* is

Whilst each unfettered o'er the earth extend
Their all-subduing energies, and wield
The sceptre of a vast dominion there;
Whilst every shape and mode of matter lends
Its force to the omnipotence of mind,
Which from its dark mine drags the gem of truth
To decorate its paradise of peace.

Shelley revised the passage by striking out *each* in the first of these lines and writing *mind* over it, adding *s* to *extend*, and to *wield* in the second line, substituting a *full-stop* for a semi-colon at the end of the third, and crossing out the remaining four. He omitted to alter *Their* to *Its* in the second line; but this was clearly a mere oversight.

The ponderous chains, and gratings of strong iron,
There rust amid the accumulated ruins
Now mingling slowly with their native earth:
There the broad beam of day, which feebly once
Lighted the cheek of lean captivity
With a pale and sickly glare, now freely shines
On the pure smiles of infant playfulness:
No more the shuddering voice of hoarse despair
Peals[1] through the echoing vaults, but soothing notes
Of ivy-fingered winds and gladsome birds
And merriment are resonant around.

The fanes of Fear and Falsehood hear no more[2]
The voice that once waked multitudes to war
Thundering thro' all their aisles: but now respond
To the death dirge of the melancholy wind:
It were a sight of awfulness to see
The works of faith and slavery, so vast,
So sumptuous, yet withal so perishing!
Even as the corpse that rests beneath their[3] wall.
A thousand mourners deck the pomp of death

[1] It should be stated that, in changing the tense of this passage, Shelley omitted to alter *Pealed* to *Peals* in this line, and *were* to *are* in the next line but one, though he altered *then freely shone* to *now freely shines* in line 203, and made seven other similar alterations on the same page with this. Of course he meant to make those which I have made in the text.

[2] There is a cancelled MS. reading,

Temples once stained with falsehood hear no more . . .

It should be noted that, in both instances of the word *falsehood* being written here, the *e* is omitted,—as is the case generally in *Queen Mab*. It is curious that, while substituting

So sumptuous, yet withal so perishing!

for the *Queen Mab* line,

So sumptuous yet so perishing withal!

so as to avoid another accidental rhyme, Shelley yet introduced an accidental rhyme in the MS. passage interpolated immediately before,—

The fanes of Fear and Falsehood hear no more
The voice that once waked multitudes to war.

I have no doubt that, had he noticed this, he would have altered the line a second time,—perhaps so as to read

No more the fanes of Fear and Falsehood hear &c.

It is also of interest that, in the first revision, *falsehood* being impersonal, is with a small *f*,—in the second, being personal, with a capital.

[3] Shelley had forgotten to alter *its* to *their* in this line, which is untouched in the revised copy of *Queen Mab*, although *the lone cathedral*, of *Queen Mab*, on which it depends, has given place to *The fanes of Fear and Falsehood*.

To-day, the breathing marble glows above
To decorate its memory, and tongues
Are busy of its life: to-morrow, worms
In silence and in darkness seize their prey.
These ruins soon leave not a wreck behind:
Their elements, wide scattered o'er the globe,
To happier shapes are moulded, and become
Ministrant to all blissful impulses:
Thus human things are perfected, and earth,
Even as a child beneath its mother's love,
Is strengthened in all excellence, and grows
Fairer and nobler with each passing year.

Now Time his dusky pennons o'er the scene
Closes in steadfast[1] darkness, and the past
Fades from our charmèd sight. My task is done:
Thy lore is learned. Earth's wonders are thine own,
With all the fear and all the hope they bring.
My spells are past: the present now recurs.
Ah me! a pathless wilderness remains
Yet unsubdued by man's reclaiming hand.

Yet, human Spirit, bravely hold thy course,
Let virtue teach thee firmly to pursue
The gradual paths of an aspiring change:
For birth and life and death, and that strange state
Before the naked powers that thro' the world
Wander like winds have found a human home,
All tend to perfect happiness, and urge
The restless wheels of being on their way,
Whose flashing spokes, instinct with infinite life,
Bicker and burn to gain their destined goal:
For birth but wakes the universal mind

[1] In the original, *stedfast*.

Whose mighty streams might else in silence flow
Thro' the vast world, to individual sense
Of outward shews, whose unexperienced shape
New modes of passion to its frame may lend;
Life is its state of action, and the store
Of all events is aggregated there
That variegate the eternal universe;
Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,
That leads to azure isles and beaming skies
And happy regions of eternal hope.
Therefore, O Spirit! fearlessly bear on:
Though storms may break the primrose on its stalk,
Though frosts may blight the freshness of its bloom,
Yet spring's awakening breath will woo the earth,
To feed with kindliest dews its favorite flower,
That blooms in mossy banks and darksome glens,
Lighting the green wood with its sunny smile.

Fear not then, Spirit, death's disrobing hand,
So welcome when the tyrant is awake,
So welcome when the bigot's hell-torch flares;
'Tis but the voyage of a darksome hour,
The transient gulph-dream of a startling sleep.
For what thou art shall perish utterly,
But what is thine may never cease to be;
Death is no foe to virtue: earth has seen
Love's brightest roses on the scaffold bloom,
Mingling with freedom's fadeless laurels there,
And presaging the truth of visioned bliss.
Are there not hopes within thee, which this scene
Of linked and gradual being has confirmed?
Hopes that not vainly thou, and living fires
Of mind, as radiant and as pure as thou
Have shone upon the paths of men—return

Surpassing Spirit, to that world, where thou
Art destined an eternal war to wage
With tyranny and falsehood,[1] and uproot
The germs of misery from the human heart.
Thine is the hand whose piety would soothe
The thorny pillow of unhappy crime,
Whose impotence an easy pardon gains,
Watching its wanderings as a friend's disease:
Thine is the brow whose mildness would defy
Its fiercest rage, and brave its sternest will,
When fenced by power and master of the world.
Thou art sincere and good; of resolute mind,
Free from heart-withering custom's cold control,
Of passion lofty, pure and unsubdued.
Earth's pride and meanness could not vanquish thee,
And therefore art thou worthy of the boon
Which thou hast now received: virtue shall keep
Thy footsteps in the path that thou hast trod,
And many days of beaming hope shall bless
Thy spotless life of sweet and sacred love.
Go, happy one, and give that bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life and rapture from thy smile.

The Dæmon called its wingèd ministers.[2]
Speechless with bliss the Spirit mounts the car,
That rolled beside the crystal[3] battlement,
Bending her beamy eyes in thankfulness.
The burning wheels inflame
The steep descent of Heaven's[4] untrodden way.

[1] In the original, *falshood*.
[2] Cancelled MS. reading,—*messengers* for *ministers*.
[3] This word, which is not in *Queen Mab* in this place, is spelt *chrystal* in Shelley's marginal emendation.
[4] In *Queen Mab*, *heaven*, with a small *h*; but, as in the MS. passage inserted immediately afterwards we find *Heaven* with a capital, I presume this was left unaltered by accident.

Fast and far the chariot flew:
The mighty globes that rolled
Around the gate of the Eternal Fane
Lessened by slow degrees, and soon appeared
Such tiny twinklers as the planet orbs
That ministering on the solar power
With borrowed light pursued their narrower way.
Earth floated then below:
The chariot paused a moment;
The Spirit then descended:
And from the earth departing
The shadows with swift wings
Speeded like thought upon the light of Heaven.

The Body and the Soul united then,
A gentle start convulsed Ianthe's frame:
Her veiny eyelids quietly unclosed;
Moveless awhile the dark blue orbs remained:
She looked around in wonder and beheld
Henry, who kneeled in silence by her couch,
Watching her sleep with looks of speechless love,
And the bright beaming stars
That through the casement shone.

THE SUNSET.[1]

THERE late was One within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death[2] contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the Lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He[3] walked along the pathway of a field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods—and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.—
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun[4]? We will walk here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep—but when the morning came

[1] Mrs. Shelley says this poem was written in the Spring of 1816, while Shelley lived at Bishopgate, near Windsor Forest. It first occurs entire in the *Posthumous Poems*; but, in *The Literary Pocket-Book* for 1821, over the signature "Δ," lines 9 to 20 appeared as *Sunset. From an unpublished Poem*, and from *The lady* (line 28) to *light* (line 42) as *Grief. A Fragment.*

[2] So in the collected editions; but *youth* in the *Posthumous Poems.*

[3] In the *Pocket-Book*, *We.*

[4] Although I cannot change the

The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on—in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her agèd father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;—
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:[1]
Her eyelashes were worn[2] away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead—so pale;
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless[3] calm and silence unreproved,
Whether the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, or drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were—Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made.

text without authority, I feel sure this line is corrupt, and should be

I never saw the sun-rise? We will wake here...

As it stands, the youth's statement and proposal seem preposterous,—one in improbability, the other in tameness as leading up to the violent close. That two young people should choose to sleep out of doors to see the sun-rise would be an idea likely to commend itself to Shelley; and that he within whose being "genius and death contended" should die in the cold night air is eminently probable.

[1] This lovely line is in the *Pocket-Book*; but I believe all editions but mine lack it.

[2] In the *Pocket-Book* and *Posthumous Poems*, *worn*; but in the first edition of 1839 and onwards, *torn*,—certainly a misprint.

[3] There is a comma at *Passionless* in the *Posthumous Poems*; but not in later editions.

FRAGMENT ON HOME.[1]

DEAR home, thou scene of earliest hopes and joys,
The least of which wronged Memory ever makes
Bitterer than all thine unremembered tears.

FRAGMENT OF A GHOST-STORY.[2]

A SHOVEL of his ashes took
From the hearth's obscurest nook,
Muttering mysteries as she went.
Helen and Henry knew that Granny
Was as much afraid of ghosts as any,
  And so they followed hard—
But Helen clung to her brother's arm,
And her own spasm made her shake.

[1] From *Relics of Shelley* (p. 74). "Remarkable," says Mr. Garnett, in assigning the lines to the year 1816, "as the only passage in which Shelley alludes to his home."

[2] This also is from the *Relics*, where it appears with the date 1816, and the note, "Apparently a fragment of a ghost-story. Shelley was partial to the name of 'Helen,' as that of his favourite sister. 'Henry' is the name of Ianthe's lover in 'Queen Mab.'" The lines strike me as being very much like a relic of the pieces said to be of a similar character to *Peter Bell the Third*, sent to Hunt for Mr. Ollier to publish, and referred to in the letter quoted at p. 178 of this volume.

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1817.

[It will be remembered that, to this eventful year 1817 belong *Laon and Cythna* and a portion of *Rosalind and Helen*, and that, during the same period, Shelley was occupied with his Chancery case, and with the two prose pamphlets published under the pseudonym of "The Hermit of Marlow," namely *A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote throughout the United Kingdom*, and *An Address to the People on the Death of the Princess Charlotte* (usually, and incorrectly, designated *We pity the Plumage, but Forget the Dying Bird*,—which words are an epigraph, not a title); so that this was altogether a year of great productiveness.—H. B. F.]

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1817.

MARIANNE'S DREAM.[1]

I.

A PALE dream came to a Lady fair,
And said, A boon, a boon, I pray!
I know the secrets of the air,
And things are lost in the glare of day,
Which I can make the sleeping see,
If they will put their trust in me.

II.

And thou shalt know of things unknown,
If thou wilt let me rest between
The veiny lids, whose fringe is thrown
Over thine eyes so dark and sheen:
And half in hope, and half in fright,
The Lady closed her eyes so bright.

III.

At first all deadly shapes were driven
Tumultuously across her sleep,

[1] This poem was published, with the signature "Δ," in the first issue of *The Literary Pocket-Book; or Companion for the Lover of Nature and Art* (London: Ollier, 1819), edited by Leigh Hunt, who, in telling Shelley of such publication, says (*Correspondence*, Vol. I, p. 125) that it is "to the great delight of said Marianne." This alone would leave no doubt that the particular Marianne was Mrs. Leigh Hunt; but it is known in that lady's family that she actually related this dream to Shelley, who versified it. Mrs. Shelley included the poem in the volume of *Posthumous Poems* (1824), inscribing at the end, "Marlow, 1817."

And o'er the vast cope of bending heaven
All ghastly-visaged clouds did sweep;
And the Lady ever looked to spy
If the golden[1] sun shone forth on high.

IV.

And as towards the east she turned,
She saw aloft in the morning air,
Which now with hues of sunrise burned,
A great black Anchor rising there;
And wherever the Lady turned her eyes,
It hung before her in the skies.

V.

The sky was blue as the summer sea,
The depths were cloudless over head,
The air was calm as it could be,
There was no sight or[2] sound of dread,
But that black Anchor floating still
Over the piny eastern hill.

VI.

The Lady grew sick with a weight of fear,
To see that Anchor ever hanging,
And veiled her eyes; she then did hear
The sound as of a dim low clanging,
And looked abroad if she might know
Was it aught else, or but the flow
Of the blood in her own veins, to and fro.

VII.

There was a mist in the sunless air,
Which shook as it were with an earthquake's shock,

[1] So in the *Pocket-Book*; but in Mrs. Shelley's editions, from 1824 onward, we read *gold* for *golden*.

[2] So in the *Pocket-Book* and *Posthumous Poems*; but *nor* in the editions of 1839.

But the very weeds that blossomed there
Were moveless, and each mighty rock
Stood on its basis steadfastly;
The Anchor was seen no more on high.

VIII.

But piled around, with summits hid
In lines of cloud at intervals,
Stood many a mountain pyramid
Among whose everlasting walls
Two mighty cities shone, and ever
Through the red mist their domes did quiver.

IX.

On two dread mountains, from whose crest,
Might seem, the eagle, for her brood,
Would ne'er have hung her dizzy nest,
Those tower-encircled cities stood.
A vision strange such towers to see,
Sculptured and wrought so gorgeously,
Where human art could never be.

X.

And columns framed of marble white,
And giant fanes, dome over dome
Piled, and triumphant gates, all bright
With workmanship, which could not come
From touch of mortal instrument,
Shot o'er the vales, or lustre lent[1]
From its own shapes magnificent.

[1] Mr. Rossetti says "I strongly suspect this ought to stand
'Shot o'er the *vales a* lustre lent.'"
But the unspecified change of *its* to *their* in the next line is material as affecting the question of reading *a* for *or*. I am of opinion that the passage stands according to Shelley's intention, the sense being somewhat at variance with the construction. The idea in his mind would seem to have been that the columns, fanes, &c., shot up over the vales, and that the superhuman workmanship lent a lustre from its magnificent shapes.

XI.

But still the Lady heard that clang
  Filling the wide air far away;
And still the mist whose light did hang
  Among the mountains shook alway,
So that the Lady's heart beat fast,
As half in joy, and half aghast,
On those high domes her look she cast.

XII.

Sudden, from out that city sprung
  A light that made the earth grow red;
Two flames that each with quivering tongue
  Licked its high domes, and over head
Among those mighty towers and fanes
Dropped fire, as a volcano rains
Its sulphurous ruin on the plains.

XIII.

And hark! a rush as if the deep
  Had burst its bonds; she looked behind
And saw over the western steep
  A raging flood descend, and wind
Through that wide vale; she felt no fear,
But said within herself, 'Tis clear
These towers are Nature's own, and she
To save them has sent forth the sea.

XIV.

And now those raging billows came
  Where that fair Lady sate, and she
Was borne towards the showering flame
  By the wild waves heaped tumultuously
And on a little plank, the flow
Of the whirlpool bore her to and fro.

XV.

The flames[1] were fiercely vomited
From every tower and every dome,
And dreary light did widely shed
O'er that vast flood's suspended foam,
Beneath the smoke which hung its night
On the stained cope of heaven's light.

XVI.

The plank whereon that Lady sate
Was driven through the chasms, about and about,
Between the peaks so desolate
Of the drowning mountains,[2] in and out,
As the thistle-beard on a whirlwind sails—
While the flood was filling those hollow vales.

XVII.

At last her plank an eddy crost,
And bore her to the city's wall,
Which now the flood had reached almost;
It might the stoutest heart appal
To hear the fire roar and hiss
Through the domes of those mighty palaces.

XVIII.

The eddy whirled her round and round
Before a gorgeous gate, which stood
Piercing the clouds of smoke which bound
Its aëry arch with light like blood;
She looked on that gate of marble clear,
With wonder that extinguished fear.

[1] Mr. Rossetti was unquestionably right in substituting *flames* for *waves*, the word which appeared here in the *Pocket-Book* and all editions prior to his.

[2] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, from 1824 onward, *mountain*, instead of *mountains*, as in the *Pocket-Book*.

XIX.

For it was filled with sculptures rarest,
Of forms most beautiful and strange,
Like nothing human, but the fairest
Of wingèd shapes, whose legions range
Throughout the sleep of those that[1] are,
Like this same Lady, good and fair.

XX.

And as she looked, still lovelier grew
Those marble forms;—the sculptor sure
Was a strong spirit, and the hue
Of his own mind did there endure
After the touch, whose power had braided
Such grace, was in some sad change faded.

XXI.

She looked, the flames were dim, the flood
Grew tranquil as a woodland river
Winding through hills in solitude;
Those marble shapes then seemed to quiver,
And their fair limbs to float in motion,
Like weeds unfolding in the ocean.

XXII.

And their lips moved; one seemed to speak,
When suddenly the mountains[2] crackt,
And through the chasm the flood[3] did break
With an earth-uplifting cataract:
The statues gave a joyous scream,
And on its wings the pale thin dream
Lifted the Lady from the stream.

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's collected editions, *who*; but *that* in the *Pocket-Book* and the *Posthumous Poems*.

[2] So in the *Pocket-Book*, but *mountain* elsewhere.

[3] In the collected editions, *floor*; but *flood* in the *Pocket-Book* and the *Posthumous Poems*.

XXIII.

The dizzy flight of that phantom pale
  Waked the fair Lady from her sleep,
And she arose, while from the veil
  Of her dark eyes the dream did creep,
And she walked about as one who knew
That sleep has sights as clear and true
As any waking eyes can view.

TO CONSTANTIA,

SINGING.[1]

I.

THUS to be lost and thus to sink and die,
  Perchance were death indeed!—Constantia, turn!
In thy dark eyes a power like light doth lie,
  Even though the sounds which were thy voice, which burn
Between thy lips, are laid to sleep;
  Within thy breath, and on thy hair, like odour it is yet,
And from thy touch like fire doth leap.
  Even while I write, my burning cheeks are wet,
  Alas, that the torn heart can bleed, but not forget!

[1] Mrs. Shelley first gave this poem, without date, in the volume of *Posthumous Poems*; but in the collected editions she placed it among the poems of 1817. It is not, I believe, known to whom it refers; but Mr. Rossetti thinks the name "is most probably a fancy name given to the lady in question by Shelley in consequence of his enthusiasm for the heroine, Constantia Dudley, of a novel by Brockden Brown entitled *Ormond*." It is right to state that identity with the Constantia of this and the next poem was claimed by the late Miss Clairmont ("Claire"). who, by the bye, figures in a legal document of late date as Clara Mary Constantia Jane, although in Shelley's will she is described simply as Mary Jane Clairmont.

II.

A breathless awe, like the swift change
Unseen, but felt in youthful slumbers,
Wild, sweet, but uncommunicably strange,
Thou breathest now in fast ascending numbers.
The cope of heaven seems rent and cloven
By the inchantment of thy strain,
And on my shoulders wings are woven,
To follow its sublime career,
Beyond the mighty moons that wane
Upon the verge of nature's utmost sphere,
Till the world's shadowy walls are past and disappear.

III.

Her voice is hovering o'er my soul—it lingers
O'ershadowing it with soft and lulling wings,
The blood and life within those snowy fingers
Teach witchcraft to the instrumental strings.
My brain is wild, my breath comes quick—
The blood is listening in my frame,
And thronging shadows, fast and thick,
Fall on my overflowing eyes;
My heart is quivering like a flame;
As morning dew, that in the sunbeam dies,
I am dissolved in these consuming ecstasies.[1]

IV.

I have no life, Constantia, now, but thee,
Whilst, like the world-surrounding air, thy song
Flows on, and fills all things with melody.—
Now is thy voice a tempest swift and strong,

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems*, *extacies*: in the collected editions, *ecstacies*.

On which, like one in trance upborne,
Secure o'er rocks and waves I sweep,
Rejoicing like a cloud of morn.
Now 'tis the breath of summer night,
Which when the starry waters sleep,
Round western isles, with incense-blossoms bright,
Lingering, suspends my soul in its voluptuous flight.

TO CONSTANTIA.[1]

I.

THE rose that drinks the fountain dew
In the pleasant air of noon,
Grows pale and blue with altered hue—
In the gaze of the nightly moon;
For the planet of frost, so cold and bright,
Makes it wan with her borrowed light.

II.

Such is my heart—roses are fair,
And that at best a withered blossom;
But thy false care did idly wear
Its withered leaves in a faithless bosom;
And fed with love, like air and dew,
Its growth————

[1] This fragment was first given by Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839, among Poems of 1817. See note to the preceding poem.

FRAGMENT: TO ONE SINGING.[1]

My spirit like a charmèd bark doth swim
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,
Far away into the regions dim
Of rapture—as a boat, with swift sails winging
Its way adown some many-winding river.

TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.[2]

I.

Thy country's curse is on thee, darkest crest
Of that foul, knotted, many-headed worm
Which rends our Mother's bosom—Priestly Pest!
Masked Resurrection of a buried Form![3]

II.

Thy country's curse is on thee! Justice sold,
Truth trampled, Nature's landmarks overthrown,

[1] This and the five fragments at pp. 404-6, given by Mrs. Shelley (without any titles) in her note on Poems of 1817, in the first edition of 1839, are all, I presume, assignable to the year 1817. This and the first four of the others seem to be from the note-book containing the MS. of the poem *To Constantia, Singing*; and this particular one associates itself naturally in the mind with the lady addressed as Constantia. See note, p. 391 of this Vol. It is to be observed that Shelley subsequently made use of these lines in an altered form in the song of Asia ending Act II of *Prometheus Unbound*. See Vol. II of this edition, p. 214.

[2] Mr. Rossetti assigns this poem and the next to August or September, 1817, on the reasonable ground that Lord Chancellor Eldon's decree, depriving Shelley of the custody of his children, Charles and Ianthe, was pronounced in August. Mrs. Shelley printed seven of the stanzas *To the Lord Chancellor* in her note on the poems of 1819, in the first edition of 1839: in the second, she gave the whole poem, still, however, in the note. The text has been collated with two transcripts in Mrs. Shelley's writing, —one formerly in Leigh Hunt's possession, but now in the hands of Mr. Edward Spender, whom I have to thank for the loan of it, and the other in the possession of Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke. This, Mrs. Clarke kindly copied for me: it varies slightly from the other. I have adopted, in *minutiæ*, whatever readings from these sources seem most likely to be accurate.

[3] The Star Chamber, Mrs. Shelley explains.

And heaps of fraud-accumulated gold,
Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne.

III.

And, whilst that sure[1] slow Angel which aye stands
Watching the beck of Mutability
Delays to execute her high commands,
And, though a nation weeps, spares thine and thee,

IV.

O let a father's curse be on thy soul,
And let a daughter's hope be on thy tomb;
Be[2] both, on thy grey head, a leaden cowl
To weigh thee down to thine[3] approaching doom!

V.

I curse thee by a parent's outraged love,
By hopes long cherished and too lately lost,
By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove,
By griefs which thy stern nature never crost;

VI.

By those infantine smiles of happy light,
Which were a fire within a stranger's hearth,
Quenched even when kindled, in untimely night,
Hiding the promise of a lovely birth;[4]

VII.

By those unpractised accents of young speech,
Which he who is a father thought to frame

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, and one of the transcripts, *slow sure*,—in the other transcript *sure slow*.

[2] So in one of the transcripts; but in the other, and in Mrs. Shelley's edition, *And both* &c.

[3] So in one transcript, but *thy* in the other.

[4] So in both transcripts and in the second edition of 1839; but in the first

Hiding the promises of lovely birth.

To gentlest lore, such as the wisest teach—
Thou strike the lyre of mind! O grief and shame!

VIII.

By all the happy see in children's growth—
That undeveloped flower of budding years—
Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears—

IX.

By all the days under an[1] hireling's care,
Of dull constraint and bitter heaviness,—
O wretched ye if ever any were,—
Sadder than orphans, yet not fatherless!

X.

By the false cant which on their innocent lips
Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,
By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb—

XI.

By thy most impious Hell, and all its terror;[2]
By all the grief, the madness, and the guilt
Of thine impostures, which must be their error—
That sand on which thy crumbling power is built—

XII.

By thy complicity with lust and hate—
Thy thirst for tears—thy hunger after gold—
The ready frauds which ever on thee wait—
The servile arts in which thou hast[3] grown old—

[1] So in both transcripts, but *a* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[2] So in both transcripts, and *error* in the next line but one; but in Mrs. Shelley's editions *terrors* and *errors*.

[3] In one transcript, *art*,—in the other and in Mrs. Shelley's edition, *hast*.

XIII.

By thy most killing sneer, and by thy smile—
By all the arts and snares of thy black den,[1]
And—for thou canst outweep the crocodile—
By thy false tears—those millstones braining men—

XIV.

By all the hate which checks a father's love—
By all the scorn which kills a father's care—
By those most impious hands which dared remove
Nature's high bounds—by thee—and by despair—

XV.

Yes, the despair which bids a father groan,
And cry[2]—my children are no longer mine—
The blood within those[3] veins may be mine own,
But—Tyrant—their polluted souls are[4] thine;—

XVI.

I curse thee—though I hate thee not—O slave!
If thou couldst quench the earth-consuming Hell
Of which thou art a dæmon, on thy grave
This curse should be a blessing. Fare thee well!

[1] In one transcript this line is as in the text: in the other we read—
By all the snares and nets of thy false den.
but in Mrs. Shelley's editions *acts* is misprinted for *arts*.

[2] In one transcript *say* for *cry*.

[3] So in one transcript, but *their* in the other.

[4] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions; but *soul is* in both transcripts.

TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.[1]

I.

THE billows on the beach[2] are leaping around it,
The bark is weak and frail,
The sea looks black, and the clouds that bound it
Darkly strew the gale.
Come with me, thou[3] delightful child,
Come with me, though the wave is wild,
And the winds are loose, we must not stay,
Or the slaves of the[4] law may rend thee away.

II.

They have taken thy brother and sister dear,
They have made them unfit for thee;
They have withered the smile and dried the tear
Which should have been sacred to me.
To a blighting faith and a cause of crime
They have bound them slaves in youthly prime,[5]
And they will curse my name and thee
Because we are fearless[6] and free.

III.

Come thou, belovèd as thou art;
Another sleepeth still
Near thy sweet mother's anxious heart,
Which thou with joy shalt[7] fill,

[1] The first, fifth, and sixth of these stanzas were given by Mrs. Shelley in the note containing the last poem, in the first edition of 1839, and in the second the whole poem appeared. Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke has a transcript of it in Mrs. Shelley's writing.

[2] The words *on the beach*, are omitted from the first edition of 1839, but appear in the second and in the transcript.

[3] This word, which is in Mrs. Shelley's editions, is not in the transcript.

[4] So in the transcript and the first edition; but in the second *the* is omitted.

[5] So in the transcript, but *time* in Mrs. Shelley's edition.

[6] So in the transcript, but *fearless are* in Mrs. Shelley's edition.

[7] So in the transcript, but *will* in previous editions.

With fairest smiles of wonder thrown
On that which is indeed our own,
And which in distant lands will be
The dearest playmate unto thee.

IV.

Fear not the tyrants will rule for ever,[1]
Or the priests of the evil faith;
They stand on the brink of that raging river,
Whose waves they have tainted with death.
It is fed from the depth of a thousand dells,
Around them it foams and rages and swells;
And their swords and their sceptres I floating see,
Like wrecks on the surge of eternity.

V.

Rest, rest, and[2] shriek not, thou gentle child!
The rocking of the boat thou fearest,
And the cold spray and the clamour wild?—
There sit between us two, thou dearest—[3]
Me and thy mother—well we know
The storm at which thou tremblest so,
With all its dark and hungry graves,
Less cruel than the savage slaves
Who hunt us[4] o'er these sheltering waves.

VI.

This hour will in thy memory[5]
Be a dream of days forgotten long,[6]

[1] This stanza, which with slight variation occurs in *Rosalind and Helen*, is not in the transcript.

[2] This word *and* is in the transcript, but not in previous editions.

[3] There is a semicolon after *dearest* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

[4] So in the transcript and the first edition of 1839; but *thee* in the second.

[5] In the first edition of 1839 we read

This hour will sometime in thy memory

but *sometime* is not in the transcript or the second edition.

[6] In previous editions the word *long* is wanting, so that this line and the sixth stand rhymeless; but the word is in the transcript.

We soon shall dwell by the azure sea
Of serene and golden Italy,
Or Greece, the Mother of the free;
And I will teach thine infant tongue
To call upon those[1] heroes old
In their own language, and will mould
Thy growing spirit in the flame
Of Grecian lore, that by such name
A patriot's birthright thou mayst claim!

CANCELLED PASSAGES OF THE POEM TO WILLIAM SHELLEY.[2]

I.

THE world is now our dwelling-place;
Where'er the earth one fading trace
Of what was great and free does keep,
That is our home! . . .
Mild thoughts of man's ungentle race
Shall our contented exile reap;
For who that in some happy place
His own free thoughts can freely chase
By woods and waves can clothe his face
In cynic smiles? Child! we shall weep.

II.

This lament,
The memory of thy grievous wrong
Will fade . . .
But genius is Omnipotent
To hallow . . .

[1] In the transcript and the first edition of 1839, *those*,—in the second *their*.

[2] These are from Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*, pp. 77 and 78.

ON FANNY GODWIN.[1]

HER voice did quiver as we parted,
Yet knew I not that heart was broken
From which it came, and I departed
Heeding not the words then spoken.
Misery—O Misery,
This world is all too wide for thee.

OTHO.[2]

I.

THOU wert not, Cassius, and thou couldst not be,
Last of the Romans, though thy memory claim
From Brutus his own glory—and on thee
Rests the full splendour of his sacred fame;
Nor he who dared make the foul tyrant quail
Amid his cowering senate with thy name,
Though thou and he were great—it will avail
To thine own fame that Otho's should not fail.

II.

'Twill wrong thee not—thou wouldst, if thou couldst feel,
Abjure such envious fame—great Otho died

[1] This stanza was first given by Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839, among Poems of 1817, and headed "On F. G." Mr. Rossetti supplied the name "Fanny Godwin," which, as shewn by Peacock in *Fraser's Magazine* for June 1858, unquestionably points to the right person, whether we give her the name of Wollstonecraft, Imlay, or Godwin. "Fanny Godwin," the half-sister of Mary Shelley, poisoned herself on the 9th of October, 1816; and it was that event that gave rise to this stanza.

[2] The first two stanzas of this fragment were first given by Mrs. Shelley in her note on the Poems of 1817, in the first edition of 1839. She says the poet "projected [in 1817] a poem on the subject of Otho, inspired by the pages of Tacitus," and adds that these two stanzas "were to open the subject." The third stanza and the two fragments are from *Relics of Shelley*, wherein only the two lines numbered IV are assigned to *Otho*. The complete stanza, however, is in *Otho* metre, and reads as if it belonged to stanzas I and II. I have asked Mr. Garnett's opinion; and he thinks it "very likely indeed" that this stanza belongs to *Otho*. I feel strongly convinced that both this and the fragment numbered V, which seems to be an unfinished stanza of the same metre, belong to the same poem.

Like thee—he sanctified his country's steel,
  At once the tyrant and tyrannicide,
In his own blood—a deed it was to bring[1]
  Tears from all men—though full of gentle pride,
Such pride as from impetuous love may spring,
That will not be refused its offering.

III.

Those whom nor power, nor lying faith, nor toil,
  Nor custom, queen of many slaves, makes blind,
Have ever grieved that man should be the spoil
  Of his own weakness, and with earnest mind
Fed hopes of its redemption, these recur
  Chastened by deathful victory now, and find
Foundations in this foulest age, and stir
Me whom they cheer to be their minister.

IV.

Dark is the realm of grief: but human things
  Those may not know who cannot weep for them.

* * * * *

V.

Once more descend
  The shadows of my soul upon mankind,
For to those hearts with which they never blend,
  Thoughts are but shadows which the flashing mind
From the swift clouds which track its flight of fire,
  Casts on the gloomy world it leaves behind.

* * * * *

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *buy*. Mr. Rossetti substituted *wring*. But from Miss Blind's article in *The Westminster Review* it seems that the word in the MS. is *bring*.

FRAGMENT OF A SONG.[1]

O THAT a chariot of cloud were mine!
Of cloud which the wild tempest weaves in air,
When the moon over the ocean's line
Is spreading the locks of her bright grey hair.
O that a chariot of cloud were mine!
I would sail on the waves of the billowy wind
To the mountain peak and the rocky lake,
And the....

FRAGMENT:

TO A FRIEND LEAVING PRISON.[2]

FOR me, my friend, if not that tears did tremble
In my faint eyes, and that my heart beat fast
With feelings which make rapture pain resemble,
Yet, from thy voice that falsehood starts aghast,
I thank thee—let the tyrant keep
His chains and tears, yea let him weep
With rage to see thee freshly risen,
Like strength from slumber, from the prison,
In which he vainly hoped the soul to bind
Which on the chains must prey that fetter humankind.

[1] From *Relics of Shelley* (p. 76), where the date 1817 is given.

[2] From *Relics of Shelley* (p. 75). Mr. Garnett assigns the fragment to 1817. If that be the true date, the lines may possibly have been rejected from *Rosalind and Helen*. Mr. Rossetti says "This might be supposed to be an address to Leigh Hunt on his release from prison",—which took place in February, 1815; but it seems to me more like the work of 1817.

FRAGMENT: SATAN LOOSE.[1]

A GOLDEN-WINGÈD Angel stood
  Before the Eternal Judgment-seat:
His looks were wild, and Devils' blood
  Stained his dainty hands and feet.
The[2] Father and the Son
Knew that strife was now begun.
They knew that Satan had broken his chain,
And with millions of dæmons in his train,
Was ranging over the world again.
Before the Angel had told his tale,
  A sweet and a creeping sound
  Like the rushing of wings was heard around;
And suddenly the lamps grew pale—
The lamps, before the Archangels seven,
That burn continually in heaven.

TWO FRAGMENTS TO MUSIC.[3]

I.

SILVER key of the fountain of tears,
  Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
  Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
    Is laid asleep in flowers.

[1] Deciphered by Mr. Garnett from the rough draft in Sir Percy Shelley's possession, and first published by Mr. Rossetti, undated, but among fragments dated 1817.

[2] Mr. Rossetti indicates a hiatus before this word.

[3] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the first edition of 1839, in a note, as are also the three following. See *ante*, note 1, p. 394. Fragment I is introduced, in Mrs. Shelley's note, with the words "In another fragment he calls it—" and the stanza begins with the word *The*. In the transcript, however, there is no *The*; and I have no doubt that the lines are really an apostrophe,—the *The* being introduced accidentally into the quotation instead of coming into the prose of the note.

II.

No, Music, thou art not the "food[1] of Love,"
Unless Love feeds upon its own sweet self,
Till it becomes all Music murmurs of.

FRAGMENT: UNSATISFIED DESIRES.

To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander
With short uneasy steps—to pause and ponder—
To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle
Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle;
To nurse the image of unfelt caresses
Till dim imagination just possesses
The half created shadow.

STANZA: WEALTH AND LOVE.[2]

Wealth and dominion fade into the mass
  Of the great sea of human right and wrong,
When once from our possession they must pass;
  But love, though misdirected, is among
The things which are immortal, and surpass
All that frail stuff which will be—or which was.

[1] In previous editions *God of Love*. I have always considered it quite certain that *food of Love* was the right reading; but assurance is rendered doubly sure by the fact that, in a transcript, in the possession of Mr. Cowden Clarke, Mrs. Shelley has given the words "*God of Love*" in inverted commas. There is no meaning in putting *God of Love* as a quotation; but the fact must be that Shelley was quoting Shakespeare, and wrote "*food of Love*." The thought becomes, thus, Shakespearian in largeness; but, with the word *God*, it is not very striking.

[2] This might almost be a rejected passage from *Julian and Maddalo*; but Mrs. Shelley introduces it into her note rather as if it were autobiographic,—calling it a "melancholy trace of the sad thronging thoughts, which were the well whence he drew the idea of Athanase, and express the restless passion-fraught emotions of one whose sensibility, kindled to too intense a life, perpetually preyed upon itself."

FRAGMENT: THOUGHTS.

My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,
The verse that would invest them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day:
How beautiful they were, how firm they stood,
Flecking the starry sky like woven pearl!

A HATE-SONG.[1]

(IMPROVISED.)

A Hater he came and sat by a ditch,
And he took an old cracked lute;
And he sang a song which was more of a screech
'Gainst a woman that was a brute.

LINES TO A CRITIC.[2]

I.

Honey from silkworms who can gather,
Or silk from the yellow bee?
The grass may grow in winter weather
As soon as hate in me.

[1] Mr. Rossetti first gave this quatrain. It was repeated to him by Mr. Browning, who had it from Leigh Hunt. The account Mr. Rossetti gives of it is that Shelley and Hunt were talking of Love-Songs ("probably in or about 1817"): Shelley "didn't see why Hate-Songs also should not be written," and improvised the above.

[2] These lines appeared in the third number of *The Liberal* in 1823, and were reproduced the next year in the *Posthumous Poems*, with the date "December, 1817" affixed to them. There are no verbal variations, and hardly any in punctuation.

II.

Hate men who cant, and men who pray,
And men who rail like thee;
An equal passion to repay
They are not coy like me.

III.

Or seek some slave of power and gold,
To be thy dear heart's mate,
Thy love will move that bigot cold
Sooner than me thy hate.

IV.

A passion like the one I prove
Cannot divided be;
I hate thy want of truth and love—
How should I then hate thee?[1]

1 Compare with this stanza Mr. Browning's noble developement of the same thought in that "One Word More," wherewith he dedicates his two volumes of *Men and Women* (1855) to his wife; and note specially the two lines (Vol. II, p. 231)—

Dante, who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving. . . .

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1818.

[The poem with which this group opens is of some importance historically, because it fills a gap that has hitherto been filled in a very doubtful and unsatisfactory manner. It has already been hinted (at p. 376 of Vol. I) that the *Ozymandias* Sonnet could not well be Shelley's share in the friendly competition with Keats and Leigh Hunt, referred to in Keats's letter to his brothers, printed in Vol. I of the *Life and Letters of John Keats* (1848), pp. 98 and 99. In this letter, dated "February 16th [1818]", we read, "The Wednesday before last, Shelley, Hunt, and I, wrote each a sonnet on the river Nile: some day you shall read them all." Lord Houghton gave *Ozymandias* as Shelley's part in this strife; but, beside not being a "Sonnet on the river Nile," that is classed by Mrs. Shelley among the poems written in 1817. I know of no reason for doubting that classification, which is also preserved by Mr. Rossetti; and there can, I think, be no possible doubt that Shelley's Nile Sonnet is the one found by Mr. Townshend Mayer among the papers of Leigh Hunt, published in the *St. James's Magazine* for March 1876, and now first included among Shelley's poetical works. The facsimile of the MS., facing this page, has been made by Mr. G. I. F. Tupper. On the same sheet of paper with this Sonnet is a very interesting autograph of Keats,—the poem to Robin Hood, shewing many variations from the published text. The fact that the writing of two of the competitors is on this paper, found among the MSS. of the third competitor, leaves, I think, no room for doubting that this Sonnet should take the place heretofore assigned to *Ozymandias*. It is curious, and worth recording, that another friend of Shelley's wrote an *Ozymandias* Sonnet. In Horace Smith's volume, *Amarynthus, the Nympholept: a Pastoral Drama, in Three Acts, with other Poems* (1821), p. 213 consists of a Sonnet "On a Stupendous Leg of Granite, discovered standing by itself in the Deserts of Egypt, with the Inscription inserted below." This originally appeared, headed *Ozymandias*, in *The Examiner* for the 1st of February 1818, with the following prefatory letter to the Editor: "Sir,—The subject which suggested the beautiful sonnet, in a late number, signed 'Glirastes,' produced also the enclosed from another pen, which, if you deem it worthy insertion, is at your service." Shelley's *Ozymandias* had appeared in the issue of the 11th of the previous month. The inscription, according to Smith, is "I am great Ozymandias, the King of Kings: this mighty city shews the wonders of my hand." One cannot help suspecting that here was another friendly competition,—though it is possible that Shelley and Smith wrote independently, both reading the account of the leg in some contemporary newspaper. Or it may be that Smith's Sonnet was meant to set Shelley right as to his facts. There is an air of literality about Smith's that convinces us he gave the inscription correctly; and it is more than likely that he was right in recording one leg instead of two legs and a face. Shelley's *Ozymandias* is, however, as far above Smith's, poetically, as his Nile Sonnet is below both Keats's and Leigh Hunt's. In the Appendix to the present volume will be found the Nile Sonnets of Keats and Hunt, and also Horace Smith's *Ozymandias* Sonnet, as of decided collateral interest. In *The Examiner* for the 8th of February 1818, is a sonnet of Smith's "To the Author of *The Revolt of Islam*," a poem which Hunt reviewed in that paper for the 1st and 22nd of February and 1st of March. That sonnet was also reprinted with *Amarynthus*, headed "To Percy Bysshe Shelley, Esq., on his Poems." The most interesting and important of Shelley's poems of 1818 have already appeared in this edition, *Rosalind and Helen* and the *Lines Written among the Euganean Hills* in Vol. I, *Julian and Maddalo* and the *Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples* in the present volume.—H. B. F.]

5 To the Nile

Month after month the gathered rains descend
Drenching you secret Æthiopian dells
And from the desarts ice-girt pinnacles
Where frost & heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, ~~too loosened snows no more~~ fields of ~~loosening~~ moist snow half depend
Girt then with ~~slow~~ blasts & meteors Tempest dwells
By Niles aërial wom, with rapid spells
Urging ~~the~~ ~~the~~ thou waters to their mighty end

O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level
And they are thine o Nile — & ~~when~~ well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs & blasts of evil
And fruits & poisons spring wherever thou
Beware o Man — for knowledge must to thee
Like ~~the~~ great flood to Egypt, ever be. —

POEMS WRITTEN IN 1818.

SONNET,

TO THE NILE.[1]

MONTH after month the gathered rains descend
Drenching yon secret Æthiopian dells,
And from the desart's ice-girt pinnacles
Where Frost and Heat in strange embraces blend
On Atlas, fields of moist snow half depend.
Girt there with blasts and meteors Tempest dwells
By Nile's aërial urn, with rapid spells
Urging those waters to their mighty end.
O'er Egypt's land of Memory floods are level
And they are thine O Nile—and well thou knowest
That soul-sustaining airs and blasts of evil
And fruits and poisons spring where'er thou flowest.
Beware O Man—for knowledge[2] must to thee
Like the great flood to Egypt, ever be.

[1] A comparison of this Sonnet with the fac-simile of the MS. will shew that it has been necessary to supply some few stops. The insertion of the fac-simile makes it unnecessary to give the cancelled MS. readings.

[2] There is a reminiscence here of Shelley's work of the previous summer. In *Laon and Cythna*, Canto VI, stanzas XL and XLI, we find a much more beautifully expressed thought on knowledge feeding "human wants, as the great Nile feeds Egypt." See Vol. I, p. 211.

PASSAGE OF THE APENNINES.[1]

LISTEN, listen, Mary mine,
To the whisper of the Apennine,
It bursts on the roof like the thunder's roar,
Or like the sea on a northern shore,
Heard in its raging ebb and flow
By the captives pent in the cave below.
The Apennine in the light of day
Is a mighty mountain dim and grey,
Which between the earth and sky doth lay;
But when night comes, a chaos dread
On the dim starlight then is spread,
And the Apennine walks abroad with the storm.

THE PAST.[2]

I.

WILT thou forget the happy hours
Which we buried in Love's sweet bowers,
Heaping over their corpses cold
Blossoms and leaves, instead of mould?
Blossoms which were the joys that fell,
And leaves, the hopes that yet remain.

II.

Forget the dead, the past? O yet
There are ghosts that may take revenge for it,
Memories that make the heart a tomb,
Regrets which glide through the spirit's gloom,
And with ghastly whispers tell
That joy, once lost, is pain.

[1] These lines were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, with the date May 4th, 1818.

[2] This and the next poem were first given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, without a date; but they are classed among poems of 1818 in the collected editions.

SONNET.

LIFT not the painted veil which those who live
Call Life: though unreal shapes be pictured there,
And it but mimic all we would believe
With colours idly spread,—behind, lurk Fear
And Hope, twin destinies; who ever weave
Their shadows, o'er the chasm, sightless and drear.[1]
I knew one who had[2] lifted it—he sought,
For his lost heart was tender, things to love,
But found them not, alas! nor was there aught
The world contains, the which he could approve.
Through the unheeding many he did move,
A splendour among shadows, a bright blot
Upon this gloomy scene, a Spirit that strove
For truth, and like the Preacher found it not.

INVOCATION TO MISERY.[3]

I.

COME, be happy!—sit by[4] me,
Shadow-vested Misery:
Coy, unwilling, silent bride,
Mourning in thy robe of pride,
Desolation—deified!

[1] In the *Posthumous Poems* we read
The shadows, which the world calls substance, there.
But in the editions of 1839 the reading of the text is substituted.

[2] The word *had* was omitted in the *Posthumous Poems*, but supplied in the first edition of 1839.

[3] This poem was first printed in *The Athenæum* for the 8th of September, 1832, and then in *The Shelley Papers*, without variation, in 1833. Mrs. Shelley did not give it in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, but introduced it into the first edition of 1839, with variations. Medwin, in *The Athenæum* and *The Shelley Papers*, called it *Invocation to Misery*. Mrs. Shelley headed it *Misery,—a Fragment*, and placed it among the poems written in 1818. As a rule, Mrs. Shelley's version corresponds so closely with Medwin's in punctuation and other minute details, that I cannot think she printed it from a finished MS. independently of him. There is a rough draft among the Boscombe MSS., which may have authorized the best variations.

[4] So in *The Shelley Papers*, but *near* in Mrs. Shelley's editions.

II.

Come, be happy!—sit near me:
Sad as I may seem to thee,
I am happier far than thou,
Lady, whose imperial brow
Is endiademed with woe.

III.

Misery! we have known each other,
Like a sister and a brother
Living in the same lone home,
Many years—we must live some
Hours or ages[1] yet to come.

IV.

'Tis an evil lot, and yet
Let us make the best[2] of it;
If love lives when pleasure dies,
We will love, till in our eyes[3]
This heart's Hell seem Paradise.

V.

Come, be happy!—lie thee down
On the fresh grass newly mown,
Where the Grasshopper doth sing
Merrily—one joyous thing
In a world of sorrowing!

[1] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions: Medwin reads *Years and ages*.

[2] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions, but *most* in *The Athenæum* and *The Shelley Papers*,—probably an error of transcription.

[3] In Mrs. Shelley's editions we read

If love can live when pleasure dies,
We two will love, &c.

I have adhered to Medwin's version as the more like Shelley.

VI.

There our tent shall be the willow,
And thine arm shall be my pillow;[1]
Sounds and odours sorrowful
Because they once were sweet, shall lull
Us to slumber, deep and dull.

VII.

Ha! thy frozen pulses flutter
With a love thou darest not utter.
Thou art murmuring—thou art weeping—
Is thine icy bosom leaping
While my burning heart lies sleeping?[2]

VIII.

Kiss me;—oh! thy lips are cold:
Round my neck thine arms enfold—
They are soft, but chill and dead;
And thy tears upon my head
Burn like points of frozen[3] lead.

IX.

Hasten to the bridal bed—
Underneath the grave 'tis spread:
In darkness may our love be hid,
Oblivion be our coverlid—
We may rest, and none forbid.

[1] So in *The Shelley Papers*, but in Mrs. Shelley's editions

And mine arm shall be thy pillow;

probably an accidental transposition of pronouns, as the next stanza but one clearly shews Medwin's reading to be correct.

[2] I give these three lines as given by Mrs. Shelley. Medwin printed the stanza with a central line of asterisks and the final couplet,

Thou art murmuring, thou art weeping,
Whilst my burning bosom's leaping.

[3] It were perhaps over venturesome to change this epithet for *molten*; but I scarcely doubt that that was Shelley's word: *frozen* hardly makes sense.

X.

Clasp me till our hearts be grown
Like two shadows[1] into one;
Till this dreadful transport may
Like a vapour fade away,
In the sleep that lasts alway.

XI.

We may dream, in that long sleep,
That we are not those who weep;
E'en as Pleasure dreams of thee,
Life-deserting Misery,
Thou mayst dream of her with me.

XII.

Let us laugh, and make our mirth,
At the shadows of the earth,
As dogs bay the moonlight clouds,
Which,[2] like spectres wrapt in shrouds,
Pass o'er night in multitudes.

XIII.

All the wide world, beside us
Show like multitudinous
Puppets passing from a scene;
What but mockery can they mean,
Where I am—where thou hast been?[3]

[1] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions, but *lovers* in Medwin's, and in the rough draft. But *shadows* seems so much the better reading that Mrs. Shelley probably had authority for it.

[2] So in Mrs. Shelley's editions: *That* in Medwin's.

[3] This stanza is given as in Mrs. Shelley's editions. Medwin gives it in a form which does not commend itself to me at all,—thus:

All the wide world beside us
Are like multitudinous
Shadows shifting from a scene—
What but mockery may they mean?
Where am I?—Where thou hast been.

TO MARY ———.[1]

O MARY dear, that you were here
With your brown eyes bright and clear,
And your sweet voice, like a bird
Singing love to its lone mate
In the ivy bower disconsolate;
Voice the sweetest ever heard!
And your brow more . . .
Than the sky
Of this azure Italy.
Mary dear, come to me soon,
I am not well whilst thou art far;
As sunset to the spherèd moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, belovèd, art to me.

O Mary dear, that you were here;
The Castle echo whispers "Here!"

THE WOODMAN AND THE NIGHTINGALE.[2]

A WOODMAN whose rough heart was out of tune
(I think such hearts yet never came to good)
Hated to hear, under the stars or moon,

One nightingale in an interfluous wood
Satiate the hungry dark with melody;—
And as a vale is watered by a flood,

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley (to whom, of course, the lines are addressed) in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, dated "Este, September, 1818." In this first version we read *Oh!* instead of *O* at the beginning of the first and penultimate lines. The *O* of the collected editions is more likely to be correct.

[2] Mrs. Shelley first gave this fragment in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, —all but the last three lines, which first appeared in Mr. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*. In the collected editions, the poem appears among those of 1818.

Or as the moonlight fills the open sky
Struggling with darkness—as a tuberose
Peoples some Indian dell with scents which lie

Like clouds above the flower from which they rose,
The singing of that happy nightingale
In this sweet forest, from the golden close

Of evening, till the star of dawn may fail,
Was interfused upon the silentness;
The folded roses and the violets pale

Heard her within their slumbers, the abyss
Of heaven with all its planets; the dull ear
Of the night-cradled earth; the loneliness

Of the circumfluous waters,—every sphere
And every flower and beam and cloud and wave,
And every wind of the mute atmosphere,

And every beast stretched in its rugged cave,
And every bird lulled on its mossy bough,
And every silver moth fresh from the grave,

Which is its cradle—ever from below
Aspiring like one who loves too fair, too far,
To be consumed within the purest glow

Of one serene and unapproachèd star,
As if it were a lamp of earthly light,[1]
Unconscious, as some human lovers are,

Itself how low, how high beyond all height
The heaven where it would perish!—and every form
That worshipped in the temple of the night

[1] *Cf. Epipsychidion*, line 224.

Was awed into delight, and by the charm
Girt as with an interminable zone,
Whilst that sweet bird, whose music was a storm

Of sound, shook forth the dull oblivion
Out of their dreams; harmony became love
In every soul but one.

* * * * *

And so this man returned with axe and saw
At evening close from killing the tall treen,
The soul of whom by nature's gentle law

Was each a wood-nymph, and kept ever green
The pavement and the roof of the wild copse,
Chequering the sunlight of the blue serene

With jaggèd leaves,—and from the forest tops
Singing the winds to sleep—or weeping oft
Fast showers of aërial water drops

Into their[1] mother's bosom, sweet and soft,
Nature's pure tears which have no bitterness;—
Around the cradles of the birds aloft

They spread themselves into the loveliness
Of fan-like leaves, and over pallid flowers
Hang like moist clouds:—or, where high branches kiss,

Make a green space among the silent bowers,
Like a vast fane in a metropolis,
Surrounded by the columns and the towers

[1] Mr. Rossetti altered *their* to *her*. I do not think Shelley would have done so, whatever grammatical exactness might indicate.

All overwrought with branch-like traceries
In which there is religion—and the mute
Persuasion of unkindled melodies,

Odours and gleams and murmurs, which the lute
Of the blind pilot-spirit of the blast
Stirs as it sails, now grave and now acute,

Wakening the leaves and waves, ere it has past
To such brief unison as on the brain
One tone, which never can recur, has cast,

One accent never to return again.

* * * * *

The world is full of Woodmen who expel
Love's gentle Dryads from the haunts of life,
And vex the nightingales in every dell.

FRAGMENT OF AN ADDRESS TO BYRON.[1]

O MIGHTY mind, in whose deep stream this age
Shakes like a reed in the unheeding storm,
Why dost thou curb not thine own sacred rage?

FRAGMENT TO SILENCE.[2]

SILENCE! O well are Death and Sleep and Thou
Three brethren named, the guardians gloomy-winged

[1] From *Relics of Shelley*. The suggestion that the lines are to Byron is Mr. Rossetti's. I think there can be no doubt about the matter.

[2] From *Relics of Shelley*, assigned to the year 1818 by Mr. Garnett. Mrs. Shelley seems to have deciphered this fragment, whether from the same draft as that deciphered by Mr. Garnett I cannot say; but I almost suspect not. Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke has a transcript in Mrs. Shelley's writing of this and the two fragments addressed to Music at pp. 404-5 of this volume: for a copy of these I am indebted to Mrs. Clarke.

Of one abyss, where life, and truth, and joy
Are swallowed up—yet spare me, Spirit,[1] pity me,
Until the sounds I hear become my soul,
And it has left these faint and weary limbs,
To track along the lapses of the air
This wandering melody[2] until it rests
Among lone mountains in some . . .

FRAGMENT.[3]

THE fierce beasts of the woods and wildernesses
Track not the steps of him who drinks of it;
For the light breezes, which for ever fleet
Around its margin, heap the sand thereon.

FRAGMENT.

MY head is wild with weeping for a grief
  Which is the shadow of a gentle mind.
I walk into the air, (but no relief
  To seek,—or haply, if I sought, to find;
It came unsought);—to wonder that a chief
  Among men's spirits should be cold and blind.

FRAGMENT.

FLOURISHING vine, whose kindling clusters glow
  Beneath the autumnal sun, none taste of thee;
For thou dost shroud a ruin, and below
  The rotting bones of dead antiquity.

[1] *O spirit*, in Mrs. Shelley's transcript; but Mr. Garnett omits *O*.

[2] In the transcript *These wandering melodies*. At this point Mrs. Shelley breaks off.

[3] This and the two following fragments first appeared in Mr. Rossetti's edition, having been discovered by Mr. Garnett among Sir Percy Shelley's MSS.

SCENE FROM "TASSO."[1]

MADDALO, *a Courtier.* PIGNA, *a Minister.*
MALPIGLIO, *a Poet.* ALBANO, *an Usher.*

MADDALO.

No access to the Duke! You have not said
That the Count Maddalo would speak with him?

PIGNA.

Did you inform his Grace that Signor Pigna
Waits with state papers for his signature?

MALPIGLIO.

The Lady Leonora cannot know
That I have written a sonnet to her fame,
In which I Venus and Adonis.
You should not take my gold and serve me not.

[1] This fragment, from the *Relics of Shelley*, was introduced by Mr. Garnett with the following note:—"'I have devoted,' Shelley wrote from Milan, April 20, 1818, 'this summer, and indeed the next year, to the composition of a tragedy on the subject of Tasso's madness; which I find upon inspection is, if properly treated, admirably dramatic and poetical.' Brief and slight as the following fragment is, it is highly interesting, as affording some clue to the manner in which Shelley would have treated a subject which he long meditated, and never, perhaps, finally abandoned. It would appear that the envy of courtiers and Tasso's rivals would have been among the principal elements of the action; the piece would consequently have borne little resemblance to Goethe's *Tasso*, which it is doubtful whether Shelley ever read. No subject could have been more congenial to the latter. He was probably withheld from attempting it by the appearance of Byron's *Lament of Tasso*, and his reluctance to enter into apparent competition with a friend, to whose genius his modesty, confirmed by the unanimous voice of his contemporaries, induced him to assign an unmerited pre-eminence over his own."

ALBANO.

In truth I told her, and she smiled and said,
"If I am Venus, thou, coy Poesy
Art the Adonis whom I love, and he
The Erymanthian boar that wounded him."
O trust to me, Signor Malpiglio,
Those nods and smiles were favours worth the zechin.

MALPIGLIO,

The words are twisted in some double sense
That I reach not: the smiles fell not on me.

PIGNA.

How are the Duke and Duchess occupied?

ALBANO.

Buried in some strange talk. The Duke was leaning,
His finger on his brow, his lips unclosed.
The Princess sate within the window-seat,
And so her face was hid; but on her knee
Her hands were clasped, veinèd, and pale as snow,
And quivering—young Tasso, too, was there.

MADDALO.

Thou seest on whom from thine own worshipped heaven
Thou drawest down smiles—they did not rain on thee.

MALPIGLIO.

Would they were parching lightnings for his sake
On whom they fell!

SONG FOR "TASSO."[1]

I.

I LOVED—alas! our life is love;
But when we cease to breathe and move
I do suppose love ceases too.
I thought, but not as now I do,
Keen thoughts and bright of linkèd lore,
Of all that men had thought before,
And all that nature shows, and more.

II.

And still I love and still I think,
But strangely, for my heart can drink
The dregs of such despair, and live,
And love;
And if I think, my thoughts come fast,
I mix the present with the past,
And each seems uglier than the last.

III.

Sometimes I see before me flee
A silver spirit's form, like thee,
O Leonora, and I sit
Still watching it,
Till by the grated casement's ledge
It fades, with such a sigh, as sedge
Breathes o'er the breezy streamlet's edge.

[1] First given by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and placed in the collected editions, among poems of 1818. I have not thought it necessary to preserve the indications of hiatus at the end of the fourth line of stanza II, and the beginning of the fourth line of stanza III.

MARENGHI.[1]

I.

Let those who pine in pride or in revenge,
Or think that ill for ill should be repaid,
Or barter wrong for wrong, until the exchange
Ruins the merchants of such thriftless trade,
Visit the tower of Vado, and unlearn
Such bitter faith beside Marenghi's urn.

II.

A massy tower yet overhangs the town,
A scattered group of ruined dwellings now.

* * * * *

III.

Another scene ere wise Etruria knew
Its second ruin through internal strife,
And tyrants through the breach of discord threw
The chain which binds and kills. As death to life,
As winter to fair flowers (though some be poison)
So Monarchy succeeds to Freedom's foison.

IV.

In Pisa's church a cup of sculptured gold
Was brimming with the blood of feuds forsworn

[1] Mrs. Shelley gave stanzas VII to XV of this fragment in the *Posthumous Poems*. The rest was transcribed by Mr. Garnett, from a Note Book in Sir Percy Shelley's possession, and first appeared in Mr. Rossetti's edition. Mrs. Shelley inscribed at the end *Naples, 1818*. Mr. Rossetti adds *December*. In Mrs. Shelley's editions the title is given as *Mazenghi*; and the following note is added: "This fragment refers to an event, told in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*, which occurred during the war when Florence finally subdued Pisa, and reduced it to a province. The opening stanzas are addressed to the conquering city." Mr. Rossetti was the first editor who appears to have taken the trouble to refer to Sismondi and ascertain that the hero's name was Marenghi. The "opening stanza" in Mrs. Shelley's editions is that numbered VII in this edition. Two blanks, in stanzas XVII and XIX, I have ventured to fill, with a *quære* in each case.

At sacrament: more holy ne'er of old
Etrurians mingled with the shades forlorn
Of moon-illumined forests.

* * * * *

V.

And reconciling factions wet their lips
With that dread wine, and swear to keep each spirit
Undarkened by their country's last eclipse.

* * * * *

VI.

Was Florence the liberticide? that band
Of free and glorious brothers who had planted,
Like a green isle 'mid Æthiopian sand,
A nation amid slaveries, disenchanted
Of many impious faiths—wise, just—do they,
Does Florence, gorge the sated tyrants' prey?

VII.

O foster-nurse of man's abandoned glory,
Since Athens, its great mother, sunk in splendour;
Thou shadowest forth that mighty shape in story,
As ocean its wrecked fanes, severe yet tender:—
The light-invested angel Poesy
Was drawn from the dim world to welcome thee.

VIII.

And thou in painting didst transcribe all taught
By loftiest meditations; marble knew
The sculptor's fearless soul—and as he wrought,
The grace of his own power and freedom grew.
And more than all, heroic, just, sublime,
Thou wert among the false—was this thy crime?

IX.

Yes; and on Pisa's marble walls the twine
Of direst weeds hangs garlanded—the snake

Inhabits its wrecked palaces;—in thine
A beast of subtler venom now doth make
Its lair, and sits amid their glories overthrown,
And thus thy victim's fate is as thine own.

X.

The sweetest flowers are ever frail and rare,
And love and freedom blossom but to wither;
And good and ill like vines entangled are,
So that their grapes may oft be plucked together;—
Divide the vintage ere thou drink, then make
Thy heart rejoice for dead Marenghi's sake.

XI.

No record of his crime remains in story,
But if the morning bright as evening shone,
It was some high and holy deed, by glory
Pursued into forgetfulness, which won
From the blind crowd he made secure and free
The patriot's meed, toil, death, and infamy.

XII.

For when by sound of trumpet was declared
A price upon his life, and there was set
A penalty of blood on all who shared
So much of water with him as might wet
His lips, which speech divided not—he went
Alone, as you may guess, to banishment.

XIII.

Amid the mountains, like a hunted beast,
He hid himself, and hunger, toil, and cold,[1]

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *cold, and toil*; in Mr. Rossetti's *toil, and cold*, which is of course right.

Month after month endured; it was a feast
Whene'er he found those globes of deep-red gold
Which in the woods the strawberry-tree doth bear,
Suspended in their emerald atmosphere.

XIV.

And in the roofless huts of vast morasses,
Deserted by the fever-stricken serf,
All overgrown with reeds and long rank grasses,
And hillocks heaped of moss-inwoven turf,
And where the huge and speckled aloe made,
Rooted in stones, a broad and pointed shade,

XV.

He housed himself. There is a point of strand
Near Vado's[1] tower and town; and on one side
The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,
Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide,
And on the other creeps eternally,
Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea.

XVI.

Here the earth's breath is pestilence, and few
But things whose nature is at war with life—
Snakes and ill worms—endure its mortal dew.
The trophies of the clime's victorious strife—
White bones, and locks of dun and yellow hair,
And ringèd horns which buffaloes did wear—

* * * * *

XVII.

And at the utmost point [of land?] stood there
The relics of a weed-inwoven cot,
Thatched with broad flags. An outlawed murderer
Had lived seven days there: the pursuit was hot

[1] In Mrs. Shelley's editions, *Vada's*: Mr. Rossetti says *Vado* is the name.

When he was cold. The birds that were his grave
Fell dead upon their feast in Vado's wave.

XVIII.

There must have lived within Marenghi's heart
That fire, more warm and bright than life or hope,
(Which to the martyr makes his dungeon . . .
More joyous than the heaven's majestic cope
To his oppressor), warring with decay,—
Or he could ne'er have lived years, day by day.

XIX.

Nor was his state so lone as you might think.
He had tamed every newt and snake and toad,
And every seagull which sailed down to drink
Those [marshes?] ere the death-mist went abroad.
And each one, with peculiar talk and play,
Wiled, not untaught, his silent time away.

XX.

And the marsh-meteors, like tame beasts, at night
Came licking with blue tongues his veinèd feet;
And he would watch them, as, like spirits bright,
In many entangled figures quaint and sweet
To some inchanted music they would dance—
Until they vanished at the first moon-glance.

XXI.

He mocked the stars by grouping on each weed
The summer dewdrops in the golden dawn;
And, ere the hoar-frost vanished, he could read
Its pictured footprints, as on spots of lawn
Its delicate brief touch in silence weaves
The likeness of the wood's remembered leaves.

XXII.

And many a fresh Spring-morn would he awaken—
  While yet the unrisen sun made glow, like iron
Quivering in crimson fire, the peaks unshaken
  Of mountains and blue isles which did environ
With air-clad crags that plain of land and sea,—
And feel liberty.

XXIII.

And in the moonless nights, when the dim ocean
  Heaved underneath the heaven, . . .
Starting from dreams . . .
  Communed with the immeasurable world;
And felt his life beyond his limbs dilated,
Till his mind grew like that it contemplated.

XXIV.

His food was the wild fig and strawberry;
  The milky pine-nuts which the autumnal blast
Shakes into the tall grass; and such small fry
  As from the sea by winter-storms are cast;
And the coarse bulbs of iris-flowers he found
Knotted in clumps under the spongy ground.

XXV.

And so were kindled powers and thoughts which made
  His solitude less dark. When memory came
(For years gone by leave each a deepening shade),
  His spirit basked in its internal flame,—
As, when the black storm hurries round at night,
The fisher basks beside his red firelight.

XXVI.

Yet human hopes and cares and faiths and errors,
  Like billows unawakened by the wind,

Slept in Marenghi still; but that all terrors,
Weakness, and doubt, had withered in his mind.
His couch . . .

* * * * *

XXVII.

And, when he saw beneath the sunset's planet
A black ship walk over the crimson ocean,—
Its pennons streaming on the blasts that fan it,
Its sails and ropes all tense and without motion,
Like the dark ghost of the unburied even
Striding across the orange-coloured heaven,—

XXVIII.

The thought of his own kind who made the soul
Which sped that winged shape through night and day,—
The thought of his own country . . . [1]

* * * * *

[1] These fragments would seem to have been meant as introductory to a poetic account of the exploit of the exiled Florentine Pietro Marenghi, told in Sismondi's *Histoire des Républiques Italiennes*. Mr. Rossetti gives, in his notes, an extract of the passage, from the eighth volume of the Paris edition of 1826 (pp. 142-3). It is related that, when the Florentines found themselves unable to effect a breach in the walls of Pisa, they attempted to reduce the city by famine, and that the Pisans sent some galleys to get grain in Sicily. One of these, surprised by vessels which the Florentines had armed at Genoa, took refuge under the tower of Vado; and it is (presumably) of her approach that Shelley gives the wonderful picture in stanza XXVII. Marenghi, promptly seizing the occasion to serve that State which had cast him out, swam to the galley with a torch in his hand, in spite of arrows from the Pisans, and, though wounded in three places, made good his hold on the prow, and doggedly applied his torch till the galley was effectually set on fire. Marenghi regained the shore, and the galley burnt in sight of the tower of Vado. The patriot was eventually recalled with honour. I give the heads of the story as told by Sismondi,—not answering for their authenticity, in any sense, but merely as shewing what was to be the subject of Shelley's poem.

APPENDIX TO VOL. III.

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APPENDIX.

I.

Leigh Hunt's Preface to "The Mask of Anarchy."

This Poem was written by Mr. Shelley on occasion of the bloodshed at Manchester, in the year 1819. I was editor of the Examiner at that time, and it was sent to me to be inserted or not in that journal, as I thought fit. I did not insert it, because I thought that the public at large had not become sufficiently discerning to do justice to the sincerity and kind-heartedness of the spirit that walked in this flaming robe of verse. His charity was avowedly more than proportionate to his indignation; yet I thought that even the suffering part of the people, judging, not unnaturally, from their own feelings, and from the exasperation which suffering produces before it produces knowledge, would believe a hundred-fold in his anger, to what they would in his good intention; and this made me fear that the common enemy would take advantage of the mistake to do them both a disservice. Mr. Shelley's writings have since aided the general progress of knowledge in bringing about a wiser period; and an effusion, which would have got him cruelly misrepre-

sented a few years back, will now do unequivocal honour to his memory, and show every body what a most considerate and kind, as well as fervent heart, the cause of the world has lost.

The Poem, though written purposely in a lax and familiar measure, is highly characteristical of the author. It has the usual ardour of his tone, the unbounded sensibility by which he combines the most domestic with the most remote and fanciful images, and the patience, so beautifully checking, and, in fact, produced by the extreme impatience of his moral feeling. His patience is the deposit of many impatiences, acting upon an equal measure of understanding and moral taste. His wisdom is the wisdom of a heart overcharged with sensibility, acquiring the profoundest notions of justice from the completest sympathy, and at once taking refuge from its pain, and working out its extremest purposes, in the adoption of a stubborn and loving fortitude which neutralizes resistance. His very strokes of humour, while they startle with their extravagance and even ghastliness, cut to the heart with pathos. The fourth and fifth stanzas, for instance, of this Poem, involve an allusion which becomes affecting from our knowing what he must have felt when he wrote it. It is to his children, who were taken from him by the late Lord Chancellor, under that preposterous law by which every succeeding age might be made to blush for the tortures inflicted on the opinions of its predecessor.

"Anarchy, the Skeleton" riding through the streets, and grinning and bowing on each side of him,

> As well as if his education
> Had cost ten millions to the nation,

is another instance of the union of ludicrousness with terror. Hope, looking "more like Despair," and laying herself down before his horses' feet to die, is a touching

image. The description of the rise and growth of the Public Enlightenment,

> ——— upborne on wings whose grain
> Was as the light of sunny rain,

and producing "thoughts" as he went,

> As stars from night's loose hair are shaken,

till on a sudden the prostrate multitude look up,

> and ankle-deep in blood,
> Hope, that maiden most serene,
> Was walking with a quiet mien,

is rich with the author's usual treasure of imagery and splendid words. The sixty-third is a delicious stanza, producing a most happy and comforting picture in the midst of visions of blood and tumult. We see the light from its cottage window. The substantial blessings of Freedom are nobly described; and lastly, the advice given by the poet, the great national measure recommended by him, is singularly striking as a *political anticipation*. It advises what has since taken place, and what was felt by the grown wisdom of the age to be the only thing which *could* take place, with effect, as a final rebuke and nullification of the Tories; to wit, a calm, lawful, and inflexible preparation for resistance in the shape of a protesting multitude,—the few against the many,—the laborious and suffering against the spoilt children of monopoly,—Mankind against Tory-kind. It is true the Poet recommends that there should be no active resistance, come what might; which is a piece of fortitude, however effective, which we believe was not contemplated by the Political Unions: yet, in point of the spirit of the thing, the success he anticipates has actually occurred, and after his very fashion; for there really has been no resistance, except by multitudinous protest. The Tories, however

desirous they showed themselves to draw their swords, did not draw them. The battle was won without a blow.

Mr. Shelley's countrymen know how anxious he was for the advancement of the common good, but they have yet to become acquainted with his anxiety in behalf of this particular means of it—Reform. The first time I heard from him, was upon the subject: it was before I knew him, and while he was a student at Oxford, in the year 1811. So early did he begin his career of philanthropy! Mankind, and their interests, were scarcely ever out of his thoughts. It was a moot point when he entered your room, whether he would begin with some half-pleasant, half-pensive joke, or quote something Greek, or ask some question about public affairs. I remember his coming upon me when I had not seen him for a long time; and after grappling my hands with both his, in his usual fervent manner, sitting down, and looking at me very earnestly, with a deep though not melancholy interest in his face. We were sitting in a cottage study with our knees to the fire, to which we had been getting nearer and nearer in the comfort of finding ourselves together; the pleasure of seeing him was my only feeling at the moment; and the air of domesticity about us was so complete that I thought he was going to speak of some family matter—either his or my own; when he asked me, at the close of an intensity of pause, what was "the amount of the National Debt."

I used to rally him on the apparent inconsequentiality of his manner upon these occasions; and he was always ready to carry on the joke, because he said that my laughter did not hinder my being in earnest. With deepest love and admiration was my laughter mixed, or I should not have ventured upon paying him the compliment of it.

I have now before me his corrected proof of an anonymous pamphlet which he wrote in the year 1817, entitled "A Proposal for Putting Reform to the Vote through the Country." I will make an extract or two from it, to shew how zealous he was on the subject; how generous in the example which he offered to set in behalf of Reform; and how judicious as well as fervent this most calumniated and noble spirit could be in recommending the most avowed of his opinions. The title-page of the proof is scrawled over with sketches of trees and foliage, which was a habit of his in the intervals of thinking, whenever he had pen or pencil in hand. He would indulge in it while waiting for you at an inn, or in a door-way, scratching his elms and oak-trees on the walls. He did them very spiritedly, and with what the painters call a gusto, particularly in point of grace. If he had room, he would add a cottage, and a piece of water, with a sailing boat mooring among the trees. This was his *beau ideal* of a life, the repose of which was to be earned by zeal for his species, and warranted by the common good. What else the image of a boat brings to the memory of those who have lost him, I will not say, especially as he is still with us in his writings. But it is worth observing how agreeably this habit of sketching trees and bowers evinced the gentleness of my friend's nature, the longing he had for rest, and the smallness of his personal desires.

It has been hastily implied in a late notice of him, in a periodical work, that he was an aristocrat by disposition as well as birth; a conclusion natural enough, even with intelligent men, who have been bred among aristocratical influences; but it is a pity that any such persons should give it as their opinion, because it tends to confirm inferior understandings in a similar delusion, and to make

the vulgarity of would-be refinement still more confident in its assumptions. It is acknowledged on all hands, that Mr. Shelley's mind was not one to be measured by common rules,—not even by such as the vulgar, great or small, take for uncommon ones, or for cunning pieces of corporate knowledge snugly kept between one another. If there is anything which I can affirm of my beloved friend, with as much confidence as the fact of his being benevolent *and* a friend, it is that he was totally free from mistakes of this kind; that he never for one moment confounded the claims of real and essential, with those of conventional refinement; or allowed one to be substituted for the other in his mind by any compromise of his self-love.

I will admit it to be *possible*, that there were moments in which he might have been deceived in his estimation of people's manners, in consequence of those to which he had been early accustomed; but the charge implied against him involves a conscious, or at least an habitual, preference of what are called high-bred manners, for their own sakes, apart from the natures of those who exhibited them, and to the disadvantage of those to whom they had not been taught. I can affirm that it is a total mistake, and that he partook of no such weakness. I have seen him indeed draw himself up with a sort of irrepressible air of dignified objection, when moral vulgarity was betrayed in his presence, whatever might have been the rank of the betrayer; but nobody could hail with greater joy and simplicity, or meet upon more equal grounds, the instinct of a real delicacy and good intention, come in what shape it might. Why should he have done otherwise? He was Shelley; and not merely a man of that name. What had ordinary high life, and its pretensions, and the getting together of a few people for the sake of giving themselves

a little importance, to do with his universal affinities? It was finely said one day in my hearing by Mr. Hazlitt, when asked why he could not temporize a little now and then, or make a compromise with an untruth, that it was "not worth his while." It was not worth Mr. Shelley's while to be an aristocrat. His spirit was large enough to take ten aristocracies into the hollow of his hand, and look at them as I have seen him look at insects from a tree, certainly with no thought either of superiority or the reverse, but with a curious interest.

That quintessence of gentlemanly demeanour which was observable in Mr. Shelley, in drawing-rooms, when he was not over-thoughtful, was nothing but an exquisite combination of sense, moral grace, and habitual sympathy. It was more dignified than what is called dignity in others, because it was the heart of the thing itself, or intrinsic worth, graced by the sincerest idealism; and not a response made by imputed merit to the homage of the imputers. The best conventional dignity could have no more come up to it, than the trick of an occasion to the truth of a life.[1]

But if an aristocracy of intellect and morals were required, he was the man for one of their leaders. High and princely was the example he could set to an aristocracy

[1] The consciousness of possessing the respect of others, apart from any reason for it but a conventional one, will sometimes produce a really fine expression of countenance, where the nature is good. On the other hand, I have seen Mr. Shelley, from a doubt of the sympathy of those around him, suddenly sink from the happier look above described, into an expression of misgiving and even of destitution, that was extremely touching. It arose out of a sudden impression, that all the sympathy was on his side. Sympathy is undoubtedly the one thing needful and final; and though the receipt of it on false grounds, appears the most formidable obstacle in the way of its true ascendancy, and is so, yet out of the very spirit of that fact will come the salvation of the world; for when once a right view of it gets into fashion, the prejudices as well as understandings of mankind will be as much on that side as they are against it now, and the acceleration of good be without a drawback. [HUNT'S NOTE.]

of a different sort, as the reader will see by the following extract from his pamphlet. The late death of an extraordinary man of genius, the delight of nations, and the special glory of his country, has just shewn the blushing world what little things could be done for him, dead or alive, by the "great men" whom he condescended to glorify. The manager of a Scottish theatre (to his immortal credit)[1] has contributed, in furtherance of the erection of a monument to him, precisely the same sum as was drawn forth out of the money bags of a Scottish Duke, in the receipt of nearly a thousand pounds a day. The sum is the same that is mentioned in the ensuing paragraph from Mr. Shelley's pamphlet. After proposing a meeting of the Friends of Reform, for the purpose of recommending his plan to the nation, the author notices the expenses which would probably be incurred; and then makes the following offer:—

"I have an income of a thousand a year, on which I support my wife and children in decent comfort, and from which I satisfy certain large claims of general justice.[2] Should any plan resembling that which I have proposed be determined on by you, I will give 100*l.*, being a tenth part of one year's income, towards its object; and I will not deem so proudly of myself as to believe that I shall stand alone in this respect, when any rational and consistent scheme for the public benefit shall have received the sanction of those great and good men who have devoted themselves for its preservation."

[1] Mr. Murray. I remember the gentlemanly paternity of his father's manner on the English stage, and the fine eyes of his sister (Mrs. Henry Siddons); and was not surprised to find generosity in such a stock.

[2] By these "claims of justice," he meant the wants of his friends and the poor. I do not wish, God knows, to dispute the phrase with him; but such were the notions of this singular "aristocrat," and most equal-sighted fellow-creature. [HUNT'S NOTES.]

The delight of talking about my friend, has led me into a longer Preface than I intended to write. I did not think of detaining the reader so long from his Poem:—most probably, indeed, I have not detained him. I will, however, make the other, and longer extract, without further remark. If this Pamphlet was the work of an aristocrat, even in the passages where it recommends time to be given for the abolition of his class, he was surely the strangest republican of an aristocrat that ever existed, and had the oddest notions of what was puerile![1]

"A certain degree of coalition," says he, "among the sincere friends of Reform, in whatever shape, is indispensable to the success of this proposal. The friends of universal or of limited suffrage, of Annual or Triennial Parliaments, ought to settle the[2] subjects on which they disagree, when it is known whether the nation wills that measure on which they are all agreed. It is trivial to discuss what species of Reform should[3] have place, when it yet remains a question whether there will be any Reform or no. Meanwhile, nothing remains for me but to state explicitly my sentiments on this subject. The

[1] See his works, *passim*. A multitude of passages might be quoted, such as no aristocrat would write out of mere spleen, or "with greater pride of his own." They are too frequent, earnest, and full of thought. If Mr. Shelley met with a gird at things aristocratical, in any book he was reading, he marked it as worthy to be noted. I was looking the other day into a Diogenes Laertius that belonged to him, and almost the first passage I met with thus marked, was a saying of the biographer's namesake, in which birth and honours are treated with contempt. I am not here begging the question against such things. I am merely recording my friend's real opinions. The only sentiment by which a privileged class is to be vindicated, may claim a fair discussion; and the settlement of it be safely left to the growth of the sentiment itself, and its expansion into a freedom from its own necessity. [HUNT'S NOTE.]

[2] So in Hunt's extract; but *those* in the Pamphlet itself. I presume this and other minute variations were found in the proof from which Hunt quoted.

[3] In the Pamphlet, *shall*.

statement is indeed quite foreign to the merits of the proposal in itself; and I should have suppressed it, until called upon to subscribe such a requisition as I have suggested, if the question which it is natural to ask, as to what are the sentiments of the person who originates the scheme, could have received in any other manner a more simple and direct reply.

"It appears to me, that Annual Parliaments ought to be adopted as an immediate measure, as one which strongly tends to preserve the liberty and happiness of the nation. It would enable men to cultivate those energies on which the performance of the political duties belonging to the citizen of a free state, as the rightful guardian of its prosperity, essentially depends; it would familiarize men with liberty, by disciplining them to an habitual acquaintance with its forms. Political institution is undoubtedly susceptible of such improvements as no rational person can consider possible, so long as the present degraded condition to which the vital imperfections in the existing system of government has reduced the vast multitude of men shall subsist. The securest method of arriving at such beneficial innovations, is to proceed gradually, and with caution; or, in the place of that order and freedom, which the friends of Reform assert to be violated now, anarchy and despotism will follow. Annual Parliaments have my entire assent. I will not state those general reasonings in their favour, which Mr. Cobbett and other writers have already made familiar to the public mind.

"With respect to Universal Suffrage, I confess I consider its adoption, in the present unprepared state of public knowledge and feeling, fraught with peril. I think that none but those who register their names as paying a certain small sum in *direct taxes*,[1] ought, at present, to

[1] His own italics. The rest are the Editor's. [HUNT'S NOTE.]

send Members to Parliament. The consequence of the *immediate* extension of the elective franchise to *every* male adult, would be to place power in the hands of men who have been rendered brutal, and torpid, and ferocious, *by ages of slavery.* It is to suppose that the qualities belonging to a demagogue are such as are sufficient to endow a legislator. I allow Major Cartwright's arguments to be unanswerable; abstractedly it is the right of every human being to have a share in the government. But Mr. Paine's arguments are also unanswerable: *a pure republic may be shewn, by inferences the most obvious and irresistible, to be that system of social order the fittest to produce the happiness, and promote the genuine eminence of man.* Yet nothing can be less consistent[1] with reason, or afford smaller hopes of any beneficial issue, than the plan which should abolish the regal and the aristocratical branches of our constitution, *before the public mind,* through many gradations of improvement, shall have arrived at the maturity which can *disregard those symbols of its childhood.*"

I need not point out to the reader's attention the singular and happy anticipations contained in the above extract; neither shall I stop to inquire how far Mr. Shelley would have thought the feasibilities of improvement hastened by the events that have taken place of late years—events, one of them in particular, (the Glorious Three Days) which it would have repaid him for all his endurances, had he lived to see.

And who shall say that he has not seen them? For if ever there was a man upon earth, of a more spiritual nature than ordinary, partaking of the errors and perturbations of his species, but seeing and working through them with a seraphical purpose of good, such an one was Percy Bysshe Shelley.

[1] So in Hunt's extract, but *can less consist* in the Pamphlet.

II.

PETER BELL.[1]

A Lyrical Ballad.

"I do affirm that I am the REAL Simon Pure."
Bold Stroke for a Wife.

Preface.

It is now a period of one-and-twenty years since I first wrote some of the most perfect compositions (except certain pieces I have written in my later days) that ever dropped from poetical pen. My heart hath been right and powerful all its years. I never thought an evil or a weak thought in my life. It has been my aim and my achievement to deduce moral thunder from buttercups, daisies,* celandines, and (as a poet, scarcely inferior to myself, hath it) "such small deer." Out of sparrows' eggs I have hatched great truths, and with sextons' barrows have I wheeled into human hearts, piles of the weightiest philosophy. I have persevered

* A favourite flower of mine. It was a favourite with Chaucer, but he did not understand its moral mystery as I do.

"Little Cyclops, with one eye."
Poems by ME.

[1] The story of this poem (by John Hamilton Reynolds) is given in brief at p. 178 of the present volume. The imprint on the title-page is "LONDON: PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY, 93, FLEET STREET. 1819." There is a page of Taylor and Hessey's advertisements at the end, wherein Keats's *Endymion* is offered for sale at the price of 9s. This page is dated "April, 1819," in the first and second editions, and "May, 1819," in the third, from which the poem is here given. It is hardly necessary to add that the preface, notes, and "Supplementary Essay," wherein the character of Wordsworth is assumed, are all by Reynolds. I have not thought it necessary to distinguish them with the usual mark, "Author's Note."

with a perseverance truly astonishing, in persons of not the most pursy purses;—but to a man of my inveterate morality and independent stamp, (of which Stamps I am proud to be a Distributor) the sneers and scoffings of impious Scotchmen, and the neglect of my poor uninspired countrymen, fall as the dew upon the thorn, (on which plant I have written an immortal stanza or two) and are as fleeting as the spray of the waterfall, (concerning which waterfall I have composed some great lines which the world will not let die.)—Accustomed to mountain solitudes, I can look with a calm and dispassionate eye upon that fiend-like, vulture-souled, adder-fanged critic, whom I have not patience to name, and of whose Review I loathe the title, and detest the contents. —Philosophy has taught me to forgive the misguided miscreant, and to speak of him only in terms of patience and pity. I love my venerable Monarch and the Prince Regent.[1] My Ballads are the noblest pieces of verse in the whole range of English poetry: and I take this opportunity of telling the world I am a great man. Mr. Milton was also a great man. Ossian was a blind old fool. Copies of my previous works may be had in any numbers, by application at my publisher.

Of PETER BELL I have only thus much to say: it completes the simple system of natural narrative, which I began so early as 1798. It is written in that pure unlaboured style, which can only be met with among labourers; —and I can safely say, that while its imaginations spring beyond the reach of the most imaginative, its occasional meaning occasionally falls far below the meanest capacity. As these are the days of counterfeits,[2] I am compelled to

[1] Mr. Vansittart, the great Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a noble character:—and I consecrate this note to that illustrious financier.

[2] The White Doe of Rylstone is not of my writing. If it be a serious imitation of my style, I venerate the author; but if it be meant as a joke against me,—I cannot but weep at its remorseless cruelty. I neither know

caution my readers against them, "for such are abroad." However, I here declare this to be the true Peter; this to be the old original Bell. I commit my Ballad confidently to posterity. I love to read my own poetry[1]: it does my heart good.

W. W.

N.B. The novel of Rob Roy is not so good as my Poem on the same subject.

PETER BELL.

1. It is the thirty-first of March,
A gusty evening—half past seven;
The moon is shining o'er the larch,
A simple shape—a cock'd-up arch,
Rising bigger than a star,
Though the stars are thick in Heaven.

2. Gentle moon! how canst thou shine
Over graves and over trees,
With as innocent a look
As my own grey eye-ball[2] sees,
When I gaze upon a brook?

3. Od's me! how the moon doth shine:
It doth make a pretty glitter,
Playing in the waterfall;
As when Lucy Gray doth litter
Her baby-house with bugles small.

the tragic *Doe*, nor am I acquainted with the tragic *Buck*,—though both these poetical creatures have of late piteously moaned over their buffettings of fortune—"But let the stricken *deer* go weep," as Bacon philosophically hath it.

[1] "Often have I sigh'd to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sigh'd to think I read a book
Only read perhaps by me."
Poems. i. 249.

[2] My eyes are grey. Venus is said to have had grey eyes. Grey eyes please me well,—being, as a friend of mine finely saith, "beautiful exceedingly."

4. Beneath the ever blessed moon
An old man o'er an old grave stares,
You never look'd upon his fellow;
His brow is covered with grey hairs,
As though they were an umbrella.

5. He hath a noticeable look,[1]
This old man hath—this grey old man;
He gazes at the graves, and seems,
With over waiting, over wan,
Like Susan Harvey's[2] pan of creams.

6. 'Tis Peter Bell—'tis Peter Bell,
Who never stirreth in the day;
His hand is wither'd—he is old!
On Sundays he is us'd to pray,
In winter he is very cold.[3]

7. I've seen him in the month of August,
At the wheat-field, hour by hour,
Picking ear,—by ear,—by ear,—
Through wind,—and rain,—and sun,—and shower,
From year,—to year,—to year,—to year.

8. You never saw a wiser man,
He knows his Numeration Table;
He counts the sheep of Harry Gill,[4]
Every night that he is able,
When the sheep are on the hill.

9. Betty Foy—*My* Betty Foy,
Is the aunt of Peter Bell;
And credit me, as I would have you,
Simon Lee was once his nephew,
And his niece was Alice Fell.[5]

[1] "A noticeable man with large grey eyes."
Lyrical Ballads.

[2] Dairy-maid to Mr. Gill.

[3] Peter Bell resembleth Harry Gill in this particular:
"His teeth they chatter, chatter, chatter."
I should have introduced this fact in the text, but that Harry Gill would not rhyme. I reserve this for my blank verse.

[4] Harry Gill was the original proprietor of Barbara Lewthwaite's pet-lamb; and he also bred Betty Foy's celebrated poney, got originally out of a Night-mare, by a descendant of the great Trojan horse.

[5] Mr. Sheridan, in his sweet poem of the Critic, supplies one of his heroes with as singularly clustering a relationship.

10. He is rurally related;
Peter Bell hath country cousins,
(He had once a worthy mother)
Bells and Peters by the dozens,
But Peter Bell he hath no brother.

11. Not a brother owneth he,
Peter Bell he hath no brother;
His mother had no other son,
No other son e'er call'd her mother;
Peter Bell hath brother none.

12. Hark! the church-yard brook is singing
Its evening song amid the leaves;
And the peering moon doth look
Sweetly on that singing brook,
Round[1] and sad as though it grieves.

13. The little leaves on long thin twigs
Tremble with a deep delight,
They do dance a pleasant rout,
Hop and skip and jump about
As though they all were craz'd to night.

14. Peter Bell doth lift his hand,
That thin hand, which in the light
Looketh like to oiled paper;
Paper oiled,—oily bright,—
And held up to a waxen taper.

15. The hand of Peter Bell is busy,
Under the pent-house of his hairs;
His eye is like a solemn sermon;
The little flea severely fares,
'Tis a sad day for the vermin.

16. He is thinking of the Bible—
Peter Bell is old and blest;
He doth pray and scratch away,
He doth scratch, and bitten, pray
To *flee* away, and be at rest.

[1] I have here changed the shape of the moon, not from any poetical heedlessness, or human perversity, but because man is fond of change, and in this I have studied the metaphysical varieties of our being.

17. At home his foster child is cradled—
Four brown bugs are feeding there;[1]
Catch as many, sister Ann,
Catch as many as you can[2]
And yet the little insects spare.

18. Why should blessed insects die?
The flea doth skip o'er Betty Foy,
Like a little living thing:
Though it hath not fin or wing,
Hath it not a moral joy?

19. I the poet of the mountain,
Of the waterfall and fell,
I the mighty mental medlar,
I the lonely lyric pedlar,
I the Jove of Alice Fell,

20. I the Recluse—a gentle man,[3]
A gentle man—a simple creature,
Who would not hurt, God shield the thing,
The merest, meanest May-bug's wing,
Am tender in my tender nature.

21. I do doat on my dear wife,
On the linnet, on the worm,
I can see sweet written salads
Growing in the Lyric Ballads,
And always find them green and firm.

22. Peter Bell is laughing now,
Like a dead man making faces;
Never saw I smile so old,
On face so wrinkled and so cold,
Since the Idiot Boy's grimaces.

23. He is thinking of the moors,
Where I saw him in his breeches;

[1] I have a similar idea in my Poem on finding a Bird's Nest:—

"Look! *five* blue eggs are gleaming there."

But the numbers are different, so I trust no one will differ with the numbers.

[2] I have also given these lines before; but in thus printing them again, I neither tarnish their value, nor injure their novelty.

[3] See my Sonnet to Sleep:—

"I surely not a man ungently made."

Ragged though they were, a pair
Fit for a grey old man to wear;
Saw him poking,—gathering leeches.[1]

24. And gather'd leeches are to him,
To Peter Bell, like gather'd flowers;
They do yield him such delight,
As roses poach'd from porch at night,
Or pluck'd from oratoric[2] bowers.

25. How that busy smile doth hurry
O'er the cheek of Peter Bell;
He is surely in a flurry,
Hurry skurry—hurry skurry,
Such delight I may not tell.

26. His stick is made of wilding wood,
His hat was formerly of felt,
His duffel cloak of wool is made,
His stockings are from stock in trade,
His belly's belted with a belt.

27. His father was a bellman once,
His mother was a beldame old;
They kept a shop at Keswick Town,
Close by the Bell, (beyond the Crown),
And pins and peppermint they sold.

28. He is stooping now about
O'er the grave-stones one and two;
The clock is now a striking eight,
Four more hours and 'twill be late,
And Peter Bell hath much to do.

29. O'er the grave-stones three and four,
Peter stoopeth old and wise;
He counteth with a wizard glee
The graves of all his family,
While the hooting owlet cries.

[1] See my story of the Leech-gatherer, the finest poem in the world,—except this.

[2] "Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not."
Waterfall and Eglantine.

Also,—

"The Oak a Giant and a Sage,
His neighbour thus address'd."

30. Peter Bell, he readeth ably,
All his letters he can tell;
Roman W,—Roman S,
In a minute he can guess,
Without the aid of Dr. Bell.

31. Peter keeps a gentle poney,
But the poney is not here;
Susan who is very tall,[1]
And very sick and sad withal,
Rides it slowly far and near.

32. Hark! the voice of Peter Bell,
And the belfry bell is knelling;
It soundeth drowsily and dead,
As though a corse th' "Excursion" read;
Or Martha Ray her tale was telling.

33. Do listen unto Peter Bell,
While your eyes with tears do glisten:
Silence! his old eyes do read
All, on which the boys do tread
When holidays do come—Do listen!

34. The ancient Marinere lieth here,
Never to rise, although he pray'd,—
But all men, all, must have their fallings;
And, like the Fear of Mr. Collins,[2]
He died "of sounds himself had made."

35. Dead mad mother,—Martha Ray,
Old Matthew too, and Betty Foy,
Lack-a-daisy! here's a rout full;
Simon Lee whose age was doubtful,[3]
Simon even the Fates destroy.

[1] "*Long* Susan lay deep lost in thought."
The Idiot Boy.

[2] See what I have said of this man in my excellent supplementary *Preface.*

[3] I cannot resist quoting the following lines, to shew how I preserve my system from youth to age. As Simon was, so he is. And one and twenty years have scarcely altered (except by death) that cheerful and cherry-cheeked Old Huntsman. This is the truth of poetry.

"In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall;

36. Harry Gill is gone to rest,
Goody Blake is food for maggot;
They lie sweetly side by side,
Beautiful as when they died;
Never more shall she pick faggot.

37. Still he reads, and still the moon
On the church-yard's mounds doth shine;
The brook is still demurely singing,
Again the belfry bell is ringing,
'Tis nine o'clock, six, seven, eight, nine!

38. Patient Peter pores and proses
On, from simple grave to grave;
Here marks the children snatch'd to heaven,
None left to blunder "we are seven;"—
Even Andrew Jones[1] no power could save.

39. What a Sexton's work[2] is here,
Lord! the Idiot Boy is gone;
And Barbara Lewthwaite's fate the same,
And cold as mutton is her lamb;
And Alice Fell is bone by bone.

40. Stephen Hill is dead and buried,
Reginald Shore is crumbling—crumbling,
Giles Fleming—Susan Gale—alas!
Death playeth in the church-yard grass
His human nine-pins—tumbling—tumbling.

41. But Peter liveth well and wisely,
For still he makes old Death look silly,
Like those sage ducks of Mrs. Bond,
Who, not of killing over fond,
Turn a deaf ear to dilly, dilly.

An old man dwells—a little man—
I've heard he once was tall;
Of years he has upon his back,
No doubt, a burthen weighty;
He says he is threescore and ten,
But others say he's eighty."

These lines were written in the summer of 1798, and I bestowed great labour upon them.

[1] Andrew Jones was a very singular old man.—See my Poem,

"I hate that Andrew Jones—he'll breed, &c.

[2] "Let thy wheelbarrow alone, &c."

See my poem to a Sexton.

42. And tears are thick with Peter Bell,
Yet still he sees one blessed tomb;
Tow'rds it he creeps with spectacles,
And bending on his leather knees,
He reads the *Lake*iest Poet's doom.

43. The letters printed are by fate,
The death they say was suicide;
He reads—"Here lieth W. W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you:"
The old man smokes who 'tis that died.

44. Go home, go home—old Man, go home;
Peter, lay thee down at night,
Thou art happy, Peter Bell,
Say thy prayers for Alice Fell,
Thou hast seen a blessed sight.

45. He quits that moon-light yard of skulls,
And still he feels right glad, and smiles
With moral joy at that old tomb;
Peter's cheek recals its bloom,
And as he creepeth by the tiles,
He mutters ever—"W. W.
Never more will trouble you, trouble you."

HERE ENDETH THE BALLAD OF PETER BELL.

SUPPLEMENTARY ESSAY.

I BEG leave, once for all, to refer the Reader to my previous Poems, for illustrations of the names of the characters, and the severe simplicity contained in this affecting Ballad. I purpose, in the course of a few years, to write laborious lives of all the old people who enjoy sinecures in the text, or are pensioned off in the notes, of my Poetry. The Cumberland Beggar is dead. He could not crawl out of the

way of a fierce and fatal post chaise, and so fell a sacrifice to the Philosophy of Nature. I shall commence the work in heavy quarto, like the Excursion, with that "old, old Man," (as the too joyous Spenser saith.)—If ever I should be surprised into a second edition of my whole Poems, I shall write an extra-supplementary Essay on the principles of simple Poetry. I now conclude, with merely extracting (from my own works) the following eloquent and just passage (my Prose is extremely good) contained in the two volumes lately published, and not yet wholly disposed of:—

"A sketch of my own notion of the Constitution of Fame has been given; and as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied.—The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these Poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source within my own mind, from which they have proceeded; and the labour and pains which, when labour and pains appeared needful, have been bestowed upon them,—must all, if I think consistently, be received as pledges and tokens, bearing the same general impression though widely different in value;—they are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure."

Lyrical Ballads,[1] *Vol. i, p.* 368.

[1] Although this passage is really by Wordsworth, it is not to be found in the *Lyrical Ballads*, as separately issued, but occurs, at the page cited, in the collection of 1815,—*Poems by William Wordsworth: including Lyrical Ballads, and the Miscellaneous Pieces of the Author. With Additional Poems, a New Preface, and a Supplementary Essay. In Two Volumes* (published by Longman). I imagine that all the references in Reynolds's pamphlet were to these two volumes, and not to either of the three editions of *Lyrical Ballads*. The passage quoted above is from the "Essay Supplementary to the Preface."

III.

PETER BELL *v.* PETER BELL.[1]

"A bidding, Ma'am, in two places."
GEORGE ROBINS.

1.

Two Peters!—two Ballads!—two Bells!—
Ah, which is the serious Poem?
The tales which Simplicity tells,
Are the tales for my heart,—when I know 'em!

2.

But the Lyrics in these match so well,
And so like is the innocent metre,
That I'm bother'd to death with each Bell,
And lost between Peter and Peter.

3.

Will no one in tenderness lend
A clue to the positive story?—
Or some wretch, in the shape of a Friend,
May waddle away with the glory.

[1] These stanzas are from J. H. Reynolds's volume entitled *The Fancy: a Selection from the Poetical Remains of the late Peter Corcoran, of Gray's Inn, Student at Law*, published by Taylor and Hessey in 1820.

4.

Since my mind must some notion be gleaning,
I'll venture the verses to class:—
The Burlesque,—by its having a meaning;—
The Real,—by its having an Ass.

5.

I pity Simplicity's Poet,—
I pity its tradesmen in town;—
'Tis a dead drug, and few so well know it,
As L——, H——, R——, O——, and B——.[1]

[1] For this collection of blanks we should of course read "Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown,"—that being the style of the firm of Longmans in the days when *Peter Bell* and other works by Wordsworth were published by them. But it is hardly unlikely that so subtle a wag as Reynolds deliberately preferred the blanks to the names because of the chance that the unwitting might perhaps fill them with other names,—as Lamb, Hunt, Reynolds, Ollier, and Brown (Brown being one of the pen-names of Moore).

IV.

THE COPY OF "QUEEN MAB" WORKED UPON FOR "THE DÆMON OF THE WORLD."

THE revised copy of *Queen Mab* from which I have at length been enabled to give the public the complement of *The Dæmon of the World* was mentioned by Medwin as long ago as 1847, in the first volume of his *Life of Shelley* (pages 101 *et seq.*); and some further account of it appeared in Middleton's *Shelley and his Writings* in 1858. Mr. Rossetti, in 1870, dealt with Middleton's extracts as a source of emendation and *variorum* readings for *Queen Mab*; but the book itself has of late years eluded discovery; and neither Medwin nor Middleton would seem to have had any suspicion of its precise value and significance. Medwin refers to it as in the possession of Mr. Brooks, who published reprints (or fresh issues of quire stock with new title-pages) of several of Shelley's works: "He had," says Medwin, "a correspondent at Marlow, who knew Shelley, . . . from whom he obtained a copy of *Queen Mab*, which, like *The Wandering Jew*, had probably been left by Shelley's inadvertence in his abode there. This copy was exceedingly interlined, very much curtailed and modified, as by a specimen given in a fragment entitled *The Dæmon of the World* appended to *Alastor;* and what is still more important and worthy of remark, with the Notes torn out. This copy had been revised with great care, and as though Shelley had an intention at the time of bringing out a new edition, an idea which his neglect of his labour shews he soon abandoned. This emendated work is a great curiosity, and has

scattered about the pages rude pen-and-ink drawings of the most fantastic kind, proving the abstraction of his mind during this pursuit .... That Mr. Brooks (he was the publisher if not the printer of the Owenites) did not make use of the *refacciamenti* or *pentimate* [*sic*] in his numerous reprints of *Queen Mab*, may easily be conceived, for these very alterations were the only objectionable parts to him, and he would have thought it a sacrifice to have struck out a word of the original text, much less the notes. *Queen Mab* is indeed the gospel of the sect, and one of them told me that he had found a passage in Scripture, that unquestionably applied to Shelley, and that the word *Shiloh* was pronounced in the Hebrew precisely in the same manner as his name."

Middleton says in his preface, "Captain Medwin, who was aware of the existence of the volume revised and corrected by Shelley himself, appears to have been but imperfectly acquainted with it. I have been enabled to supply a deficiency in this respect, and the specimens given will convey a favourable idea of the value of the whole." As will be presently apparent, Middleton himself was either "but imperfectly acquainted" with the book, and also with the intentions of its owner,—or desirous of keeping the public ill-informed on the subject. He announced in a foot-note that "a new edition of *Queen Mab*, with Shelley's own revisions," was "preparing for the Press;" but no such edition has yet, I believe, appeared. His account of the discovery of the volume is a mystified reproduction of Medwin's account. "The volume which Shelley revised," says Middleton, "and enriched with many additions and corrections, was left at Marlow, where it had been thrown aside, and, no doubt, forgotten, among the many anxieties he was there subject to. It fell afterwards into the hands of a gentleman attached to the Owenites, and has been

ever since carefully concealed from the eyes of the world. As the poem stands in the original, its doctrines exactly accord with their tenets, and it is to a considerable extent the gospel of the Owenites, while these revisions and erasures would have produced it in a very modified form."

Middleton collated four passages of the *Dæmon of the World* Fragment (in the *Alastor* volume) with the corresponding passages in *Queen Mab*, italicizing the variations (and these passages shew one or two verbal variations that are not in the Fragment and are in the book); he printed three lines which he described as being introduced into the "conclusion of the fourth division of the poem," though they are really an interpolation for the opening of the fifth division, written in the convenient blank half-page facing that opening;[1] and he quoted two other MS. variations of three lines each,—one for the fifth and one for the ninth section. Thus, as *The Dæmon of the World* was already published by Shelley himself, the public were indebted to Middleton for nine lines of *variorum* readings, although he gives the quotations, from the *Alastor* volume as if they were from the revised *Queen Mab*: this, in fact, they are, though I suspect they were mainly printed in Middleton's book from *Alastor &c.*, with some slight assistance from the revised book; for they are by no means easy to decipher quickly, and I think that, if Middleton had really had the book fairly under his inspection, he would have found it impossible, after making out Shelley's markings so as to accord pretty nearly with the printed Fragment, in the *Alastor* volume, to refrain from prosecuting his labours further. The variations between his *Dæmon*

[1] Mr. Rossetti introduced these three lines with alterations of his own into the eighth section. They are in fact only the three clearest lines of a rather complicated revision, which, having nothing to do with *The Dæmon of the World*, are reserved for the *variorum* notes to *Queen Mab*.

of the World extracts and the text as given with *Alastor* are easily accounted for,—on the supposition that Shelley worked a little on the proof-sheets; but when we find Middleton differing from both the *Alastor* version and that of the revised *Queen Mab*, the case is not so simple. For instance the passage which in *Queen Mab* stands thus

> The other, rosy as the morn
> When throned on ocean's wave
> It blushes o'er the world:
> Yet both so passing wonderful!

is said by Middleton to be remodelled into

> The other, glowing like the vital day
> When, throned on ocean's wave
> It blushes o'er the world;
> Yet both so strange and wonderful.

Now the first line as altered in pencil in the book can be thus made out, though Shelley eventually printed

> The other glowing like the vital *morn*
> When throned on ocean's wave
> It *breathes over* the world
> Yet both so *passing strange and* wonderful.

The word *breathes* is also plainly written in the revised book and *blushes* plainly cancelled; but the cancelling of *o'er* and writing of *over* are very faint. There is a *caret* between *passing* and *wonderful*, no word marked out in that line, but the word *dark* written in the margin, and struck out again, another word being put beside it, which is unintelligible, but is certainly not the word *strange*. The inference seems to me to be that Middleton had very limited access both to this book and to the *Alastor* volume; for how can he have got the word *strange* but from that, or *the vital day* but from this? Later on, he says the line

> From the celestial hoofs,

(by the bye, he says *hoof*) is altered to

> From the celestial *pinions*,

and so it is in the book, plainly, in ink; whereas in the *Alastor* volume we have

From the swift sweep of wings.

If, on one occasion, he had jotted down in a copy of *Queen Mab*, some of the revisions in this book, and on another some of those in the *Alastor* volume, he might easily have got such a result as we have, when he came to make up his notes for a parade of variations shewn by the book. Referring to the passages he quotes, he says.—"These I only give as specimens of the revisions contained in this curious volume. It is evident from their variety and the nature of them, that Shelley had gone carefully through the poem; and it is to be regretted that he did not publish it in the form his riper judgment and discrimination would have approved of; but two years later he seems to have entertained the idea of entirely remodelling the poem in the form of the regular rhyming stanza of octosyllabic verse; an idea which, from the specimen given in Mrs. Shelley's notes of the Invocation to the Soul of Ianthe, the reader will observe it is by no means to be regretted he did not accomplish." It is here to be remarked that the expression "two years later" seems to imply that the revisions were made in 1813; indeed he says "no sooner was this volume printed than he began to waver in his notions concerning it, and industriously sat down to the work of revision"; but he adduces no authority for this statement beyond the fact of a copy having been revised; and I think it inconceivable that the revisions were of an earlier date than 1815. Thus the idea that Shelley ever thought of doing the whole poem in rhyming stanzas may be dismissed as an assumption of Middleton's based upon a fictitious dissociation of the Dæmon's Invocation[1] from the rest of the revisions. Mrs. Shelley, in her note on *Queen Mab*, says, "a few years after, *when*

[1] This is printed at pp. 63-4, Vol. I, of this edition.

printing Alastor, he extracted a small portion which he entitled 'The Dæmon of the World;' in this he changed somewhat the versification—and made other alterations scarcely to be called improvements. I extract the invocation of Queen Mab to the Soul of Ianthe, as altered in 'The Dæmon of the World.' I give it as a specimen of the alterations made." This has always seemed to me to fix the date of the revision as 1815.

This superficial acquaintance of Middleton's with the bearings of Mrs. Shelley's note corresponds precisely with his very meagre acquaintance with the revised book about which he makes so much parade to such small result; and, as bearing upon my suspicion that he was only able to make an inspection of the most cursory kind, I may observe that two of the three-line specimens which he quotes from the MS. emendations are written prominently and clearly, and that the third, which is a little difficult to make out (but certainly not more difficult than the passages from the *Alastor* volume) is both imperfect, and incorrect even as far as it goes. I think that, if Mr. Brooks held the views attributed to him by both Medwin and Middleton, he would not have been likely to let Middleton see much of the book; and that he was the "gentleman attached to the Owenites," whose name is so carefully concealed by the later biographer, is sufficiently evidenced by the fact that the book was still in his hands in or about 1870, when he gave it to an enthusiastic lover and indeed disciple[1] of Shelley's. Until

[1] This was Thomas Wade, the author of *Mundi et Cordis Carmina* and numerous other admirable works, through the greater part of which there runs a clear note of Shelley's influence. His most beautiful poem is perhaps *The Contention of Death and Love*, written upon the text, from *Laon and Cythna*,

I am worn away
And Death and Love are still contending for their prey.

Wade died in 1875, after a literary career of half a century, concerning which so little is generally known, that he certainly ranks among "the inheritors of unfulfilled renown." It is by the great kindness of his widow that I am enabled at length to give the public the benefit of this long-hidden book.

the actual book came into my hands I was never wholly satisfied that there were not two revised copies of *Queen Mab* in question, one seen by Medwin and one by Middleton, —a doubt which of course involved the suspicion that Middleton was under a misapprehension as to the identity of the copy he saw with that which Medwin saw. Medwin could not remember the name of the gentleman from whom Mr. Brooks had the book, and Middleton, though giving that, concealed Mr. Brooks's name; but as there is no conceivable reason for doubting that Medwin really refers to the copy in the hands of Mr. Brooks (about whom his statements are very circumstantial), and as the copy lying before me as I write this appendix is unquestionably the one Middleton saw, I think it follows as a matter of course that there really was but one copy in question. The absolute certainty that this is the copy referred to by Middleton rests principally on a very curious detail: the revisions for *The Dæmon of the World* Fragment in the *Alastor* volume form no positive identification, although they are strongly in favour of the identity,—and the other three variations given by Middleton might have been written by Shelley in more copies than one, though they were not likely to be copied as exactly as the correspondence of Middleton's extracts with the book would indicate; but Middleton says: "At the conclusion of the fourth division of the poem, some additional lines are introduced—

> 'The buds unfold more brightly, till no more
> Or frost, or shower, or change of seasons mar
> The freshness of its amaranthine leaves.'

And underneath the last line are written the words *α μαραινω*, which might lead us to suppose that while the poet was composing the line he was musing over the Greek derivation of the word amaranthine." I turn to the revised book and find the Greek words written precisely in the place indicated.

I am strongly impressed with the belief that Middleton's knowledge of the book's existence was derived from Medwin, and that it was through reading Medwin's Life that he was induced to seek out Mr. Brooks.

As regards the discrepancies between Medwin's description and the facts of the book lying before me, I can only say they are highly characteristic of Medwin's whole work, which I have no doubt is meant for true, but which is one of the least accurate books ever published. He says the notes were torn out of the copy he describes; and I find the notes here, but without a single mark upon them: he says the book "has *scattered about the pages* rude pen-and-ink drawings of the most fantastic kind;" and I find one side of the cover decorated in this way, and one page ornamented with four grotesque faces, scrawled with a pen and ink between and among some lines of fresh verse written for *The Dæmon of the World*. These variations of description and fact go for nothing, under the circumstances of the case: supposing the book before me to be the one described, the account is pretty accurate for Medwin,—who may easily have forgotten whether the notes were ignored by excision or by simply being left alone, and would be most unlikely to have more than a vague notion of the pen-and-ink scribblings. I take it, therefore, for almost a certainty that the book mentioned by Middleton, and now under description, is as Middleton stated, the one described by Medwin.

There is still one point on which I feel some doubt: both biographers are agreed in stating that the book was got by Mr. Brooks from a gentleman at Marlow who came by it accidentally: I, on the other hand, am informed that when Mr. Brooks gave it to Wade, he stated that it had been given to him by Shelley; and that Shelley really did give it away is to some extent implied by its having the usual mutilations. It is well known that when Shelley

gave away copies of *Queen Mab* he removed the title-page, the dedication to Harriett, and the imprint at the end of the volume; and from this revised copy, these portions are cut out with a knife according to his fashion. I do not see why he should have removed them if he were going to keep the book.

The first point of interest is found inside the cover, where Shelley has written, in pencil, *The Queen of the Universe*, as if he had some idea of re-christening his poem by that name: underneath are written, also in pencil, the words *the metre—Pastor Fido*,—evidently a memorandum for that passage in the preface to *Alastor &c.*, wherein he describes the metre of *The Dæmon of the World* as being "that of Samson Agonistes and the Italian pastoral drama." This detail is of consequence as indicating that this copy was really in use by Shelley while he was getting out the *Alastor* volume.

The first two sections shew many of the copious revisions made for *The Dæmon of the World* Fragment published in that volume,—some in pencil, some in ink: there are of course cancelled readings; and, as these were not in my possession soon enough to be given in *variorum* notes to the Fragment, I must give what I can as *variorum* readings of *Queen Mab*, in the next volume. It is to be remarked that the rhymed Invocation of the Dæmon, already mentioned, is wanting; but as there are some pin-holes in this part of the book, I have no doubt the Invocation was written on a separate sheet (indeed there was no room to write it in the margins) and finally detached for printer's copy, when the Fragment went to press.

The third section is untouched: the fourth has seven lines cancelled, but nothing written in their place: the first page of the fifth is much revised and interpolated, but the rest untouched: the sixth contains the revision of a line

and a half for the passage which was detached under the title of *Superstition* and published with *Alastor*,[1] but no further change; and the seventh is intact. The eighth and ninth sections contain the important revisions and interpolations for the Second Part of *The Dæmon of the World*, printed in the present volume; and there are also alterations in passages that were after all rejected from the revised poem: these will appear in *variorum* notes to *Queen Mab* in the next volume.

The only remaining peculiarity of this copy of *Queen Mab* is a sum done in pencil on the fly-title to the Notes; but even so small a matter as a sum in simple multiplication may be psychologically interesting. The one in question is a multiplication of 122 by 21; and the correct result is duly arrived at. Shelley evidently wanted to know about how many thousand lines *Queen Mab* consisted of; and his method of approaching that knowledge was characteristically inexact. The poem ends on page 122: the full page contains 22 lines: a page with one space before a new paragraph contains 21 lines; and Shelley would seem to have accepted that as the average,—leaving out of consideration the eighteen opening and concluding pages, four entirely blank pages occurring when the section chances to end on a right-hand page, and the numerous instances in which the number of lines in a page is reduced considerably below 21 by multiplication of spaces.

It is also worth recording, as characteristic of another mental trait of Shelley, that one of the rude sketches, mentioned as being on the cover of the book, represents a pool of tranquil water surrounded by rocks,—a good haunt wherein to write poetry and sail fleets of paper boats.

H. B. F.

[1] See Vol. I, p. 56, of this edition.

V.

SONNETS BY LEIGH HUNT, KEATS, AND HORACE SMITH.

THE NILE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

It flows through old hush'd Egypt and its sands,
Like some grave mighty thought threading a dream;
And times and things, as in that vision, seem
Keeping along it there eternal stands,—
Caves, pillars, pyramids, the shepherd bands
That roam'd through the young earth, the glory extreme
Of high Sesostris, and that southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.

Then comes a mightier silence, stern and strong,
As of a world left empty of its throng,
And the void weighs on us; and then we wake,
And hear the fruitful stream lapsing along
'Twixt villages, and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake.

TO THE NILE.

BY KEATS.

Son of the old moon-mountains African!
Stream of the Pyramid and Crocodile!
We call thee fruitful, and that very while
A desert fills our seeing's inward span:

Nurse of swart nations since the world began,
Art thou so fruitful? or dost thou beguile
Those men to honour thee, who, worn with toil,
Rest them a space 'twixt Cairo and Decan?

O may dark fancies err! They surely do;
'Tis ignorance that makes a barren waste
Of all beyond itself. Thou dost bedew
Green rushes like our rivers, and dost taste
The pleasant sun-rise. Green Isles hast thou too,
And to the sea as happily dost haste.

ON A STUPENDOUS LEG OF GRANITE, DISCOVERED STANDING BY ITSELF IN THE DESERTS OF EGYPT, WITH THE INSCRIPTION INSERTED BELOW.

By Horace Smith.

In Egypt's sandy silence, all alone,
Stands a gigantic leg, which far off throws
The only shadow that the desert knows.
"I am great Ozymandias," saith the stone,
"The king of kings: this mighty city shows
"The wonders of my hand." The city's gone!
Nought but the leg remaining to disclose
The site of that forgotten Babylon.

We wonder, and some hunter may express
Wonder like ours, when thro' the wilderness
Where London *stood*, holding the wolf in chace,
He meets some fragment huge, and stops to guess
What powerful, but unrecorded, race,
Once dwelt in that annihilated place.

VI.

ON CERTAIN WORDS USED BY SHELLEY IN THE POEMS PRINTED IN THE PRESENT VOLUME.

FOLLOWING out the plan adopted in the first and second volumes of this edition, I have reserved a few notes on words and orthography for this appendix. The bearings of the special department of word-study are, in the meantime, somewhat altered, because, while the first and second volumes are confined to the reproduction of works printed in Shelley's life-time, the present volume contains only two important works in this category, *Adonais* and *Hellas*, —the remainder, with one or two minor exceptions, such as the *Lines Written on Hearing the News of the Death of Napoleon*, being posthumous. In regard to these last we have to take into account Mrs. Shelley's idiosyncrasies; and the fact that a peculiar orthography occurs in one of the posthumous poems is by no means proof positive that it was Shelley's orthography.

Knarled.—This word comes before us again in *The Witch of Atlas* (Stanza XXII, page 252). I have not noted it in any poem intermediate between *Alastor* and that; and in this case it is found, not in any of the printed editions, but in the transcript in Mrs. Shelley's writing preserved among the papers of Leigh Hunt. Bearing in mind the probability that Mrs. Shelley followed Shelley in some of these peculiarities, I think this occurrence of the orthography *knarled* is most likely attributable, as suggested in the Appendix to the first volume, to a preference established in Shelley's mind for the strongly-sounded *k* which marks the Scotch pronunciation of this word.

Desart—Desert.—In going through the contents of this

volume I have not found any good reason for abandoning the supposition that the object of this varying orthography was to distinguish *desart*, noun, from *desert*, adjective. The evidence of *Hellas* does not go for much, because, as shewn in the note at page 36, the first edition is full of minute inconsistencies. We find, however, *desert*, noun, in line 1008 (page 90), although the word is spelt *Desart* in line 91 (page 50). In the volume of *Posthumous Poems*,—in which, it will be remembered, Mrs. Shelley changed *desert* to *desart* in reprinting *Alastor*,—we find *desart* used as an adjective also, namely in *The Triumph of Life*. The term *desert Labrador* (line 407, page 347) must surely mean *deserted, desolate Labrador*. Mrs. Shelley gives it in the *Posthumous Poems* as *desart*; but I suspect this was because, in adopting Shelley's orthography for the word, she had not fully appreciated his reason for it.

Falshood.—In the revised copy of *Queen Mab* from which the Second Part of *The Dæmon of the World* is given in the present volume, I find the word *falshood* written in one of the manuscript emendations; and that orthography seems to have been adopted throughout *Queen Mab*; but the occurrence of the preferable orthography frequently in the later volumes issued in Shelley's life-time leads me to adhere to the opinion expressed in the Appendix to the first Volume, that to write *falshood* instead of *falsehood*, was a writer's weakness of Shelley's. Perhaps he spelt the word thus as a boy, and never wholly got out of the habit. At all events we find it so spelt in *Julian and Maddalo*, where also we find others of Shelley's well-known writer's errors, such as *thier* for *their*, *deciets* for *deceits*, *dissappointment* for *disappointment*. We also find *mein* for *mien* in the same careful manuscript. See list of peculiarities of this manuscript, at page 106.

Tyger.—This orthography occurs in Mrs. Shelley's transcript

of *The Witch of Atlas*, stanza LI; but not in any of the printed editions. Instances of this spelling are noted in *A Vision of the Sea*, on the peculiarities of which, notes will be found at pages 281 and 282 of Vol. II. The fact that the word *tiger* is generally spelt in Shelley's editions in the orthodox way, and that it occurs in *The Witch of Atlas* in Mrs. Shelley's writing, might favour the supposition that the peculiarities of *A Vision of the Sea* arose from its being printed from a transcript of hers,—a very likely thing to have happened.

Tartarian.—In *Laon and Cythna*, Canto VI, Stanza XIX, this adjective is so used that it might possibly be held to mean *of Tartarus*,—though the opinion was expressed in Vol. I, page 205, that it meant *of Tartary*. The occurrence of the word in line 838 of *Hellas* (page 83 of this volume) leaves, it seems to me, hardly any doubt on this point. Mahomet is described as spurring "a Tartarian barb into the Gap" in the wall of Stamboul; and here, at all events, there can be no question between *Tartar* and *Hellish* as the meaning of *Tartarian*.

Brere.—This word *brere* for *briar*, which occurs in the eighteenth stanza of *Adonais* (page 16), is one of several old English words with which Shelley occasionally ornamented his poems, up to the end of his career. It is to be observed that in this case the word is convenient as a rhyme to *bier*, varies but slightly from its modern equivalent, and is very euphonious. Shelley may, with equal probability, be supposed to have got it from Chaucer or from some later writer,—though there is more direct evidence of familiarity with Spenser than with any other early writers but Shakespeare and Milton.

Treen.—The obsolete plural *treen* occurs in a cancelled passage of *Adonais*, printed at page 32 of this volume, and in *The Woodman and the Nightingale*, at page 419. These, again, are cases in which it serves for a rhyme. Shelley

seems to me to have been at that time somewhat more chary than formerly of using old words that might be thought affected; and it is possible that this particular plural may have had something to do with the rejection of the exquisite unfinished stanza in which it occurs.

Swink.—Professor Baynes (*Edinburgh Review*, April 1871) says that this obsolete word together with *eyen*, *treen*, and others, "though not peculiar to Spenser, were probably derived from him." This particular word occurs in the *Letter to Maria Gisborne* (line 59, page 229); and in the same poem (lines 103 and 104) we have the distinctly Spenserian reference,—

> I'll leave, as Spenser says, with many mo,
> This secret in the pregnant womb of time, . . .

I think this almost amounts to proof that it was from Spenser that Shelley adopted the neighbouring word *swink*.

I wis—I wist.—I presume these expressions may also be safely put down to the influence of Spenser. *I wist* is in the *Letter to Maria Gisborne* (line 15, page 228), and *I wis* in *The Witch of Atlas* (stanza LXXV, page 270). The only difference between the use made of the one and that made of the other is that *I wist* is made to rhyme with *mechanist*, *I wis* with *Amasis*: both forms are used as the first person singular of the present tense; so that from whatever source Shelley may have derived the quaint verb to *wis*, he does not seem to have looked very curiously into its inflexions. Perhaps the use of the past tense in that notable speech of Christ, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" may have fixed the sense wrongly in Shelley's mind at an early age. In that passage, *wist* might easily be mistaken for an equivalent for *know*, instead of *knew*; and the liability to such a change of tense in the mind is not lessened by the context, "How *is* it that ye sought me?" It is worthy of remark that in both instances, the word is used

by Shelley when writing playfully, and not in his usual serious vein.

Crudded.—The preference given to the old form *crudded* over the more usual *curded*, in *The Witch of Atlas* (stanza LV, page 263), should also probably be set down to Spenser,—though there is not much in common between the

> battailous bold brood,
> Whose clawes were newly dipt in cruddy blood,

and that delightful creation of Shelley's fantasy who

> would often climb
> The steepest ladder of the crudded rack.

I presume the same taste for *recherché* words that led to the use of *crudded* for *curded*, regulated the preference of *brinded* to *brindled* in the same poem (stanza VII, page 247).

Cope.—I have not noted any further instance of *cope* in the sense of *stroke*, since noting that very unusual employment of the word in *A Vision of the Sea*. See Appendix on words in the Second volume (page 436). But *cope* in its Miltonic sense occurs in *Marianne's Dream* (stanza XV, page 389), in the lines *To Constantia, Singing* (stanza II, page 392), and in *Marenghi* (stanza XVIII, page 429).

Feature.—The use made of this word in line 190 of *The Triumph of Life*, page 337, is very remarkable in a modern poem, whether we punctuate the passage as in Mrs. Shelley's editions or in the manner proposed by Mr. Browning and adopted by Mr. Rossetti and myself. But I do not know that the use of this word is stranger than that of several others in which Shelley followed the Elizabethan and even earlier writers. There can hardly be any question that the word is used, not by poetic licence as an equivalent for *face* or *form*, but in its strict primitive sense of *shaping, facture* (*factura*),—just as Ben Jonson uses it in *The Masque of the Queens*,—

> Stay, all our charms do nothing win
> Upon the night; our labour dies,
> Our magic feature will not rise—
> Nor yet the storm!

In another place Ben Jonson uses the word more ambiguously, namely in his *Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy*,

> 'Twas a child that so did thrive
> In grace and feature,

where we may understand *feature* in either the primitive or the modern sense. But in Chaucer we get the word over and over again, variously spelt, but used in the primitive sense. The actual expression used by Shelley, however, is to be found in *Paradise Lost*, where, in reference to Satan, it is said in Book X, lines 279 to 281,

> So scented the grim feature, and upturn'd
> His nostril wide into the murky air,
> Sagacious of his quarry from so far.

This accounts for the expression satisfactorily,—Shelley being much given to Miltonic forms; and there can be but little doubt that in such a case as this, he would take the phrase just as he found it, whether wittingly or unwittingly. Thus, although before coming on this piece of evidence I was strongly of opinion that Mrs. Shelley's punctuation was right, the fact that the exact phrase occurs in Milton, and in no such connexion as is shewn by Mrs. Shelley's punctuation, must be accepted as an absolute confirmation of Mr. Browning's reading. Even if Shelley had not been reading Milton latterly, he *had* been reading Taaffe's *Comment on the Divine Comedy*;[1] and at page 210 of that curious and

[1] *A Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. By . . . . . Vol. I.* London: John Murray, Albemarle-Street. 1822 [Imprint on verso of fly-title, "Italy: printed with the types of Didot."].

extremely rare book, printed at Pisa with the same types as Didot used for *Adonais*, the author quotes this very passage, and italicizes the words *grim feature*. Scott also quotes these words, applying them to Meg Murdockson in *The Heart of Midlothian*.

H. B. F.

END OF VOL. III.

CORRECTION.

Page 236, line 240, for *the* read *this*.

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